

DELPHIAN TEXT



Prepared by

THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY

for

**THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF ITS MEMBERS IN THEIR
CHAPTER PROGRAMS**

PART NINE

COPYRIGHT, 1926
BY
THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY
CHICAGO

Printed in the United States of America



THE BUILDING OF OUR SOCIAL STRUCTURE

by


I. E. WING, M. A.

and

CONTRIBUTING EDUCATORS

among whom are

LUDLOW S. BULL, PH. D.	Department of Egyptology, Metropolitan Museum, New York.
LEON LEGRAIN, PH. D.	University Museum, University of Pennsylvania.
CLARENCE S. FISHER, SC. D.	Field Director, Palestine Exploration, University of Pennsylvania.
A. T. MURRAY, PH. D.	Annual Professor Classical Studies, Athens; also Leland Stanford University.
GRANT SHOWERMAN, PH. D.	Professor American Academy, Rome; also University of Wisconsin.
WILLIAM S. DAVIS, PH. D.	Department of History, University of Minnesota.
GORDON HALL GEROULD, PH. D.	Department of English, Princeton University.
ALEXANDER S. KAUN, PH. D.	Slavic Department, University of California.
EDWARD M. HULME, PH. D.	Department of History, Leland Stanford University.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

	PAGE
ITALIAN WRITERS	
1. Petrarca, First of the Moderns	831
Ascent of Mount Ventoux	842
Letter to Posterity	847
Sonnets	857
2. Boccaccio, Early Italian Humanist	864
The Decameron	870

FRENCH WRITERS

1. Froissart, Chronicler	893
Chronicles of England, France and Spain	896

The Renaissance in Western Europe	915
---	-----

FRANCE

1. The Hundred Years' War	918
2. The Maid of Orleans	925
3. Foundations of French Despotism	935

The Renaissance in France	940
-------------------------------------	-----

Catherine de Medici	945
-------------------------------	-----

The Era of Religious Wars	953
-------------------------------------	-----

GERMANY

1. Before the Renaissance	964
2. Revival of Learning	969
3. The Reformation	972

ENGLAND

1. Retarded Development 980
2. The Revival 984
3. Religion 986

Switzerland 990

Spain 996

Erasmus—Greatest of Humanists 1004

The Low Countries 1014

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

1. Villon 1021
2. Rabelais 1031
3. Montaigne 1043

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

- Thomas More 1062
- From More's Utopia 1065

ITALIAN LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

1. Castiglione, a Courtier 1081
2. Cellini 1096
3. Sonnets of Michael Angelo 1109

Summary of the Renaissance 1113

ITALIAN WRITERS

1. PETRARCA, FIRST OF THE MODERNS

THE "Great Triumvirate" in the realm of Italian literature included Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. Dante was born in 1265, Petrarch in 1304 and Boccaccio in 1313. When a little fellow but a few years old, Petrarch once saw Dante, in Pisa, engaged in conversation with his father. For the last twenty years of his life he and Boccaccio were warm friends. So much for their relative time.

Francesco Petrarco, father of the poet, was a notary in Florence. He, like Dante, was a White Guelf and shared the exile that in 1302 robbed Florence of six hundred of her staunchest citizens. Fleeing with his wife to Arezzo, his little Francesco was born in 1304 on the night when those who had been banished unsuccessfully attempted to overcome their opponents and reinstate themselves within their native city. When he was six years of age the long heralded approach of Henry VII excited the hopes of political exiles that his coming would right all wrong and re-establish harmony in strife-torn Florence. Awaiting this event, Dante and Petrarco and many other Florentines gathered in Pisa, only to have their hopes frustrated by the emperor's failure to bring relief to Italy, and his untimely death.

The Papal Court was now established at Avignon, whither the Pope had fled after the experiences of Boniface VIII. This old French town in Provence was fast becoming an Italian center, so numerous were those who flocked thither in hope of finding employment with the Holy See. Hither Petrarco brought his little family, including a younger son, Gherardo and possibly a baby daughter. For several years Francesco was sent to Carpentras, to be taught by Convevole, a fine old schoolmaster who encour-

aged his poetical tastes and developed that love for study which seems to have been natural from the first, his father before him being of a scholarly turn of mind. Presently Petracco determined to have his elder son take up the profession of law, which, next to the church, offered fair opportunities at this time.

Petrarch later said that he felt the seven years during which he studied law were wasted, for he had no liking for the profession. He found much in ancient Roman law to interest him but the thought of applying it in the petty controversies between men did not appeal to him. Having spent some little time at Montpellier, he was sent to Bologna, that the best advantages possible should be his. Life here proved to be absorbing and he remained a student until the death of his father, in 1326. Thereupon it happened, through the mismanagement of administrators, that little was left for the two brothers—his mother soon following her husband.

There seeming to be no choice, Petrarch took Orders in the Church, not however of a nature to restrict his liberty to any marked extent. It is not known precisely how far he did progress. During the years following his return to Avignon he became intimately acquainted with the Colonna family, one of his companions being Giacomo, son of Stefano. Cardinal Giovanni Colonna took a rare fancy to the unusual young man who lived for some years in his household as a member of the family. A canoncy was given him, probably bestowed for the revenues which attached to it, for it appears to have made few requirements of him.

Being sensitive to the "singing" quality of words, Francesco caused his family name to be changed from Petracco to Petrarca, by which he is rightly called, the form Petrarch being derived by the omission of the final *a*. It is said also that this change of name freed him of duties which Florence might have asked of him later were citizenship restored, although this may be doubtful.

It was on Good Friday, the sixth of April in 1327, that Petrarca saw a vision of loveliness that was to abide forever in his heart, causing him deepest despair as well as

greatest bliss. He beheld the beauteous Laura of his sonnets as she knelt in the church of Avignon. Her golden hair, her green robe sprinkled with violets, and her flowing veil held him enthralled. Since he was a canon in the Church and Laura the wife of another, it was inevitable that such a passion should pave the way for endless misery. Very little is definitely known about this affair nor has the identity of Laura been determined absolutely. There is some reason to think that she accepted Petrarca as a formal friend on condition that he would not speak to her of love. If, as is believed, she was the mother of a family of children, it is not strange that his persistence in broaching the forbidden theme led to coldness on her part. It seems to have been an open secret that the handsome young Canon was addressing to this lady sonnets of ravishing beauty, and it is reasonable to think that she could not remain wholly indifferent to his devotion. However, it is to be remembered that Avignon lies in Provence, the home of the Troubadours. To sing the praises of the chosen one had been the custom for two hundred years and more, and the Courts of Love had declared that true love and marriage were incompatible. Therefore the fact of being wed to another had not in the least deterred poets from addressing their songs to the ladies of their choice. While there are those who claim that Laura was a creation of his fancy, probably few who sympathetically follow the career of Petrarca can so delude themselves. In the first place his personal vanity was inordinate; secondly, he was endowed with a poetic temperament and keenly susceptible to beauty; thirdly, despite ecclesiastical rules, throughout his life Petrarca continually showed himself to be exceedingly human. Consequently it was inevitable that, when the passion of love was awakened under conditions such as these, mental anguish should possess him. If, as critics insist, the object of his devotion became more or less abstract, this was but a natural result of having only his fancies to feed upon. Time after time he turned away from Avignon to seek solace in travel. Wherever he went, his unrequited love pursued him. Probably no poet ever evinced greater power to give variety to a few aspects of

love than he. The burden of his song carried a familiar refrain in later, as in earlier years.

Like Cicero, whom he so admired, Petrarca found friends essential. He had a self-pride that must be fed and an admiring circle was indispensable to his happiness. He was himself capable of being a true friend, with certain concessions, as we shall see. A Fleming, by the name of Lodovico di Campinia, whom he dubbed Socrates, and Lelio di Stefano, called by him Lælius, became his life-long friends. In the *Triumph of Love*, he says:

“Scarce had I issued from the common way,
When Socrates and Lælius first I saw.
With them I must a longer journey go.

O what a pair of friends! whom neither rhyme,
Nor prose, nor verse can ever praise enough,
If, as is due, bare virtue is esteemed.

In company with these I sought the heights,
Walking together 'neath the self-same yoke;
To these my wounds were openly displayed.

From them (as is my hope and my desire)
Nor time nor place can ever me divide
Until the ashes of the funeral pyre.”

While he admitted but a few such congenial souls to intimacy, some of his writings being generally known, he was during his lifetime everywhere the recipient of marked attention and praise. In his restlessness, which impelled him to go from place to place, adulation soothed and appeased him.

It was this eagerness for fame which resulted in his being crowned with laurel on the eighth of April in 1341. It becoming known that such a ceremony would be agreeable to him, the University of Paris asked to be allowed to bestow upon him the title *poet laureate*. At the same time King Robert of Naples made a similar request. The crown of laurel was actually placed upon his brow by the Roman Senate in the Eternal City. Although a description of the ceremony exists, it is not known to be authentic in its details.

"The morning of the 8th of April, 1341, was ushered in by the sound of trumpets; and the people, ever fond of a show, came from all quarters to see the ceremony. Twelve youths selected from the best families of Rome, and clothed in scarlet, opened the procession, repeating as they went some verses, composed by the poet, in honour of the Roman people. They were followed by six citizens of Rome, clothed in green, and bearing crowns wreathed with different flowers. Petrarch walked in the midst of them; after him came the senators, accompanied by the first men of the council. The streets were strewn with flowers and the windows filled with ladies, dressed in most splendid manner, who showered perfumed waters profusely on the poet. He all the time wore the robe that had been presented to him by the King of Naples. When they reached the Capitol, the trumpets were silent, and Petrarch, having made a short speech, in which he quoted a verse from Virgil, cried out three times, "Long live the Roman people! Long live the Senators! may God preserve their liberty." At the conclusion of these words he knelt before the senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarch, saying "This crown is the reward of virtue." The poet then repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient Romans. The people testified their approbation by shouts of applause, crying "Long flourish the Capitol and the poet!"

Although unacquainted with Greek, Petrarca was passionately fond of classical learning. It was his good fortune, as he wandered through Europe, to discover copies of several classical writings hitherto but slightly known. His library grew. Although he could not read a word of it, his copy of Homer gave him much joy.

To escape the continual interruptions at Avignon and to rid himself of the temptations which the environment engendered, Petrarca bought a little country home in the neighboring village of Vaucluse, where he imposed the discipline of hard fare and primitive conditions upon himself. To his garden here he ever thankfully returned and when distance made this impossible, he recalled it tenderly.

The poet was filled with sorrow at the plight of Rome,

which he knew from his familiarity with Livy, Virgil and other of the Latin writers, as the mistress of the world, now fallen into a state which was pitiable indeed. The Colonna family, entrenched within their fortifications, held a portion of the city; the Orsini family were likewise fortified in another part. Two other noble families struggled to control their portions, while the tens of thousands of inhabitants suffered oppression on every side. The nobles were often away, fighting for possessions elsewhere in Italy, and the city lay unguarded, a prey to crime and rapine. Unpoliced, the people were subject to appalling indignities.

It was under such conditions that Rienzi ran what has been termed his "comet-like course across Rome." A peasant, son of a tavern-keeper, he had managed to gain a fair education. When his brother was ruthlessly slain by a noble, he decided to do what he could for the liberation of the city. Because of his intelligence he was sent as delegate to urge the Pope to return to Italy, meeting Petrarca while at Avignon. The poet was captivated by Rienzi's magnificent plan for an establishment of popular government for Romans who had once driven out the Tarquins, become self-governing, and stabbed Cæsar because they "loved Rome more." Apparently unable to see that a united Italy presupposed much preliminary work and efficient executive ability, Petrarca espoused his cause, writing about him in extravagant language. One of his sonnets of blood-stained Italy is particularly touching.

"My Italy though vain is any speech
The mortal wounds to heal
Which cover all thy body beautiful;
I would at least that sighs of mine should steal
To Tiber, and should reach
Arno and Po, where I dwell sorrowful.
O Lord of supreme rule,
I pray the pity, that once brought to earth,
May turn thee yet to Thy beloved land.
See Lord, on every hand
What little cause to cruel strife gives birth."

During the absence of the elder Colonna, Rienzi made his unexpected sally and accomplished a bloodless revolution, snatching control from the nobles and placing it in the hands of the people, himself styled as Tribune—suggestive of old republican Rome. At first all seemed promising: invitations to the Italian states to send representatives to Rome to consider the unity of the peninsula were received joyously in many places and the zeal for a united country was contagious. Petrarca was jubilant, unable to estimate correctly the premature attempt or its ill-balanced leader. Had Rienzi been able to sustain his first moderation, something permanent might have come of it. Soon his plebeian tendencies began to exhibit themselves with alarming rapidity. Excesses of various kinds, revenge, wanton attack upon the nobles that led almost to the extinction of the Colonna family, all brought about a reversal of opinion. In eight months Rienzi was an exile. Seven years later, having escaped unscathed from imprisonment under both Emperor and Pope, he once again entered Rome even now calling forth some response, although faint in comparison with the whole-hearted acclaim that had greeted his first strokes. When he tried to impose new taxes and otherwise impose his arbitrary rule in place of other arbitrary government, his supporters fell away and he was mercilessly put to death by a Roman mob. So ended a movement for a united Italy—not to be consummated until the nineteenth century, but, on the other hand, not to be forgotten.

It will be remembered that Petrarca had almost from college days been the recipient of favors at the hands of the Colonna family. It is easy to imagine then what were their feelings when he abandoned them to espouse the cause of Rienzi. To be sure, he claimed that his duty to his native land exceeded any obligation to friends and, further, that his friendships and patriotism need not conflict. Nevertheless, the Colonnas broke with him, never again to be reconciled. Again, to point out the marvellous inconsistencies of the man, despite his efforts to further the movement of united Italy and free her from the vicious rule of tyrants, Petrarca shortly after took up his abode with the Visconti,

notorious in their oppressions of the people. When taken to task by his friends for such amazing conduct, he insisted that his devotion to democracy did not in the least prevent him from associating with those of other convictions. On their part, these noble families welcomed the foremost poet of the age and seem to have regarded his political sympathies as of small importance.

The year 1348 is remembered for the decimating plague that swept over Europe, levying an enormous toll. Laura died that year, though whether or not of the pestilence is unknown. The news of her death was brought to Petrarca in Italy, whereupon he inscribed the following lines on the margin of his treasured Virgil:

“Laura, illustrious for her virtues, and for a long time celebrated in my verses, for the first time appeared to my eyes on the 6th of April, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, at the first hour of the day. I was then in my youth. In the same city, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. Her chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day after vespers in the church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its native mansion in Heaven. I have written this with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, to retrace the melancholy remembrance of ‘MY GREAT LOSS.’ This loss convinces me that I have nothing now left worth living for, since the strongest cord of my life is broken. By the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world where my hopes have been vain and perishing.”

Although he was repeatedly offered the papal secretaryship, posts of honor under the Emperor, a place in the University of Florence and many another position beside, Petrarca steadily refused to depart from his elected rôle of scholar and man of letters. He is called the first of the humanists because by his enthusiasm over classical learning, his assiduous care of manuscripts, his accumulation of a library, by assigning first importance to broad education based upon Greek and Roman culture, he hastened a classical revival, which meant so much to Europe of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was without doubt the best

educated man of his time. It has often been said that had he not chosen to be the foremost poet of the age, he might easily have become its first orator. He evinced a new attitude toward the world, difficult to explain today because we are so unmindful of the mediæval attitude. It can be illustrated in a measure by citing the adventure which he recorded in a letter to an old padre who took a paternal interest in him: his ascension to Mount Ventoux. People scale mountains so often today that it seems strange that Petrarca could harbor in mind a desire to climb this old peak for years before he set definitely to its accomplishment. During the Middle Ages men climbed mountains if necessary in order to reach the opposite side, but to do so merely for the sake of a view was so unusual that only when he read of Philip of Macedon scaling a mountain in Thessaly to get a wide sweep of surrounding regions, did he put his plan into execution, saying that if an old king could do anything so strange, it might be "excused" in a young man. That he had not broken wholly with the Middle Ages is plain, since he went well fortified with St. Augustine's *Confessions* (his never-failing companion on a journey). When chance led his eye to fall on the ancient Father's regret that men scale mountains and scour the seas, yet remain unacquainted with their own souls, he was filled with contrition that his own still remained an enigma to him. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he *climbed the mountain*.

Petrarca's popularity in modern times is due to his sonnets, odes and other poems written in the vernacular. However, he who so earnestly coveted the remembrance of men, never expected this to be the case. He hoped to be remembered for his Latin writings—an epic poem called *Africa* and having as its theme the experience of Scipio Africanus in that continent; the *Epistles* and *Eclogues* were done in verse. The *Lives of Illustrious Men*, *The Life of Solitude*, the *Leisure of the Saint*, *Letter to Posterity* and numerous other Letters, are no longer widely known. Notwithstanding his love for Cicero, it was Seneca and St. Augustine who determined his Latin, which lacks the charm of Cicero's style.

There is no question but that the latter portion of Petrarca's life showed an attitude wholly unlike that of his earlier years. After the death of Laura he reached a sublime note in his devotion to her unsounded in his first sonnets. Again, the poet was devout, finding in religion life's highest expression. This is revealed in his *Confessions* and in a beautiful poem:

"Father in heaven, after the wasted days,
After the nights in vainest visions spent
Of charms found lovely to my detriment
Through that fierce flame that set my heart ablaze;
Thou, with Thy light, vouchsafe to turn my ways
To other life and nobler enterprise."

These first few lines of the lovely sonnet call to mind that hymn of hymns, by Cardinal Newman: *Lead, Kindly Light*.

Dying in 1374, the poet left his *Six Triumphs*, written, like the love sonnets, in Italian, unfinished: the Triumphs of Love, Purity, Death, Fame, Time and Eternity.

"Following in the footsteps of Dante, the idea in Petrarca's mind would seem to be to present, like him, in epic form a double allegory, capable of both a general and personal application. As Dante, while describing his own life and spiritual experiences, also stands forth as the symbol of mankind in general, set free from misery and led into blessedness, so Petrarca, in giving an idealized picture of his own history—his early studies, his passion for Laura, his struggles and wanderings, the effect of his Lady's example and the desolation caused by her death, his longings for fame and disillusionment concerning it, and his final conversion to God—wishes at the same time to present man in general enslaved by passions in youth, liberated by grace, overtaken by death, living yet awhile in Fame which Time conquers, and finding his only rest in Eternity."¹

The poet sleeps and sees a Triumph. Instead of a Roman conqueror, Love sits enthroned.

"Lo! this is he whom the world calleth Love.
A bitter lord as thou shalt clearly see,
When he shall rule o'er thee as now o'er us."

Love's prisoners pass, an endless throng; David is there and Greek deities and Knights of the Round Table. Then Laura comes before him:

"Purer by far than is a snow-white dove,
She took me captive; I, who would have sworn
To guard myself against a man full-armed,
By words and gestures now was straitly bound."

Death triumphs over love—the Great Plague had brought this stern reality home to his generation.

"Here too were those once reckoned fortunate,
Rulers were here, and popes and emperors;
Now they are naked, destitute, and poor;—
Where are their riches now, their honors where?
Their jewels and the sceptres and their crowns?
Where are their mitres and their purple pomp?"

Time conquers death.

"What is our mortal life more than a day?
Cloudy, and brief, and cold, and full of woe,
And nothing worth, though fair it may appear.
A doubtful winter, an inconstant sky,
Such is your fame which a light mist obscures,
Great Time of great names is a great destroyer.
Your triumphs and your glories fade away
And kingdoms also pass and sovereignty;
For Time doth scatter every mortal thing.
On flying feet he whirls the earth with him,
Nor ever rests nor strays nor turns aside
Till he returns you to a little dust."

Finally all merges into Eternity, who triumphs over Time.

"I seem to see a world
New, and eternal, and immovable;
The sun, and all the heaven with all its stars,
The earth, too, and the seas were brought to naught,
And were remade more joyful and more fair.
Tomorrow, yesterday, evening and morn,
And then and now, like shades shall pass away.
No place be found for past or future things.
Only the present is, today, and now,
And all included in Eternity."•

Many have been the imitators of Petrarca, more of them successful in repeating his errors than his perfections. To no one else has it been given to use the soft cadences of the Italian tongue so sensuously. Among modern English writers who exhibit strong influence of his style the Rossettis and Shelley supply well-known examples.

So far as Petrarca's influence upon his own age is concerned, it is enough to say that he ushered in the Italian Renaissance.

*Translations by Jerrold, whose delightful volume entitled: *Petrarca Poet and Humanist* treats at length of the various works of the poet, as well as of his personal life.

¹Ibid., p. 274.

Note: Petrarca's *The Life of Solitude* has been recently translated by Jacob Zeitlin.

ASCENT OF MOUNT VENTOUX

"Today I have ascended the highest mountain of this district, which they not undeservedly call *Ventoux*, led by the sole desire of beholding the remarkable height of the place. This expedition had been in my mind for many years. For from my infancy, as you know, I have dwelt in these parts by the will of fate which turns the affairs of men; and this mountain, visible from every quarter, is almost always before my eyes. An impulse at length seized me to do for once what I was daily doing in thought, especially when yesterday, as I was re-reading the history of Rome in Livy, by chance that passage presented itself to me where Philip, King of Macedon, he who waged war with the Roman people, ascended Mount Hæmus in Thessaly, from whose summit he was able, it is said, to see two seas, the Atlantic and the Euxine. Whether this be true or false I have not been able to determine, for the mountain is too far away, and writers disagree. . . . Let us leave this matter here—it seems to me that a young man in private life may well be excused for attempting what an aged king could undertake without arousing criticism.

But when I thought about a companion (wonderful to say) scarcely any one of my friends appeared in all respects suitable. So rare, even among dear ones, is that complete concord of character and desires. One seemed too inactive,

another too inert; one too slow, another too swift; one seemed too sad, another too cheerful; one was more foolish, another more prudent than I should wish; one's silence, another's forwardness, one's gravity and heaviness, another's leanness and imbecility deterred me; of one the cold indifference, of another the ardent absorption discouraged me. These things, however serious, are tolerated at home, for love beareth all things and friendship refuses no burden, but the same would become too serious on an expedition. So, as I was bent upon pleasure and anxious that my enjoyment should be unalloyed, I looked about me with unusual care, balanced against one another the various characteristics of my friends, and without committing any breach of friendship silently condemned every trait which might prove disagreeable on the way. And would you believe it? At last I turn homeward for aid, and unfold the affair to my only brother, younger than I, whom you well know. He listened with the greatest pleasure, being delighted that he should hold with me the place of a friend as well as that of a brother. On the day fixed we set out from home, and came at evening to Malaucène, a place at the foot of the mountain, looking north. Having stayed there one day, we at last ascended the mountain today, with a servant apiece, not without much difficulty, for it is a precipitous and almost inaccessible mass of rocky ground. But well was it said by the poet: 'Remorseless labor conquers all.' The long day, the mild air, the strength and dexterity of our bodies and everything of that kind helped us on; the nature of the place was our only difficulty. We found an old shepherd in a hollow of the mountain, who strove with many words to draw us back from the ascent, saying that he himself fifty years before, in the same impulse of youthful ardour, had climbed to the very top, and had brought back nothing thence save sorrow and labor, and body and clothes torn by the stones and briars; nor ever, either before that time or after, had men heard of any one doing the like. While he shouted out these things, our desire was increased by his prohibition, since the minds of youths disbelieve their admonishers. So the old man, when he perceived that his attempts were to no purpose, going on a little

further, showed us with his finger a steep path between the rocks, giving us much advice, and reiterating it after we had turned our backs on him. Having left with him whatever of our garments or aught else might be an impediment, we set ourselves vigorously to the ascent alone, and mounted quickly. But, as usually happens, sudden weariness follows upon a great effort. So at a little distance, on the top of a cliff, we came to a standstill. Starting off again, we pushed on, but much slower. I especially advanced along the steep way at a more moderate pace. My brother, by a direct path up the mountain itself, was making for the height; I, less energetic, was turning downwards, and, when he called me back and showed me the right road, I replied that I hoped to find the ascent easier on the other side, and that I did not mind the way being longer if only I could go more comfortably. Excusing my laziness thus, when the others had already reached a considerable height, I was wandering through the valleys, and far from presenting any easier access to me elsewhere, the way was longer, and the useless labor more fatiguing. Meanwhile, exhausted and disgusted by my confused wandering, I resolved to seek the heights; and when, weary and out of breath, I joined my brother, who was waiting and had been refreshed by a long rest, for a time we went on side by side. But we had hardly left that hill when, forgetting my former digression, I took a lower path again. Once more I followed an easy, roundabout path through winding valleys, only to find myself soon in my old difficulty. I was simply trying to avoid the exertion of the ascent; but no human ingenuity can alter the nature of things, or cause anything to reach a height by going down. Suffice it to say that, much to my vexation and my brother's amusement, I made this same mistake three times more during a few hours.

After being frequently misled in this way, I finally sat down in a valley and transferred my winged thoughts from things corporeal to the immaterial, addressing myself as follows: 'What thou hast repeatedly experienced today in the ascent of this mountain, happens to thee, as to many, in the journey toward the blessed life. But this is not so readily perceived by men, since the motions of the body

are obvious and external, while those of the soul are invisible and hidden. Yes, the life which we call blessed is to be sought for on a high eminence, and straight is the way that leads to it. Many, also, are the hills that lie between, and we must ascend, by a glorious stairway, from strength to strength. At the top is at once the end of our struggles and the goal for which we are bound. All wish to reach this goal, but, as Ovid says, 'To wish is little; we must long with the utmost eagerness to gain our end.' Thou certainly dost ardently desire, as well as simply wish, unless thou deceivest thyself in this matter, as in so many others. What, then, doth hold thee back? Nothing, assuredly, except that thou wouldst take a path which seems, at first thought, more easy, leading through low and worldly pleasures. But nevertheless in the end, after long wanderings, thou must perforce either climb the steeper path, under the burden of tasks foolishly deferred, to its blessed culmination, or lie down in the valley of thy sins, and (I shudder to think of it!), if the shadow of death overtake thee, spend an external night amid constant torments.' These thoughts stimulated both body and mind in a wonderful degree for facing the difficulties which yet remained. Oh, that I might traverse in spirit that other road for which I long day and night, even as today I overcame material obstacles by my bodily exertions! . . .

One peak of the mountain, the highest of all, the country people call *Little Son*, why I do not know. . . . On its top is a little level space on which at last we rested after our fatigues.

Now, my father, since you have followed the thoughts that spurred me on in my ascent, listen to the rest of the story, and devote one hour, I pray you, to reviewing the experiences of my entire day. At first, owing to the unaccustomed quality of the air and the effect of the great sweep of view spread out before me, I stood like one dazed. I beheld the clouds under our feet, and what I had read of Athos and Olympus seemed less incredible as I myself witnessed the same things from a mountain of less fame. I turned my eyes toward Italy, whither my heart most inclined. The Alps, rugged and snow-capped, seemed to

rise close by, although they were really at a great distance; the very same Alps through which that fierce enemy of the Roman name once made his way, bursting the rocks, if we may believe the tale, with vinegar. I sighed, I must confess, for the skies of Italy, which I beheld rather with my mind than with my eyes. An inexpressible longing came over me to see once more my friend and my country. . . .

The sinking sun and the lengthening shadows of the mountain were already warning us that the time was near at hand when we must go. As if suddenly awakened from sleep, I turned about and gazed toward the west. I was unable to discern the summits of the Pyrenees, which form the barrier between France and Spain; not because of any intervening obstacle that I know of but owing simply to the insufficiency of our mortal vision. But I could see with the utmost clearness, off to the right, the mountains of the region about Lyons, and to the left the bay of Marseilles and the waters that lash the shores of Aigues Mortes, although all these places were so distant that it would require a journey of several days to reach them. Under our very eyes flowed the Rhone.

While I was thus dividing my thoughts, now turning my attention to some terrestrial object that lay before me, now raising my soul, as I had done my body, to higher planes, it occurred to me to look into my copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, a gift that I owe to your love and that I always have about me, in memory of both the author and the giver. I opened the compact little volume, small indeed in size, but of infinite charm, with the intention of reading whatever came to hand, for I could happen upon nothing that would be otherwise than edifying and devout. Now it chanced that the tenth book presented itself. My brother, waiting to hear something of St. Augustine's lips, stood attentively by. I call him, and God too, to witness that where I fixed my eyes it was written: 'And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not.' I was abashed, and asking my brother (who was anxious to hear more) not to

importune me, I closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things that might long ago have learned from even pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself. Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough to the mountain; I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again. Those words had given me occupation enough, for I could not believe that it was by mere accident that I happened upon them. . . .

With no consciousness of the difficulties of the way, amidst these preoccupations, we came, long after dark, but with the full moon lending us its friendly light, to the little inn which we had left that morning before dawn. The time during which the servants have been occupied in preparing our supper, I have spent in a secluded part of the house, hurriedly jotting down these experiences lest if I delayed, through change of place my desire might change, and the purpose of writing cool down. See, therefore, most loving father, how I wish nothing in me to be hidden from your eyes, since I so diligently reveal to you, not only my entire life, but even my individual thoughts. Pray for these, I beseech you, that they, so long wandering and unstable, may some time find rest, and that, tossed about vainly through many things, they may turn themselves to the one good, true, certain and immutable.”*

* Letter written in April, 1336, to Padre Dionisio. Petrarca.

LETTER TO POSTERITY

FRANCESCO PETRARCA to Posterity.—Greeting. It is possible that some word of me may have come to you, though even this is doubtful, since an insignificant and obscure name will scarcely penetrate far in either time or space. If, however, you should have heard of me, you may desire to know what manner of man I was, or what was the outcome of my labors especially those of which some description or, at any rate, the bare titles may have reached you.

To begin with myself, then, the utterances of men concerning me will differ widely, since in passing judgment almost every one is influenced not so much by truth as by preference, and good and evil report alike know no bounds. I was, in truth, a poor mortal like yourself, neither very exalted in my origin, nor, on the other hand, of the most humble birth, but belonging, as Augustus Cæsar says of himself, to an ancient family. As to my disposition, I was not naturally perverse or wanting in modesty, however the contagion of evil associations may have corrupted me. My youth was gone before I realized it; I was carried away by the strength of manhood; but a riper age brought me to my senses and taught me by experience the truth I had long before read in books, that youth and pleasure are vanity—nay, that the Author of all ages and times permits us miserable mortals, puffed up with emptiness, thus to wander about, until finally, coming to a tardy consciousness of our sins, we shall learn to know ourselves. In my prime I was blessed with a quick and active body, although not exceptionally strong; and while I do not lay claim to remarkable personal beauty, I was comely enough in my best days. I was possessed of a clear complexion, between light and dark, lively eyes, and for long years a keen vision, which however deserted me, contrary to my hopes, after I reached my sixtieth birthday, and forced me, to my great annoyance, to resort to glasses. Although I had previously enjoyed perfect health, old age brought with it the usual array of discomforts.

My parents were honorable folk, Florentine in their origin, of medium fortune, or, I may as well admit it, in a condition verging upon poverty. They had been expelled from their native city, and consequently I was born in exile, at Arezzo, in the year 1304 of this latter age which begins with Christ's birth, July the twentieth, on a Monday, at dawn. I have always possessed an extreme contempt for wealth; not that riches are not desirable in themselves, but because I hate the anxiety and care which are invariably associated with them. I certainly do not long to be able to give gorgeous banquets. I have, on the contrary, led a happier existence with plain living and ordinary fare than

all the followers of Apicius, with their elaborate dainties. So-called *convivia*, which are but vulgar bouts, sinning against sobriety and good manners, have always been repugnant to me. I have ever felt that it was irksome and profitless to invite others to such affairs, and not less so to be bidden to them myself. On the other hand, the pleasure of dining with one's friends is so great that nothing has even given me more delight than their unexpected arrival, nor have I ever willingly sat down to table without a companion. Nothing displeases me more than display, for not only is it bad in itself, and opposed to humility, but it is troublesome and distracting.

I struggled in my younger days with a keen but constant and pure attachment, and would have struggled with it longer had not the sinking flame been extinguished by death—premature and bitter, but salutary. I should be glad to be able to say that I had always been entirely free from irregular desires, but I should lie if I did so. I can, however, conscientiously claim that, although I may have been carried away by the fire of youth or by my ardent temperament, I have always abhorred such sins from the depths of my soul. As I approached the age of forty, while my powers were unimpaired and my passions were still strong, I not only abruptly threw off my bad habits, but even the very recollection of them, as if I had never looked upon a woman. This I mention as among the greatest of my blessings, and I render thanks to God, who freed me, while still sound and vigorous, from a disgusting slavery which had always been hateful to me. But let us turn to other matters.

I have taken pride in others, never in myself, and however insignificant I may have been, I have always been still less important in my own judgment. My anger has very often injured myself, but never others. I have always been most desirous of honorable friendships, and have faithfully cherished them. I make this boast without fear, since I am confident that I speak truly. While I am prone to take offense, I am equally quick to forget injuries, and have a memory tenacious of benefits. In my familiar associations with kings and princes, and in my friendship with noble

personages, my good fortune has been such as to excite envy. But it is the cruel fate of those who are growing old that they can commonly only weep for friends who have passed away. The greatest kings of this age have loved and courted me. They may know why; I certainly do not. With some of them I was on such terms that they seemed in a certain sense my guests rather than I theirs; their lofty position in no way embarrassing me, but, on the contrary, bringing with it many advantages. I fled, however, from many of those to whom I was greatly attached; and such was my innate longing for liberty, that I studiously avoided those whose very name seemed incompatible with the freedom that I loved.

I possessed a well-balanced rather than a keen intellect, one prone to all kinds of good and wholesome study, but especially inclined to moral philosophy and the art of poetry. The latter, indeed, I neglected as time went on, and took delight in sacred literature. Finding in that a hidden sweetness which I had once esteemed but lightly, I came to regard the works of the poets as only amenities. Among the many subjects which interested me, I dwelt especially upon antiquity, for our own age has always repelled me, so that, had it not been for the love of those dear to me, I should have preferred to have been born in any other period than our own. In order to forget my own time, I have constantly striven to place myself in spirit in other ages, and consequently I delighted in history; not that the conflicting statements did not offend me, but when in doubt I accepted what appeared to me most probable, or yielded to the authority of the writer.

My style, as many claimed, was clear and forcible; but to me it seemed weak and obscure. In ordinary conversation with friends, or with those about me, I never gave any thought to my language, and I have always wondered that Augustus Cæsar should have taken such pains in this respect. When, however, the subject itself, or the place of listener, seemed to demand it, I gave some attention to style, with what success I cannot pretend to say; let them judge in whose presence I spoke. If only I have lived well, it

matters little to me how I talked. Mere elegance of language can produce at best but an empty renown.

My life up to the present has, either through fate or my own choice, fallen into the following divisions. A part only of my first year was spent at Arezzo, where I first saw the light. The six following years were, owing to the recall of my mother from exile, spent upon my father's estate at Ancisa, about fourteen miles above Florence. I passed my eighth year at Pisa, the ninth and following years in Farther Gaul, at Avignon, on the left bank of the Rhone, where the Roman Pontiff holds and has long held the Church of Christ in shameful exile. It seemed a few years ago as if Urban V was on the point of restoring the Church to its ancient seat, but it is clear that nothing is coming of this effort, and, what is to me the worst of all, the Pope seems to have repented him of his good work, for failure came while he was still living. Had he lived but a little longer, he would certainly have learned how I regarded his retreat. My pen was in my hand when he abruptly surrendered at once his exalted office and his life. Unhappy man, who might have died before the altar of Saint Peter and in his own habitation! Had his successors remained in their capital he would have been looked upon as the cause of this benign change, while, had they left Rome, his virtue would have been all the more conspicuous in contrast with their fault.

But such laments are somewhat remote from my subject. On the windy banks of the river Rhone I spent my boyhood, guided by my parents, and then, guided by my own fancies, the whole of my youth. Yet there were long intervals spent elsewhere, for I passed four years at the little town of Carpentras, somewhat to the east of Avignon: in these two places I learned as much of grammar, logic, and rhetoric as my age permitted, or rather, as much as it is customary to teach in school: how little that is, dear reader, thou knowest. I then set out for Montpellier to study law, and spent four years there, then three at Bologna. I heard the whole body of the civil law, and would, as many thought, have distinguished myself later, had I but continued my studies. I gave up the subject alto-

gether, however, so soon as it was no longer necessary to consult the wishes of my parents. My reason was that, although the dignity of the law, which is doubtless very great, and especially the numerous references it contains to Roman antiquity, did not fail to delight me, I felt it to be habitually degraded by those who practice it. It went against me painfully to acquire an art which I would not practice dishonestly, and could hardly hope to exercise otherwise. Had I made the latter attempt, my scrupulousness would doubtless have been ascribed to simplicity.

So at the age of two and twenty I returned home. I call my place of exile home, Avignon, where I had been since childhood; for habit has almost the potency of nature itself. I had already begun to be known there, and my friendship was sought by prominent men; wherefore I cannot say. I confess this is now a source of surprise to me, although it seemed natural enough at an age when we are used to regard ourselves as worthy of the highest respect. I was courted first and foremost by that very distinguished and noble family, the Colonnese, who, at that period, adorned the Roman Curia with their presence. However it might be now, I was at that time certainly quite unworthy of the esteem in which I was held by them. I was especially honored by the incomparable Giacomo Colonna, then Bishop of Lombez, whose peer I know not whether I have ever seen or ever shall see, and was taken by him to Gascony; there I spent such a divine summer among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, in happy intercourse with my master and the members of our company, that I can never recall the experience without a sigh of regret.

Returning thence, I passed many years in the house of Giacomo's brother, Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, not as if he were my lord and master, but rather my father, or better, a most affectionate brother—nay, it was as if I were in my own home. About this time, a youthful desire impelled me to visit France and Germany. While I invented certain reasons to satisfy my elders of the propriety of the journey, the real explanation was a great inclination and longing to see new sights. I first visited Paris, as I was anxious to discover what was true and what fabulous in the

accounts I had heard of that city. On my return from this journey I went to Rome, which I had since my infancy ardently desired to visit. There I soon came to venerate Stephano, the noble head of the family of the Colonnese, like some ancient hero, and was in turn treated by him in every respect like a son. The love and good-will of this excellent man toward me remained constant to the end of his life, and lives in me still, nor will it cease until I myself pass away.

On my return, since I experienced a deep-seated and innate repugnance to town life, especially in that disgusting city of Avignon which I heartily abhorred, I sought some means of escape. I fortunately discovered about fifteen miles from Avignon, a delightful valley, narrow and secluded, called Vaucluse, where the Sorgue, the prince of streams, takes its rise. Captivated by the charms of the place, I transferred thither myself and my books. Were I to describe what I did there during many years, it would prove a long story. Indeed, almost every bit of writing which I have put forth was either accomplished or begun, or at least conceived, there, and my undertakings have been so numerous that they still continue to vex and weary me. My mind, like my body, is characterized by a certain versatility and readiness, rather than by strength, so that many tasks that were easy of conception have been given up by reason of the difficulty of their execution. The character of my surroundings suggested the composition of a sylvan or bucolic song. I also dedicated a work in two books upon *The Life of Solitude*, to Philip, now exalted to the Cardinal-bishopric of Sabina. Although always a great man, he was, at the time of which I speak, only the humble Bishop of Cavaillon. He is the only one of my old friends who is still left to me, and he has always loved and treated me not as a bishop (as Ambrose did Augustine), but as a brother.

While I was wandering in those mountains upon a Friday in Holy Week, the strong desire seized me to write an epic in an heroic strain, taking as my theme Scipio Africanus the Great, who had, strange to say, been dear to me from my childhood. But although I began the execution of this project with enthusiasm, I straightway abandoned

it, owing to a variety of distractions. The poem was, however, christened *Africa*, from the name of its hero, and, whether from his fortunes or mine, it did not fail to arouse the interest of many before they had seen it.

While leading a leisurely existence in this region, I received, remarkable as it may seem, upon one and the same day, letters both from the Senate at Rome and the Chancellor of the University of Paris, pressing me to appear in Rome and Paris, respectively, to receive the poet's crown of laurel. In my youthful elation I convinced myself that I was quite worthy of this honor; the recognition came from eminent judges, and I accepted their verdict rather than that of my own better judgment. I hesitated for a time which I should give ear to, and sent a letter to Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, of whom I have already spoken, asking his opinion. He was so near that, although I wrote late in the day, I received his reply before the third hour on the morrow. I followed his advice, and recognized the claims of Rome as superior to all others. My acceptance of his counsel is shown by my twofold letter to him on that occasion, which I still keep. I set off accordingly; but although, after the fashion of youth, I was a most indulgent judge of my own work, I still blushed to accept in my own case the verdict of even such men as those who summoned me, despite the fact that they would certainly not have honored me in this way, had they not believed me worthy.

So I decided, first, to visit Naples, and that celebrated king and philosopher, Robert, who was not more distinguished as a ruler than as a man of culture. He was, indeed, the only monarch of our age who was the friend at once of learning and of virtue, and I trusted that he might correct such things as he found to criticize in my work. The way in which he received and welcomed me is a source of astonishment to me now, and, I doubt not, to the reader also, if he happens to know anything of the matter. Having learned the reason of my coming, the King seemed mightily pleased. He was gratified, doubtless, by my youthful faith in him, and felt, perhaps, that he shared in a way the glory of my coronation, since I had chosen him from all others as the only suitable critic. After talking over a great many

things, I showed him my *Africa*, which so delighted him that he asked that it might be dedicated to him in consideration of a handsome reward. This was a request that I could not well refuse, nor, indeed, would I have wished to refuse it, had it been in my power. He then fixed a day upon which we could consider the object of my visit. This occupied us from noon until evening, and the time proving too short, on account of the many matters which arose for discussion, we passed the two following days in the same manner. Having thus tested my poor attainments for three days, the King at last pronounced me worthy of the laurel. He offered to bestow that honor upon me at Naples, and urged me to consent to receive it there, but my veneration for Rome prevailed over the insistence of even so great a monarch as Robert. At length, seeing that I was inflexible in my purpose, he sent me on my way accompanied by royal messengers and letters to the Roman Senate, in which he gave enthusiastic expression to his flattering opinion of me. This royal estimate was, indeed, quite in accord with that of many others, and especially with my own, but to-day I cannot approve either his or my own verdict. In his case, affection and the natural partiality to youth were stronger than his devotion to truth.

On arriving at Rome, I continued, in spite of my unworthiness, to rely upon the judgment of so eminent a critic, and, to the great delight of the Romans who were present, I who had been hitherto a simple student received the laurel crown. This occasion is described elsewhere in my letters, both in prose and verse. The laurel, however, in no way increased my wisdom, although it did arouse some jealousy—but this is too long a story to be told here.

On leaving Rome, I went to Parma, and spent some time with the members of the house of Correggio, who, while they were most kind and generous towards me, agreed but ill among themselves. They governed Parma, however, in a way unknown to that city within the memory of man, and the like of which it will hardly again enjoy in this present age.

I was conscious of the honor which I had but just received, and fearful lest it might seem to have been granted

to one unworthy of the distinction; consequently, as I was walking one day in the mountains, and chanced to cross the river Enza to a place called Selva Piana, in the territory of Reggio, struck by the beauty of the spot, I began to write again upon the *Africa*, which I had laid aside. In my enthusiasm, which had seemed quite dead, I wrote some lines that very day, and some each day until I returned to Parma. Here I happened upon a quiet and retired house, which I afterwards bought, and which still belongs to me. I continued my task with such ardor, and completed the work in so short a space of time, that I cannot but marvel now at my dispatch. I had already passed my thirty-fourth year when I returned thence to the Fountain of the Sorgue, and to my Transalpine solitude. I had made a long stay both in Parma and Verona, and everywhere I had, I am thankful to say, been treated with much greater esteem than I merited.

Some time after this, my growing reputation procured for me the good-will of a most excellent man, Giacomo the Younger, of Carrara, whose equal I do not know among the rulers of his time. For years he wearied me with messengers and letters when I was beyond the Alps, and with his petitions whenever I happened to be in Italy, urging me to accept his friendship. At last, although I anticipated little satisfaction from the venture, I determined to go to him and see what this insistence on the part of a person so eminent, and at the same time a stranger to me, might really mean. I appeared, though tardily, at Padua, where I was received by him of illustrious memory, not as a mortal, but as the blessed are greeted in heaven—with such delight and such unspeakable affection and esteem, that I cannot adequately describe my welcome in words, and must, therefore, be silent. Among other things, learning that I had led a clerical life from boyhood, he had me made a canon of Padua, in order to bind me the closer to himself and his city. In fine, had his life been spared, I should have found there an end to all my wanderings. But alas! nothing mortal is enduring, and there is nothing sweet which does not presently end in bitterness. Scarcely two years was he spared to me, to his country, and to the world. God, who

had given him to us, took him again. Without being blinded by my love for him, I feel that neither I, nor his country, nor the world was worthy of him. Although his son, who succeeded him, was in every way a prudent and distinguished man, who, following his father's example, always loved and honored me, I could not remain after the death of him with whom, by reason especially of the similarity of our ages, I had been much more closely united.

I returned to Gaul, not so much from a desire to see again what I had already beheld a thousand times, as from the hope, common to the afflicted, of coming to terms with my misfortunes by a change of scene.

[Here the autobiography breaks off abruptly.]

SONNETS

I

Ye who shall hear amidst my scatter'd lays
 The sighs with which I fanned and fed my heart,
 When, young and glowing, I was but in part
 The man I am become in later days;
 Ye who have marked the changes of my style
 From vain despondency to hope as vain,
 From him among you, who has felt love's pain,
 I hope for pardon, ay, and pity's smile,
 Though conscious, now, my passion was a theme,
 Long, idly dwelt on by the public tongue,
 I blush for all the vanities I've sung,
 And find the world's applause a fleeting dream.*

CXXVI

In what ideal world or part of heaven
 Did Nature find the model of that face
 And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
 In which, to our creation, she has given
 Her prime proof of creative power above?
 What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
 Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
 Upon the breeze, or in a single mind,
 Where have so many virtues ever met,

E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?
 He knows not love who has not seen her eyes
 Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
 Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.*

LXIX

Time was her tresses by the breathing air
 Were wreathed to many a ringlet golden bright,
 Time was her eyes diffused unmeasured light,
 Though now their lovely beams are waxing rare.
 Her face methought that in its blushes show'd
 Compassion, her angelic shape and walk,
 Her voice that seem'd with Heaven's own speech to talk;
 At these, what wonder that my bosom glow'd!
 A living sun she seem'd—a spirit of heaven.
 Those charms decline: but does my passion? No!
 I love not less—the slackening of the bow
 Assuages not the wound its shaft has given.*

* Campbell's Trans.

XXXI

EARTH WITHOUT HER

When she, who in the world can find no peers,
 Shines in some bevy of fair-visaged dames,
 That lovely face all rival glory shames,
 As fade the stars when hour of morning nears.

Anon Love seems to whisper in mine ears:
 "Long as earth kindles with her beauty's flames
 How fair is life! but brief the good it claims!
 The virtues die, my kingdom disappears!"

As if to sea the waves and fish should fail,
 The earth lack flowers, or breeze desert the skies,
 As if the sun and moon in heaven should pale,

Nor in man's bosom words of pity rise;
 Death would such miseries and more entail
 Upon us, should he close and seal her eyes.*

LX

THE POET'S WALK

Valley whose echoes answer my lament!
 River whose waves my frequent tears renew!
 Beasts of the wood, and roving birds, and you,
 Fishes, who 'tween the grassy banks are pent!

Breezes to whom my sighs their warmth have lent!

Sweet path with bitter end! Yon summit too,
So pleasing once, now hateful to my view,
Whither, Love leading, still my steps are bent!

I see you all retain your wonted faces,
'Tis I am changed, who from a lot so blest
Am made the dwelling-place of endless woe.

Here I beheld my good, and these dear places
I turn to view, whence she has fled to rest
Nude, her beauty's spoils left here below.*

LXII

FATE

Love! who dist wait me where river laves
His banks to our communion ever kind,
And closer our old fellowship to bind,
Wert wont to talk with me, and with the waves;
Flowers, leaves, and gass, winds, water, shadows, caves,
Broad sunny plains, deep vales midst hills enshrined,
Safe haven to my amorous quest assigned,
When rest after long toil the spirit craves;

Ye birds who fill the air with songs of mirth,
Ye nymphs, and ye who by the weedy floor
Of liquid crystal choose your dwelling-place;

My days, which were so bright, I now deplore,
Black as o'ershadowing Death. The hour of birth
Brings his fixed fate to each of mortal race.*

IX

THE PILGRIM

The poor old man, whose locks are scant and gray,
Forsakes the sweet abode of many a year,
And leaves his family in fear
To see their father go, while they must stay.

Broken with years and weary of the way,
He presses onward spite of death so near;
And by stout heart inured all toils to bear
He drags his failing limbs as best he may;

And reaches Rome, impelled by one desire
Of gazing on the semblance of His face
Which throned in Heaven again he hopes to see.

So, lady, oftentimes my thoughts aspire
In others' lineaments perchance to trace
Thine own dear likeness so desired by me.*

XIII

TIME THE DISENCHANTER

As I draw nearer to the fatal day,
Which doth abbreviate all mortal woe,
I see Time's courses still more swiftly flow,
And all my hopes from him fade fast away.

We go not long, unto my thoughts I say,
Of Love conversing now, for well I know
Our earthly burden melts like summer's snow,
And then the peace is ours for which we pray.

With Time those expectations disappear,
Which made us cheat ourselves, then smiles and pain
And passion cease, then lamentation dies.

Then is it given to see in prospect clear,
How oft our dread becomes the source of gain,
How often uselessly we waste our sighs.*

XIV

SOLITUDE

Alone to desert plains I wend my way,
Measuring my course with tardy steps and slow,
Mine eye directed ever as I go

To shun those haunts where others most do stay,

What refuge else is left me, whence I may
Escape the curious eye of worldly show,
Which from my melancholy mien would know
The hidden fire that burns within alway?

So that the hills and valleys, as I guess,
The woods and streams are conscious of the wound
Concealed, by this my art, where mortals be.

Yet in my wanderings through the wilderness
No spot so wild or savage may be found
That Love comes not to join in talk with me.*

* Crompton's Trans.

XLVII

Blest be the day, and blest the month, the year,
The spring, the hour, the very moment blest,
The lovely scene, the spot, where first oppress'd
I sunk, of two bright eyes the prisoner:

And blest the first soft pang, to me most dear,
 Which thrill'd my heart, when Love became its guest;
 And even the wounds, which bosom'd thence I bear.
 Blest too the strains which, pour'd through glade and grove,
 Have made the woodlands echo with her name;
 The sighs, the tears, the languishment, the love:
 And blest those sonnets, sources of my fame,
 And blest that thought—Oh, never to remove!
 Which turns to her alone, from her alone which came.*

* Wrangham's Trans.

CXXI

The stars, the heaven, the elements, I ween,
 Put forth their every art and utmost care
 In that bright light, as fairest Nature fair,
 Whose like on earth the sun has nowhere seen;
 So noble, elegant, unique her mien,
 Scarce mortal glance to rest on it may dare,
 Love so much softness and such graces rare
 Showers from those dazzling and resistless ean.
 The atmosphere, pervaded and made pure
 By their sweet rays, kindles with goodness so,
 Thought cannot equal it nor language show.
 Here no ill wish, no base desires endure,
 But honour, virtue. Here, if ever yet,
 Has lust his death from supreme beauty met.*

CXXXI

O'er earth and sky her lone watch silence keeps,
 And bird and beast in stirless slumber lie,
 Her starry chariot Night conducts on high,
 And in its bed the waveless ocean sleeps.
 I wake, muse, burn, and weep; of all my pain
 The one sweet cause appears before me still;
 War is my lot, which grief and anger fill,
 And thinking but of her some rest I gain.
 Thus from one bright and living fountain flows
 The bitter and the sweet on which I feed;
 One hand alone can harm me or can heal;

And thus my martyrdom no limit knows,
 A thousand deaths and lives each day I feel,
 So distant are the paths to peace which lead.*

* MacGregor's Trans.

If the sharp torture of such agonies
 Can be resisted, Lady, till I say
 That I behold, through the years' long array,
 The light grow dim within your lovely eyes,
 And the gold hair take on a silver guise,
 While garlands and green robes are laid away,
 And the face pales that made me fear alway
 To make lament for all my injuries.

Then shall Love give me thus much confidence
 That all my tale of torment shall be told,
 Counting you up the years, the hours, and days:
 And, if my ardent longings time gainsays,
 At least my grief shall win some recompense
 From sighs you cannot any more withhold.

SONNET XII.*

I walk alone through most deserted ways,
 And, lost in thought, with measured steps and slow,
 My eyes keep jealous guard lest I should go
 Where print of human foot has left a trace.
 To hide me from the people's curious gaze
 I find no other weapon of defence,
 For all my joyless acts give evidence,
 Showing without the flames that inly blaze.

So that I now believe both hill and plain
 Of that which tempers all my life are ware;
 So woods and rivers, though 'tis hid from men.
 But never can I ways so wild and grim
 Seek out, but what Love always meets me there,
 Holding discourse with me and I with him.

SONNET XXXV.*

Her golden hair was lifted by the breeze,
 And in a thousand gracious knots was twined;



WINTER IN THE PEASANTS' QUARTERS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

The family are drying their shoes before the fire. The elegance of this manor can be deduced from the fact that the cottage has a chimney. The sheep-fold and the bee-hives are also indications of the superiority of these farmer-folk.

The lovely light beyond all measure shined
 Within her beauteous eyes, where now 'tis less;
 The colour of her face seemed to express,
 Truly or falsely, pity to my mind;
 And, since Love's tinder in my breast I find,
 What wonder if it burned with suddenness?
 Her movement was not of a mortal thing,
 But of an angel; of her words the sound
 Rang forth as never human voice can ring.
 A living sun, spirit celestial,
 Was she I looked on, and, though change befall.
 The loosing of the bow heals not the wound.

SONNET XC.*

I see a gracious light,
 My gentle Lady, shining in your eyes,
 Which unto me the heavenward path doth show;
 And by long habit wise,
 Visibly, where alone with Love I sit,
 Looking within, I see the heart shine through.
 This is the sight which spurs good deeds to do,
 And to a glorious end conducteth me;
 This from the common herd doth keep me far.
 No human words there are
 Can tell what feelings the divinity
 Of these two lights makes plain,
 Both when the winter lets the hoar-frost lie,
 And after when the year grows young again
 Which was the season of my primal pain.

SONNET LXXII.*

Father in heaven, after the wasted days,
 After the nights in vainest visions spent
 Of charms found lovely to my detriment
 Through the fierce flame that set my heart ablaze;
 Thou, with Thy light, vouchsafe to turn my ways
 To other live and nobler enterprise,
 That, having spread his nets before my eyes
 In vain, my cruel foe may reap disgrace.

* * * * *

So greatly pleased me erst the gentle light,
 That I rejoiced to climb the steepest hills
 That thus I might approach the so-loved branches:

But now the brief life and the place and time,
 Show me another path to turn to heaven,
 And bring forth fruit, rather than flowers and leaves.
 Another love and other leaves and light,
 Another love and other leaves and light
 I seek—and time it is—and other branches.

* Jerrold's Trans.

SONNET CXLII.*

2. BOCCACCIO, EARLY ITALIAN HUMANIST

Giovanni Boccaccio was probably born in the little village of Certaldo, midway between Florence and Siena, in 1313. This date is determined by a line written to him by Petrarch after the two had formed a friendship broken only by Petrarch's death. He said: "I was nine years of age when you were born." Without this guide the date of his birth would remain uncertain.

Boccaccio's father was a Florentine merchant whose business caused him to journey sometimes to France. His mother is believed to have been French and one tradition says that Boccaccio was born in France out of wedlock. These details are unimportant and probably will never be fully known. In any event, the enterprising merchant saw only a business career for his promising son whom he removed from school at ten years of age and apprenticed to a fellow merchant whose affairs required him to be in Paris, where Boccaccio remained with him, not progressing very well in his vain attempt to forget his books and become engrossed in trade. For his lack of interest in the work, he was sent back to Florence where he assisted his father ten years or more, whereupon to distract his mind from studies his father sent him to Naples. This proved fatal to any surviving hope the father may have still entertained for his son's business career. He visited the court of King Robert of Naples, where he met men of learning and became fascinated with the gay life of those who there enjoyed royal patronage. This led him to renounce business forever. A tradition survives that he visited the tomb of Virgil and wishing suddenly for a poet's renown, he forthwith gave himself up to the study of poetry rather than canon law which his father had reluctantly allowed him to

substitute for trade. Although Petrarch visited the court of Naples at this time, apparently the two did not meet, or if so, their friendship was not begun for many years.

Dante had his Beatrice, Petrarch his Laura and Boccaccio presently elected Fiammetta to be the guiding star of his existence, or in any event to serve as the object of his poetical attentions. He wrote a romance in which she had a leading part. Who the particular lady was whom he thus honored by making her the object of his devotion is uncertain, although conjectures have not been wanting. The sincerity of Dante and Petrarch cannot be questioned by earnest students of their lives; in the case of Boccaccio, who lacked the depth of character possessed by the other two, Fiammetta—little flame—was possibly little more than necessary poetical equipment of the age.

The death of his father set Boccaccio free. He henceforth gave himself up to the life of a scholar. Having exchanged his patrimony for money, he set out on travels that took him far and wide, spending his limited means for manuscripts. When funds were exhausted he sustained himself as a copyist. A copy of Terence done by his hand is still extant.

Manuscripts were costly; yet, with those who were unable to estimate their value, they often suffered neglect. Benvenuto, a pupil of Boccaccio, has left an account of his patron's visit to Monte Cassino, whither he had gone to examine its library.

"Being eager to see the library, which, he had heard, was very noble, he himself besought one of the monks to do him the favour of opening it. Pointing to a lofty staircase, the monk answered stiffly: 'Go up; it is already open.' Boccaccio stepped up the staircase with delight, only to find the treasure-house of learning destitute of door or any kind of fastening, while the grass was growing on the window sills and the dust reposing on the books and bookshelves. Turning over the manuscripts, he found many rare and ancient works, with whole sheets torn out, or with the margins ruthlessly clipped. As he left the room, he burst into tears, and, on asking a monk, whom he met in

the cloister, to explain the neglect, was told that some of the inmates of the monastery, wishing to gain a few *soldi*, had torn out whole handfuls of leaves and made them into psalters, which they sold to boys, and had cut off strips of parchment, which they turned into amulets, to sell to women."

Like Petrarch, Boccaccio imagined that his lasting fame would attach to his Latin writings, among which were his *Mythology*, *On Illustrious Women*, and his *Eclogues*. After the poet's death, he wrote also a life of Petrarch.

Under the influence of Petrarch he studied Greek, being first among Italian men of letters to become familiar with the ancient tongue. It will be recalled that although Petrarch's dearest possession was a Greek manuscript, he was himself unable to read it.

The two writings by which Boccaccio has been remembered are first, an epic called *Teseide*; the second, and by far more important of the two, the *Decameron*. In early times collections of detached short stories, so popular today, were not usual. Instead, it was customary to give them a connecting thread, to bind them together, much as pearls are strung on a thread of gold. This scheme, it will be recalled, was followed in the *Thousand and One Nights*, wherein an ingenious queen saved her own life by interrupting her tale every night in the midst of some engaging scene, which necessitated the Sultan to permit her to live until this should be completed on the morrow.

Boccaccio opens the *Decameron* with a description of the Black Plague which in 1348 swept over Europe. A company of seven maidens and three men, brought together to sustain and cheer one another in the midst of the depressing scenes which abounded in Florence, believing that immunity from the pestilence depended somewhat upon keeping up their spirits, repaired to the country home of one of the ladies outside the city and for ten days diverted each other by relating tales, humorous ones being especially in order.

Some such plan of uniting dissimilar stories has been subsequently employed time and again. Chaucer doubtless came upon a copy of Boccaccio before he wrote his *Canter-*

bury Tales, for, although he does not indicate directly his indebtedness to the illustrious Italian, his contemporary, he nevertheless makes use of the last story in the *Decameron*, placing it in the mouth of the *Poor Clerk of Oxford*, changed, to be sure, in the telling. The plan of having the *Canterbury Tales* related by pilgrims, as they journey toward the shrine of Thomas à Becket, may easily have shaped itself in his mind after he became familiar with Boccaccio's house party held out of plague-stricken Florence. Two centuries later, Castiglione assembled a company at the court of the Duke of Urbino, having each explain the various qualities and requisites most to be desired in a courtier of highest type. Other illustrations might be cited where writers have devised some thread whereon to hang a series of disconnected tales.

Literature abounds with testimony to the abuses in the late mediæval church, the dissolute lives of churchmen, and the social vices, obtaining within and without ecclesiastical circles. With inimitable humor the novelist makes his stories of miscreant friars and other incumbents whose conduct brought the Church under the ban of criticism, so funny that all save the fun and wit is lost sight of. In order to understand these stories aright it is necessary to explain that the whole age was coarser and less refined than ours. In the fourteenth century men and women conversed on topics that are strictly tabooed today. Of the hundred stories that make up the cycle there are probably not more than ten that could be read aloud in public today without causing embarrassment. This in itself is very revealing as to the age that gave them birth.

It is scarcely needful to say that Boccaccio did not invent the tales he related. He gathered them from near and far. Himself an extensive traveller, a tireless searcher of libraries, one who loved to talk over the cups and who never forgot a good story, he found them everywhere. In turn others have since borrowed copiously from him. We have just noted the debt of Chaucer. Shakespeare found his plot of *All's Well That Ends Well* and several incidents occurring in his plays in the *Decameron*.

An incident that caused Boccaccio many an unrestful

hour and sleepless night appears less mysterious to us today than it did to him. His stories were now commonly discussed; with their frank disclosure of the corruption of many a cloistered life, it was inevitable that they should call forth hostility. A Carthusian monk came to their author on one occasion to tell him that in his sleep the pious old Father, one of their Order who had lately died, had appeared to him and bade him warn Boccaccio to repent him of his wickedness. To give the vision greater credence, he mentioned two or three circumstances which Boccaccio thought known only to Petrarch and himself. His personal life had been much like that of many of his contemporaries and, since he was now approaching middle life, he was seized with pangs of conscience. He wrote to Petrarch about the whole matter, saying that he was about to renounce his studies and enter a monastery. Petrarch's sane reply is characteristic of the writer. As to the supernatural aspect of the matter, he said: "There is such a thing as artifice in imposture which may at times assume the language of supernatural inspiration; those who practise arts of this kind examine attentively the age, the aspect, the looks, the habits of the man they mean to delude, his theories, his motions, his voice, his conversation, his feelings and opinions, and from all these derive their oracles."

As to the intent of Boccaccio to reform, Petrarch endorsed it with all his heart; however, he pointed out that this was not incompatible with a scholar's calling.

"As regards yourself, you reduce everything to two heads: first, that death is already hanging over you and that you have but a few more years to live; secondly, that you ought to renounce the study of poetry. . . . But neither the love of virtue nor the thought of approaching death ought to divert us from the study of letters, which, if it is carried on with good intentions, awakes the love of virtue, and diminishes and destroys the fear of death. . . . Because learning is no impediment to him, who, with a well disposed mind, endeavors to acquire it; and letters are not a hindrance in the difficulties of our earthly journeys, but a comfort and a help. Many attain to the highest degree of sanctity without learning; but learning never hindered any-

one from being holy. Now, if I may be allowed to speak my mind freely, I should say that the road which leads to virtue by the way of ignorance may, perhaps, be plain and easy, but conduces to sloth and idleness. The goal of all good men is the same, but many and diverse are the roads which lead to it. One man goes slowly, another proceeds more quickly; these in the light, those in the darkness; one remains lower, the other higher. The path of all these is blessed, but that is the more glorious which, with a fuller illumination, mounts higher. . . . Try to quote me the greatest saint you can who was ignorant of letters, and I will undertake to match him with a learned man who shall be still more holy."

The spirit of repentance aroused by Savonarola a hundred years later resulted in most of the first copies of Boccaccio finding their way to the Bonfire of Vanities. Only two copies of the earliest edition are known to exist—and the *Decameron* was one of the first books to be printed in Italy. The first English edition was printed in 1620, the work being described as "the Model of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence and Conversation, framed in ten days, of an hundred curious pieces." It is not strange, in view of the Puritan movement that was sweeping over England, to learn that the Archbishop of Canterbury forbade its being published in English.

In 1373 the citizens of Florence established lectures to be given annually concerning Dante and his Divine Comedy. It is interesting to know that Boccaccio was the first one chosen to deliver them.

It would be difficult to adequately estimate the influence of Boccaccio upon subsequent literature. In England alone the list of well known writers who derived inspiration from the early novelist is long; one calls to mind Sidney, Fletcher, Shakespeare, Dryden, Keats and Tennyson, and in America, the poet Longfellow.

"By Boccaccio's magic touch the rude and undigested materials of the troubadours become refined and elaborated; wit and humour everywhere abound; and although his amorous intrigues, disappointments and enjoyments are perhaps too broadly narrated, yet there are episodes full

of pathos, some of which have furnished subjects for poetry of the highest order. In a word, his narrative is clear, free from metaphors and repetition, avoiding monotony, and keeping the attention fully engaged without tiring the reader."¹

Perhaps it might be added that there is a difference between perusing coarse stories for the doubtful pleasure such indulgence brings and threading one's way through literature of the past for the better understanding of it. It is manifestly impossible to gain familiarity with an age if a mistaken sense of delicacy deters us from examining its literary remains.

¹ Alfred Wallis: *Intro. Decameron*, XV.

THE DECAMERON

DAY I: NOVEL III

Melchizedech, a Jew, by a story of three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare, which Saladin had prepared for him.

This novel was universally applauded, whereupon, at the queen's desire Filomena thus began:—

Neifile's story puts me in mind of what happened to a certain Jew; for, as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know, that, as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honourable repose. There are many instances of people being reduced by their foolishness, which I choose to omit, as they happen daily; but what great cause for comfort a person's good understanding may at some times afford I shall make appear, as I promised, in the following short novel.

Saladin was so brave and great a man, that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable person to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both the Saracen and Christian princes. This monarch having in divers wars, and by many extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out, that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedech, who lent out money on interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so covetous that he would never do it willingly, and he was unwilling to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some colour of reason. He therefore sent for and received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down he thus addressed him: "Honest man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise, and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one—the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him; and perceiving that he must gain his point should he prefer any one religion, after considering a little how best to avoid the snare, his invention at last supplied him with the following answer:

"The question which your highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding great beauty and value; and being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue for ever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in a long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and

all equally beloved by him. And the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now growing old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and as he had promised all, and being willing to satisfy all, privately got an artist to make two others, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one, and at his death gave one privately to each of his sons. They afterwards all claimed the honour and estate, each disputing them with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, to find out which should succeed, nor is that yet decided. And thus it has happened, my lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father to the three peoples concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has His law, and obeys His commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain in like manner as of the rings."

Saladin perceived that Melchizedech had escaped the net which was spread for him: he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, to see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he designed to have done, had not his discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied him with what he wanted; Saladin afterwards paid him with a great deal of honour, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

THE SECOND DAY

Already had the sun ushered in the new day, the birds upon the blooming branches attesting it with their merry songs, when the ladies and gentlemen arose, and went into the garden, where they spent some time in walking, and weaving chaplets of flowers; and, as they had done the day before, after taking a repast in the open air, and dancing, they reposed themselves till a little after twelve, at which time they took their places, as the queen had appointed, in the same pleasant meadow around her. She being of a most

graceful person, and having on her a crown of laurel, looked round in a most cheerful manner on the whole assembly, and then signified to Neifile that she should begin, who, without offering any excuse, spoke as follows:

DAY II: NOVEL I

Martellino, feigning himself to be a cripple, pretends to be cured by being laid upon the body of Saint Arrigo; but, this roguery being discovered, he gets soundly beaten, and is afterwards apprehended, and in danger of being hanged, but at last escapes.

It often happens that he who endeavours to ridicule other people, especially in things of a serious nature, becomes himself a jest, and frequently at great cost; as you will perceive by what, in obedience to the queen's command, I am now going to relate—an affair which had a very unlucky beginning, and which, beyond all expectation, ended happily enough to one of our city.

There lived, not long since, at Triers, a German called Arrigo, who was a poor man, and served as a porter when any one pleased to employ him; yet was he reputed a person of good life, on which account (whether true or false I know not) it was affirmed by the people of Triers that, at the very instant of his death, the bells of the great church rang of their own accord, which was accounted a miracle. And all declared that this Arrigo was a saint, and they flocked to the house where the corpse lay, and carried it as a sanctified body to the great church; bringing thither the halt, lame, and blind, expecting that by the touch of it they would all recover.

In so great a concourse of people, it happened that three of our own city arrived there, one of whom was named Stecchi, another Martellino, and the third Marchese, —persons that frequented the courts of princes, to divert them as buffoons and mimics. None of these having ever been there before, and seeing the great crowd of people running from all parts of the city, they were much surprised at it; and, hearing the cause, were very desirous of seeing the corpse. They left their baggage therefore at the

inn, and Marchese said, "We will see this saint; but I do not know how we shall contrive to get near enough; for the street is full of soldiers and persons in arms, whom the governor has stationed there, to prevent any tumult in the city; and, besides, the church is so thronged with people that it would be impossible to get in."

Martellino, who was eager to be a spectator, replied, "I will find a way, notwithstanding, to get close to the very body." "How," said Marchese, "is that possible?" "I'll tell you," answered Martellino: "I intend to counterfeit a cripple, whilst thou shalt support me on one side and Stecchi on the other, as if I were unable to walk by myself, bringing me towards the saint to be cured; and you will see everybody make way for us to go on."

They were much pleased with the contrivance, and went accordingly into a private place, when Martellino distorted his hands, fingers, arms, legs, mouth, eyes, and his whole countenance besides, in such a manner that it was frightful to behold him; and nobody that saw him but would have imagined that he was really so lame and deformed. Being carried in that guise by Marchese and Stecchi, they directed their way to the church, crying out in a most piteous manner all the way, to make room for God's sake, to which the people condescended. In a little time they attracted the eyes of every one, and the general cry was, "Room! room!" till at length they came where the body of Saint Arrigo lay; when Martellino was taken from them by some persons that stood around, and laid all along upon the body, to the end he might, by that means, receive the benefit of a cure. All the people's eyes were now upon him, expecting the event; when he, who was master of his business, first began to stretch his fingers, then his hands, afterwards his arms, and at last his whole body; which when the people saw, they set up such shouts in praise of Saint Arrigo that a clap of thunder would hardly have been distinguished.

Now it happened that a Florentine was not far off, that knew Martellino very well (not whilst his body was distorted, but after his pretended cure), who fell a-laughing, and cried, "Good God! who would not have taken him to have been really a cripple?" Which some of the bystanders

hearing, they immediately said, "And was he not so?" "No," answered the other, "as God is my judge, he was always as straight as any person here; but he has the art, as you have now seen, of turning his body into what shape he pleases."

There needed nothing further to set them all on fire; they therefore pressed most violently on, crying out, "Seize the villain, that blasphemer of God and His saints, who, being in no wise disordered, comes here to make a jest of our saint and us." Whereupon they dragged him by the hair of the head, and threw him upon the ground, kicking him and tearing the clothes off his back; nor was there a person there that did not endeavour to give him a blow; whilst Martellino kept crying out for God's sake to have mercy; but all to no purpose, for the blows thickened faster upon him.

Marchese and Stecchi now began to be in some pain for themselves, and, not daring to help him, they cried out with the multitude, "Kill him! kill him!" contriving all the time how to get him out of their hands; nevertheless he had certainly been murdered, but for the following expedient. Marchese, knowing that the officers of justice were at the door, ran to the lieutenant that commanded, crying out, "Sir, help me for God's sake; here's a fellow that has picked my pocket of a hundred florins; I beg you will assist me in getting them back again." And immediately twelve of the sergeants ran where Martellino was in the utmost jeopardy, and with the greatest difficulty got him away, all trodden under foot and bruised as he was, and carried him to the palace, followed by many of the people, who had been incensed against him, and who, now hearing that he was taken up for a cut-purse, and seeing no other way of revenging themselves, declared that they had also been robbed by him.

On hearing these complaints, the judge, who was an ill-tempered man, took him aside and examined him; whilst Martellino answered him in a jesting manner, making no account of their accusations. At which the judge being provoked, ordered him to be trussed up, and gave him several sharp bouts of the strappado, that he might make him

confess the crimes he was charged with, in order to hang him afterwards. He being therefore laid upon the ground, the judge asking him if those things with which he was accused were true, and telling him that it would be in vain to deny them, he made answer and said, "My lord, I am ready to confess the truth; but please to order first all my accusers to say when and where I robbed them, and I will then tell you truly what I am guilty of, and what not." The judge readily consented, and, having summoned some of them before him, one said he had picked his pocket eight days ago, another four days, and some made answer that he had robbed them that same day. Martellino replied, "My lord, they are all liars; for I had not been here many hours (and would to God I had never come at all!) before I went to view this saint, where I got abused as you now see. That this is true, the officer who keeps your book of presentations, as also my landlord, will testify for me; therefore I beg you would not torture and put me to death, at the instance of these people."

When Marchese and Stecchi heard what had passed before the judge, and that their friend was severely handled, they began to be in great fear about him, saying to themselves that they had taken him out of the frying-pan to throw him into the fire; and they ran from place to place to find their landlord, whom they acquainted with what had happened. He, laughing heartily at their story, carried them to one Sandro Agolanti, a person of great interest in the city, to whom they related the whole affair, entreating him to have pity on poor Martellino. Sandro, after much laughter, went to the governor of the town, and prevailed upon him to have Martellino brought into his presence. The messenger that went for him found him standing in his shirt, all terrified before the judge, because the latter would hear nothing in his favour (having an aversion perhaps to our countrypeople), and being probably resolved to hang him at all events; and he refused, till he was compelled, to deliver him up. Martellino being brought before the governor, told him everything that had happened, and entreated him as a special favour that he would let him go, saying that till he came to Florence he should always think

he had the rope about his neck. The governor was highly diverted with the relation, and, ordering every one a suit of apparel, beyond all their hopes they escaped from the most imminent danger, and got safe and sound home.

DAY V: NOVEL IX

Federigo degli Alberighi being in love, without meeting any return, spends all his substance in seeking to gratify his lady, till he has nothing left but one poor hawk, which he gives to her for dinner when she comes to his house; she, learning this, changes her resolution, and marries him, by which means he becomes wealthy.

The queen, now observing that only herself and Dioneo were left to speak, spoke pleasantly to this effect:—

As it has come to my turn, I shall give you a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favours of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand, then, that Coppo di Borghese Domenichi (who was, and perhaps still is, a person of great respect and authority in our city, whose amiable qualities, rather than his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbours and acquaintances by relating things which had happened in his days, which he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person;—he, I say, amongst other stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman, as usually happens, fell in love with a lady called Madam Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and, to gain her affection, used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extrava-

gant. But she, as careful of her honour as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving his mistress still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out a-fowling, as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to anybody.

Now, one day it happened that, as he was reduced to the last extremity, this lady's husband, who was very rich, chanced to fall sick, and, feeling the approach of death, made his will, leaving his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up; and, if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo, whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks, when he, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the lad soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child: and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him, often requesting him, if there were any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it were possible. The young gentleman, after many offers, of this kind, at last said, "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I believe that I should soon be well." She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk,

which I hear is the very best of the kind, and which alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for the asking, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself, to bring it. She then replied, "Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that the first thing I do to-morrow morning will be to ask for it, and bring it to you." This afforded him such joy that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing therefore that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and, after the usual compliments, she said, "Good morning, Federigo; I come to give you some recompense for the trouble you have formerly taken on my account, when your love carried you beyond reasonable bounds: it is in this wise,—I mean to dine with you in a homely way, with this lady, my friend." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any hurt or loss by your means, but rather so much good that if I were worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit and the love I had for you; and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said, "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this woman, a labourer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table."

He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had

treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and being willing to treat her as honourably as he could, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and, finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he twisted its neck, and gave it to a girl to truss and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth and the napkins, having a small quantity of linen yet left; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the hawk.

After dinner was over, and they had sat chattering a little together, she thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him courteously in this manner:—

“Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: if you had children of your own, whereby you might understand how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. But, though you have none, I who have am bound by the natural laws of maternity, the force of which is greater than my own will, and indeed my duty: I am therefore constrained to request a thing of you which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left in the extremity of your fortunes; I mean your hawk, which my son has taken such a fancy to that unless I bring him back with me I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have him, by which means you will save my child’s life, and lay him under perpetual obligations.”

Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to serve her, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she first thought was his great concern to part with his favourite bird, and she was about to say that she would not accept it; but she restrained herself, and awaited his reply when he should become more composed. At last he said, "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, Fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and I have often complained of her treatment; but her former harshness has been light and easy compared with what I now endure, which banishes all my peace of mind. You are here to visit me in this my poor mansion, whither in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present from me, which it is no way in my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favour you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something more choice and valuable than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him served roasted on your dish. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live;" and upon saying this he produced his feathers, feet, and beak. She began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, inwardly praising the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had showed towards her, and returned full of concern to her son, who, either out of grief for the disappointment or through the violence of his disorder, died within a few days.

She continued sorrowful for some time; but, being left rich and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again; and, though this were against her inclinations, yet, finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth and the late instance of his

generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but, since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none save Federigo degli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man." They, hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a large fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs for the time to come.

DAY X: NOVEL X

The king having finished his long novel, which seemed to please the hearers, Dioneo—having first made a merry jest on the story of Messer Torello—considered that it remained to him alone to speak, and therefore commenced in this manner:—

Gracious ladies, it appears to me that this day has been wholly given up to kings, soldans, and such-like people; therefore, that I may not be left too far behind, I intend to speak of a marquis—not with regard to anything noble and great, but rather monstrously vile and brutish, although it ended well at last—whose conduct being highly reprehensible, I counsel none to imitate, however it may have resulted in his case.

It is a long time ago, that, amongst the Marquises of Saluzzo, the principal or head of the family was a youth called Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his whole time in hawking and hunting, without any thought of ever being encumbered with a wife and children, in which respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But, this being disagreeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to marry, to the end he might neither die without an heir, nor they be left without a lord, offering themselves to provide such

a lady for him, and of such a family that they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be satisfied. "Worthy friends," he replied, "you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of a suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also that man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. As to your getting at a woman's temper from her family, and so choosing one to please me, that seems quite a ridiculous fancy; for I cannot see how you can tell who are their true fathers, still less know their mother's secret doings; and even were it otherwise, how many daughters do we see resembling neither father nor mother! Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me noosed, I will agree to be so. Therefore, that I may have nobody to blame but myself should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice; and I protest, let me marry whom I will, that, unless you show her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know to your cost how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination." The honest men replied that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial.

Now he had taken a fancy, some time before, to the behaviour of a poor country girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace; and being pleased with her beauty, thinking too that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any farther, to espouse her. Accordingly he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and told him that he would marry her. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together, and said to them, "Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife; I do it rather to please you than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she be that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me. I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse, and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to

do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady; so that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, even as you are with that of mine."

The people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards they made preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him; he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same figure as his intended spouse; and provided girdles, rings, and a fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. When the day appointed was come, about nine in the morning he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals; and, having everything in readiness, he said, "My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse." So on they rode to the village, and when they were come near the father's house, they saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, intending to go afterwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new marchioness, when the marquis called her by name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied, "My lord, he is in the house." He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him, "Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter Griselda, but would first ask her some questions before thee." He then inquired whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say, and whether she would always be obedient, with more to that purpose. To all which she answered, "Yes." He then led her out by the hand, and made her unclithe herself before them all; and ordering the rich apparel which he had provided to be brought, he had her attired completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, every one being in amaze, he said, "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then, turning towards her, who

stood quite abashed, "Will you," said he, "have me for your husband?" She replied, "Yes, if so please your lordship." "Well," he replied, "and I take you for my wife."

So he espoused her in that public manner, and mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace, celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the King of France; and the young bride showed apparently that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She was, as we have said, beautiful both in face and person, and was so amiable, so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than a poor shepherdess, whereat every one who knew her before was greatly surprised. She was besides so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world, and to his subjects likewise so gracious and condescending that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives, praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former assertion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world; for that no one else could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit, and country garb, but himself. In a very short time, her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in that country only, but everywhere else; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn.

They had not lived long together before she proved with child, and in due time brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head; and that was to make a trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings: so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness, telling her that his subjects were greatly displeased with her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children, and did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. She hearing this, without changing countenance of her resolution in any respect, replied, "My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness; I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be less

than the least, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favour was pleased to advance me." This was very agreeable to the prince, seeing that she was no way exalted in mind with the honour he had conferred upon her.

Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent to her one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said, "Madam, I must either lose my own life or obey my lord's commands. Now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and—" whereupon he was silent. She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow's looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing, when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and said, "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but prithee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his will." Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she had said; he was greatly surprised at her constancy, and sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring him, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated.

Afterwards the lady became with child the second time, and was delivered of a son, at which the marquis was extremely pleased; but not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to grieve and persecute her still more, saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper, "Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people; for they resent so strongly the succession of a poor shepherd's grandson, that unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions I must be obliged to dispose of this child as I did the other, and then to send thee away, in order to take a more suitable wife." She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply: "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for noth-

ing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, he sent for the son in the same manner as he had sent for the daughter; and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be slain, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the girl. This the lady bore with the same silence and resolution as she had shown at the taking away of her daughter, whereat the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself that no other woman was capable of doing the like; and, were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children whilst that was agreeable to him, he would have thought it want of affection in her; but he saw it was only her entire wisdom and obedience. The people, imagining that the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel of men, and showing great compassion for the lady, who, whenever she was in company with ladies of her acquaintance who expressed pity for her lost children, would only say, "It was not my will, but his who begot them."

But more years being now passed, and the marquis resolving to make the last trial of her patience, he declared before many people that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the Pope for a dispensation to take another, and send her away. For this he was much blamed by many worthy persons; but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. She, hearing of this, and expecting to go home to her father's, and possibly tend sheep as she had done before, whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him whom she dearly loved and honoured, was secretly grieved; but, as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards, Gualtieri caused counterfeit letters to be brought to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness enabled him by dispensation to take another wife and put away Griselda. Accordingly he had her brought before him in presence of his lords, when he said, "Woman, by the Pope's leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all of gentle birth and

sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion which thou broughtest me, and afterwards I shall take one whom I find to be suitable in quality to myself." It was with much difficulty that she could now refrain from tears, and she replied, "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and to you; nor ever have looked on it as mine, but as a thing lent, not given; since now you require it again, it should please me, and does please me, to restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take back the dowry which I brought you; you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse wherein to put it, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked, and, if you think it decent to expose that body which has borne you two children in that manner, I am contented; but I would entreat you, as a recompense for my virginity, which I brought you, and do not carry away, that you would please to let me have one smock over and above my dowry." He, though ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, and said, "Thou shalt have one only then." And, notwithstanding the people all desired that she might have an old gown to keep her body from shame, having been his wife for thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain. So she left his palace in a single garment, barefooted and bare-headed, and returned to her father, accompanied by the tears of the people.

The poor man, who, indeed, had never supposed that the prince would keep her long as his wife, and expected this thing to happen every day, had safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled on the day the marquis espoused her, wherefore he now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable. The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago; and, seeming as if he made great prep-

arations for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her, "I am going to bring home this lady whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming: thou knowest that I have no women with me able to set out the rooms, and do many other things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, invite what ladies thou wilt, and receive them as though thou wert mistress of the house; and when the marriage is ended, thou mayst return home to thy father's again."

Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had parted with her great fortune, she yet replied, "My lord, I am ready to fulfill all your commands." She then went in her coarse attire into the palace, from whence she had but just before departed in her smock, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms in order, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was as it ought to be. After this was done, she invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast; and on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most polished and cheerful manner imaginable.

Now Gualtieri, who had had his children carefully brought up at Bologna by one of his family who was related to the Counts of Panago (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy about six), had sent to his kinsman to desire he would bring them, with an honourable retinue, to Saluzzo, giving it out all the way he came that he was bringing the young lady to be married to the marquis, without letting any one know to the contrary. Accordingly, they all set forward, attended by a goodly train of gentry, and, after travelling some days, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most

graciously received by all the women present; and Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, went cheerfully to meet her, saying, "Your ladyship is most welcome." The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served; whilst the young lady was universally admired, and every one said that the prince had made a good change, but Griselda in particular highly commended both her and her brother.

The marquis now thinking that he had seen enough with regard to his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still unchanged, being persuaded likewise that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to take her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile, "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?" "My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and, if she be as prudent as she is fair, I doubt not you will be the happiest man in the world with her; but I most humbly beg you would not sting her with those sharp sayings that you addressed to her who was formerly yours; because this one is young, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child."

Gualtieri perceiving that, though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, she nevertheless answered him with great frankness and sweetness of temper, made her sit down by him, and said, "Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; to show them how to choose and keep a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious

treatment; and, not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness I desired. I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I had taken away from you in many, and to make you the sweetest recompense for the bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Joyfully accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same which you and many others believed that I had been the means of cruelly murdering; and I am your husband, who love and value you above all things, assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am."

With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together (she weeping for joy), they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Griselda into the chamber, they pulled off her coarse garments, and clothed her with her own noble apparel, like a marchioness, she resembling such an one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days.

The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable; but as for Griselda, all esteemed her as a most wise and virtuous lady. In a few days the Count of Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery, and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and showing her all the respect and honour that was possible.

What can we say, then, but that divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages; whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men? Who but

Griselda could, not only without a tear, but even with seeming satisfaction, undergo the most rigid and unheard-of trials of her husband? Many women there are who, if turned out of doors almost naked in that manner, would have revenged themselves in another fashion, and so procured abundance of fine clothes.

FRENCH WRITERS

1. FROISSART, CHRONICLER

JEAN FROISSART, born in 1338, is ordinarily classified as a Frenchman; in truth, he was a Fleming. The thrifty town of Valenciennes where he first saw the light did not become a part of France for three hundred years thereafter. It was probably due to the colorful mediæval life that he saw as a boy in the streets of this town of Flanders that he developed such an interest in knights, communicated even today to readers of his admirable *Chronicles*.

It would seem that he was launched into trade in early boyhood but finding writing more to his liking, he began to turn verses at an early age. The old churches, with their carvings and decorations, the handmade and hand illuminated books—these held his attention far more than buying and selling.

When about eighteen he made his first trip to England, fortified with letters to Queen Philippa of Hainaut, wife of Edward III. She was always kind to those who came from her native land. Froissart had already begun to pay his devotions to a lady of high station in his own country and presently his love led him to turn back again. His suit however was met by scorn and to forget his unhappiness he went once more to England, this time fortified with a rhymed chronicle for the queen, who now made him one of her secretaries. She seems to have encouraged him to set forth in search of new material for his pen, and he presently began a series of travels that lasted many years. He visited the court of David II in Scotland, the king recounting to him stories of the Scotch wars. Back and forth he passed from England to France, turning aside sometimes to stay for a while in Flanders. He was present at the marriage festivals of Lionel, second son of Edward III;

Chaucer and Petrarch are both believed to have been present on this occasion. It is thought probable that Froissart was acquainted with Chaucer. He was on friendly terms with the English king and the Black Prince, the latter having given him personal accounts of his wars in France and Spain.

Sometimes he was to be found under patronage of French noblemen. It was probably human nature that led him to see various movements in that long drawn out Hundred Years' War from the standpoint of the country in which for the time he happened to be making his residence.

The poetry left by Froissart is universally admitted to be tiresome in the extreme. His *prose* has been a delight to every subsequent age. He wrote four books of chronicles which throw a light on the social life of the fourteenth century. It may always be taken for granted that Froissart will see every incident from the viewpoint of nobles and knights. The commonality came seldom within his view and then he regarded them as necessary evils. He always saw the castle—never the peasant's hut. He admired the prowess of the knight and had the knight's disdain of the common soldier. Again, his narrative is not always as impartial as one might wish. His devotion to Queen Philippa made him a staunch friend of her grandson, Richard II—son of the Black Prince. Consequently he could not regard with any fairness the action of those who deposed him and who became responsible for his death. Other examples of prejudice might easily be cited.

Froissart was not a historian in any modern sense of that term. He did not attempt to sift truth from error nor to weigh arguments, pro or con. He wrote in somewhat the spirit of Herodotus of ancient fame: to edify and entertain. One was welcome to accept or reject whatever he wished. He merely wrote down the narratives related to him by others or described happenings that occurred beneath his eyes as they appeared to him at the moment. He sometimes described men renowned for their cruelty and selfishness as though they had been the most exemplary characters; he described them as they appeared, nor made any effort to offset their virtues by their vices and weigh the

balance. His is the portrayal of the camera which does not seek to interpret, the camera that captures color as well as form. We enter the lists with the competing knights when the tournament is on; or fight with the leaders in mediæval armour at the sound of the trumpet which signals the onslaught.

Froissart's four books of *Chronicles* cover somewhat more than the last two-thirds of the fourteenth century. The date of his death is uncertain but while his narrative ends with the year 1400, it is thought that he may have lived ten years longer.

Sir Walter Scott found Froissart's *Chronicles* a treasurehouse of knightly tales and borrowed from them plentifully. In his stories, wherein the trappings of the Middle Ages appear and where the valor of knights and pageantry of the late mediæval period live again, one catches the spirit of the chronicler. None have better described these chronicles than Scott, who himself owed much to them. He says: "Whoever has taken up the chronicle of Froissart must have been dull indeed if he did not find himself transported back to the days of Crecy and Poitiers. In truth, his history has less the air of a narrative than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us; we not only know what they did, but learn the mode and process of the action, and the very words with which it was accompanied. This sort of colloquial history is of all others the most interesting. The simple fact, that a great battle was won or lost, makes little impression on our minds, while our imagination and attention are alike excited by the detailed description of a much more trifling event. In Froissart, we hear the gallant knights, of whom he wrote, arrange the terms of combat and the manner of the on-set; we hear the soldiers cry their war-cries; we see them strike their horses with the spur; and the liveliness of the narration hurries us along with them into the whirlwind of battle. We have no hesitation to say that a skirmish before a petty fortress interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Crecy. This must ever be the case, while we prefer a knowledge of mankind to a mere acquaintance with their actions; and so long

also must we account Froissart the most entertaining and perhaps the most valuable historian of the Middle Ages."

It is safe to say that the average schoolboy would glean from the pages of Froissart and the historical tales of Scott a more vivid conception of mediæval warfare and a clearer picture of the social life of these stirring times than he could ever derive from exact and critical histories. It is the irony of fate that the historical text-books placed in the hands of the young have been condensed until all the appealing details are eliminated and merely the bare facts remain.

Beyond a question a time will come when, in view of modern investigation and excavation, historians will again retell the story of the past so that the earth will be re-peopled, not with these abstract characters that fill some of the pages today no more convincingly than the vices and virtues in a mediæval pageant, but real beings of flesh and blood who react for us the successive stages of human development.

THE CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SPAIN

By

SIR JOHN FROISSART

To encourage all valorous hearts, and to show them honorable examples, I, John Froissart, will begin to relate the actions of the noble King Edward of England, who so potently reigned, and who was engaged in so many battles and perilous adventures, from the year of grace, 1326, when he was crowned king. Although he and all those who were with him in his battles and fortunate rencounters, or with his army when he was not there in person, which you shall hear as we go on, ought to be accounted right valiant; yet, of these, some should be esteemed super-eminent—such as the Prince of Wales, the king's son, the Duke of Lancaster, Sir Reginald Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Manny of Hainault, Sir John Chandos, Sir Fulke Harley, and many others who are recorded in this book for their worth and prowess.

In France, also, was found good chivalry, strong of limb, and stout of heart, in great abundance—such as King Philip

of Valois, and his son, King John; also John, King of Bohemia, and Charles, Count of Alençon, his son; the Count of Foix, and others that I cannot now name.

The better to understand the honorable and eventful history of King Edward we must remark a common opinion in England, of which there have been proofs since the time of King Arthur, that between two valiant kings there is always one weak in mind and body; and most true it is, that this is apparent in the example of the gallant King Edward, of whom I am now to speak; for his father, King Edward the Second, was weak, unwise, and cowardly, while his grandfather, called the good King Edward the First, was wise, brave, very enterprising, and fortunate in war.

King Edward the Second had two brothers; one was the Earl Marshal, of a wild and disagreeable temper; the other Lord Edmund of Kent, who was wise, affable, and much beloved. This king had married the daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, who was one of the greatest beauties of her time; and by her had two sons and two daughters. The elder son was our noble king, Edward III; the other, named John, died young. Of the two daughters, Isabella, the elder, was married to King David of Scotland; and the younger to the Count Reginald, subsequently called Duke of Guelderland. History tells us that Philip the Fair had three sons, besides his beautiful daughter, Isabella, who, as we have said, was married to King Edward the Second of England. These all in turn became kings of France, and died without male issue. Whereupon the princes and barons of France, holding the opinion that no woman ought to reign in so noble a kingdom, determined to pass by Queen Isabella and her son, and to confer the government on Philip of Valois; which exclusion of Isabella from the right of succession to the throne of France became the occasion of the most devastating wars, as well in France as elsewhere: and the real object of this history is to relate the great enterprises and deeds of arms achieved in these wars.

We have said that the peers and barons of France proclaimed Philip of Valois king, to the exclusion of Isabella of England, and her son Edward. Philip was, accordingly, crowned at Rheims on the Trinity Sunday following the day

on which the throne was declared vacant; and about a year after his coronation, King Edward paid him homage for the Duchy of Guienne.

There were strange doings in England at this period. The Earl of Kent, on a suspicion of treason, was arrested, and publicly beheaded; and the charges against him being afterwards proved to be false, Sir Roger Mortimer, whose jealousy had brought about the earl's execution, was in his turn arrested, and put to a horrid and ignominious death. Edward also, at the advice of his council ordered his mother, who had injured her reputation by too great intimacy with Mortimer, to be placed in confinement. A goodly castle was prepared for her reception; he gave her many attendants, made her a handsome allowance, and himself visited her twice or three times a year.

There had been a truce between England and Scotland now for four years, the like to which had not occurred before for two hundred years: but the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed was destined to disturb it. David, who succeeded Robert Bruce on the throne of Scotland, held possession of Berwick, which Edward claimed as part of his own kingdom. The King of Scotland, who followed the advice of his council and chief barons on the subject, resolved that as King Robert, his father, had taken the town in open war from the late King of England, and had kept possession of it during his lifetime, so he would do everything in his power to retain it; and such being the case, neither party was willing to give way. The contest which ensued, however, was fraught with dire misfortune to the Scots, for Edward advanced into their kingdom, destroyed it, and, having taken possession of Berwick, and also many other forts, placed in them several able and expert knights and squires, to protect the border countries.

While Edward was thus engaged in England, certain intelligence came to Rome that the enemies of God were marching in great force against the Holy Land—that they had re-conquered the kingdom of Rasse, taken the king, who had been baptized, prisoner, and that they also threatened the Holy Church and all Christendom. The Pope preached on Good Friday before the kings of France and Navarre,

when a crusade was proclaimed, and the King of France, with several other valiant knights and men-at-arms, resolved to set out immediately for the Holy Land. This circumstance was favorable to the King of England, who had long wished for an opportunity to assert his right to the crown of France. At the advice of his counselors, therefore, he sent to his old friend, Sir John de Hainault, and others, requesting their assistance in the proposed undertaking.

Now it appeared to all, that before any decided steps were taken by King Edward against France, it would be desirable for him to gain the interest of Flanders. It happened at this time that there were great dissensions between the Earl of Flanders and the Flemings. A man of Ghent, a brewer of metheglin, by name Jacob Von Artaveld, had taken advantage of these dissensions, and gained so much power and influence over the Flemings that everything was done according to his will. Whenever he went abroad, he was attended by three or four score of armed men on foot. He put to death any who opposed him. In every town and castlewick throughout the country he had sergeants and soldiers in his pay to execute his orders and to serve as spies; and, because of him, even the Earl of Flanders himself was compelled to quit his dominions, and to retire with his wife, and Lewis his son, into France; in short, to speak the truth, there never was in Flanders, or in any other country, count, duke, or prince, who had such entire command as Jacob Von Artaveld. By fair speeches, promises, and a bountiful distribution of money, Edward, through his agents, at last prevailed with this powerful individual so far, that by his means the chiefs of the principal towns gave their consent that the King of England and his army might pass through Flanders whenever he pleased, though themselves refused to take any active part against France. The Earl of Flanders, however, was not content to have his dominions thus seized upon, and given over to the English; and, collecting certain knights and squires, and all the men he was able, he garrisoned the havens of Sluys and Flushing, resolving to defend those places and do the English as much damage as he could.

You who delight in this history must know, that on my leaving the castle of the noble Count Gaston de Foix, I returned through Auvergne and France in company with the gallant Lord de la Riviere, and Sir William de la Termouille, who had conducted the Lady Jane of Boulogne to the Duke of Berry, in the town of Riom, where he married her. I then went to Paris, and met there the noble Lord de Coucy, one of my patrons, who had lately married a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine. From Paris I went to Valenciennes, and after staying there a fortnight set out to Holland to visit my gallant patron and lord the Count de Blois, whom I found at Schœnhoven. I then returned to France to learn the particulars of the conference which was being held at Leulinghem, between the English and French, and likewise to be present at the magnificent feasts which were to be given on the occasion of Queen Isabella's public entry into Paris, where as yet she had never been.

It was on Sunday, the 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1399, that the queen entered Paris. In the afternoon of that day the noble ladies of France who were to accompany the queen assembled at St. Denis, with such of the nobility as were appointed to lead the litters of the queen and her attendants. The citizens of Paris, to the number of 1,200, were mounted on horseback, dressed in uniforms of green and crimson, and lined each side of the road. Queen Joan and her daughter the Duchess of Orleans entered the city first, about an hour after noon, in a covered litter, and passing through the great street of St. Denis, went to the palace, where the king was waiting for them.

The Queen of France, attended by the Duchess of Berry and many other noble ladies, began the procession in an open litter most richly ornamented. A crowd of nobles attended, and sergeants and others of the king's officers had full employment in making way for the procession, for there were such numbers assembled that it seemed as if all the world had come thither. At the gate of St. Denis was the representation of a starry firmament, and within it were children dressed as angels, whose singing and chanting was melodiously sweet. There was also an image of the Virgin holding in her arms a child, who at times amused himself

with a windmill made of a large walnut. The upper part of this firmament was richly adorned with the arms of France and Bavaria, with a brilliant sun dispersing his rays through the heavens; and this sun was the king's device at the ensuing tournaments. The queen, after passing them, advanced slowly to the fountain in the street of St. Denis, which was decorated with fine blue cloth besprinkled over with golden flower-de-luce; and instead of water, the fountain ran in great streams of Clairé, and excellent piment. Around the fountain were young girls handsomely dressed, who sang most sweetly, and held in their hands cups of gold, offering drink to all who chose it. Below the monastery of the Trinity a scaffold had been erected in the streets, and on it a castle, with a representation of the battle with King Saladin performed by living actors, the Christians on one side and the Saracens on the other. The procession then passed on to the second gate of St. Denis, which was adorned as the first; and as the queen was going through the gate two angels descended and gently placed on her head a rich golden crown, ornamented with precious stones, at the same time singing sweetly the following verse:

Dame enclose entre fleurs de Lys,
Reine êtes vous de Paris.
De France, et de tout le païs,
Nous en r' allons en paradis.

Opposite the chapel of St. James a scaffold had been erected, richly decorated with tapestry, and surrounded with curtains, within which were men who played finely on organs. The whole street of St. Denis was covered with a canopy or rich camlet and silk cloths. The queen and her ladies, conducted by the great lords, arrived at length at the gate of the Châtelet, where they stopped to see other splendid pageants that had been prepared. The queen and her attendants thence passed on to the bridge of Notre Dame, which was covered with a starry canopy of green and crimson, and the streets were all hung with tapestry as far as the church. It was now late in the evening, for the procession, ever since it had set out from St. Denis, had

advanced but at a foot's pace. As the queen was passing down the street of Notre Dame, a man descended by means of a rope from the highest tower of Notre Dame church, having two lighted torches in his hands, and playing many tricks as he came down. The Bishop of Paris and his numerous clergy met the queen at the entrance of the church, and conducted her through the nave and choir to the great altar, where, on her knees, she made her prayers, and presented as her offering four cloths of gold, and the handsome crown which the angels had put on her head at the gate of Paris. The Lord John de la Riviere and Sir John le Mercier instantly brought one more rich with which they crowned her. When this was done she and her ladies left the church, and as it was late upwards of 500 lighted tapers attended the procession. In such array were they conducted to the palace, where the king, Queen Joan, and the Duchess of Orleans were waiting for them.

On the morrow, which was Monday, the king gave a grand dinner to a numerous company of ladies, and at the hour of high mass the Queen of France was conducted to the holy chapel, where she was anointed and sanctified in the usual manner. Sir William de Viare, Archbishop of Rouen, said mass. Shortly after mass the king, queen, and all the ladies entered the hall: and you must know that the great marble table which is in the hall was covered with oaken planks four inches thick, and the royal dinner placed thereon. Near the table, and against one of the pillars, was the king's buffet, magnificently decked out with gold and silver plate; and in the hall were plenty of attendants, sergeants-at-arms, ushers, archers, and minstrels, who played away to the best of their ability. The kings, prelates, and ladies, having washed, seated themselves at the tables, which were three in number: at the first, sat the King and Queen of France, and some few of the higher nobility; and at the other two, there were upwards of 500 ladies and damsels; but the crowd was so great that it was with difficulty they could be served with dinner, which indeed was plentiful and sumptuous. There were in the hall many curiously arranged devices: a castle to represent the City of Troy, with the palace of Ilion, from which were displayed the banners

of the Trojans; also a pavilion on which were placed the banners of the Grecian kings, and which was moved as it were by invisible beings to the attack of Troy, assisted by a large ship capable of containing 100 men-at-arms; but the crowd was so great that this amusement could not last long. There were so many people on all sides that several were stifled by the heat, and the queen herself almost fainted. The queen left the palace about five o'clock, and, followed by her ladies, in litters or on horseback, proceeded to the residence of the king at the hotel de St. Pol. The king took boat at the palace, and was rowed to his hotel, where, in a large hall, he entertained the ladies at a banquet; the queen, however, remained in her chamber where she supped, and did not again appear that night. On Tuesday, many superb presents were made by the Parisians to the King and Queen of France, and the Duchess of Touraine. This day the king and queen dined in private, at their different hotels, for at three o'clock the tournament was to take place in the square of St. Catherine, where scaffolds had been erected for the accommodation of the queen and the ladies. The knights who took part in this tournament were thirty in number, including the king; and when the justs began they were carried on with great vigor, every one performing his part in honor of the ladies. The Duke of Ireland, who was then a resident at Paris, and invited by the king to the tournament, tilted well; also a German knight from beyond the Rhine, by name Sir Gervais di Mirande, gained great commendation. The number of knights made it difficult to give a full stroke, and the dust was so troublesome that it increased the difficulty. The Lord de Coucy shone with brilliancy. The tilts were continued without relaxation until night, when the ladies were conducted to their hotels. At the hotel de St. Pol was the most magnificent banquet ever heard of. Feasting and dancing lasted till sunrise, and the prize of the tournament was given, with the assent of the ladies and heralds, to the king as being the best tilter on the opponent side; while the prize for the holders of the lists was given to the Halze de Flandres, bastard brother to the Duchess of Burgundy. On Wednesday the tilting was continued, and the banquet

this evening was as grand as the preceding one. The prize was adjudged by the ladies and heralds to a squire from Hainault, as the most deserving of the opponents, and to a squire belonging to the Duke of Burgundy, as the best tenant of the field. On Thursday also the tournament was continued; and, this day, knights and squires tilted promiscuously, and many gallant justs were done, for every one took pains to excel. When night put an end to the combat there was a grand entertainment again for the ladies at the hotel de St. Pol. On Friday the king feasted the ladies and damsels at dinner, and afterwards very many returned to their homes, the king and queen thanking them very graciously for having come to the feast.

After this grand festival was over, the King of France, seeing that his kingdom was now at peace, and that there was a truce with England, had a great desire to visit the more distant parts of his government, particularly Languedoc. At the advice of his ministry, he also prepared to visit the pope and cardinals at Avignon. Before he set out upon his journey he yielded to the request of the Lord de Coucy, and gave orders that the Duke of Ireland should quit France about Michaelmas, 1399. The King of France set out from the Castle of Beauté, near Paris, where he left the queen, and took the road to Troyes, in Champagne, on his way to Burgundy. He was accompanied by his uncles, the Duke of Bourbon, the Duke of Touraine, the Lord de Coucy, and many other knights, and continued his journey until he arrived at Dijon, where he was received with every respect and affection by the Duchess of Burgundy, and all who had come hither to do him honor. Grand entertainments were given on the occasion, and the king remained eight days at Dijon, and then went to Villeneuve, near Avignon, where his palace had been prepared. From Villeneuve he proceeded to the palace of Pope Clement, who was waiting for him in full consistory, seated in his robes, on his papal chair. When the king came into his presence he bowed, and when near to him, the pope rose up and the king kissed him. The pope then seated himself, and made the king sit by him. When dinner was ready, the pope took his place at a table alone in much state, and the king was

placed at another table below that of the pope, and alone also. The cardinals and dukes seated themselves according to their rank. The dinner was splendid, plentiful, and long continued: when over, the king retired to an apartment prepared for him in the palace. The pope and cardinals were much rejoiced at the visit of the King of France, as indeed they had good reason to be; for without his support they would have been in but small estimation. There were no kings in Christendom who paid the pope obedience, but such as were allied to France. The pope, on the joyful occasion of the king's visit, gave pardons to the clergy who were in his court, and plenary indulgences to all for one month to come. He likewise presented the king with the nominations to all his cathedrals and other churches, and in each church to reversions of two prebends, deferring all his former promises, that those now made to the king might have the precedency. He gave also reversions to the Dukes of Touraine, Berry, and Burgundy, and the Lord de Coucy; and was so courteous and liberal on this occasion that none left him discontented. The king remained with the pope about eight days; and, on leaving, he dismissed to their homes the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, to their great dissatisfaction; and then continued his journey to Languedoc. At Montpellier he resided upwards to twelve days; indeed he appeared to enjoy himself much at this place, and danced and caroled with the frisky ladies of Montpellier all night.

You know, or must have heard it mentioned, that the intercourse of young gentlemen with the fair sex encourages sentiments of honor and love of fame. I mention this, because there were with the King of France three gentlemen of great valor and enterprise, which they were probably induced by that intercourse to display in the manner I shall relate. The names of the three were Sir Boucicaut the younger, Sir Reginald de Roze, and the Lord de Saimpi. These knights were chamberlains to the king, and much esteemed by him; and being desirous of advancing themselves in the estimation of all present, and especially the ladies, they offered to hold a field of arms on the frontier of Calais in the course of the ensuing summer, against all

foreign knights and squires, for the space of thirty days, and to tilt with blunt lances or others. The King of France was well pleased with the courageous challenge of his three knights, and declared his consent to it; moreover, he called them into his closet and said: "Boucicaut, Reginald, and Saimpi, be attentive in this enterprise to guard your honor well, and that of our kingdom; let nothing be spared in the state you keep, for I will not fail to assist you as far as 10,000 francs." The king after this left Montpellier, following the road to Alipian, where he dined, and lay that night at St. Thibery.

On the morrow, after his morning draught, he set off and came to Beziers, where he was received most joyfully. He did not, however, remain long in this place, but made the best of his way to Toulouse, when, at the advice of his council, he summoned to him the Count de Foix, who had left Béarn, and fixed his residence in a town of Foix, called Mazeres, fourteen leagues from Toulouse. The Marshal of France and the Lord de la Riviere were appointed to acquaint the count with the king's request; and he at once consented to comply. "Tell the king," said he to the messengers, "that I will be with him in Toulouse in four days." The count accordingly made his preparations, and set forward to meet the king, attended by 200 knights and squires from Béarn; his two brothers, Sir Peter and Sir Arnold de Béarn, and his two bastard sons, whom he affectionately loved, also accompanied him. The count made his entry into Toulouse rather late in the evening, and remained all that night at the convent of the Friar Preachers, where he and his household were lodged. On the morrow he and his retinue passed through the streets of Toulouse to the castle where the king resided. The count entered the hall, whither the king had gone from his chamber to await his arrival, bareheaded, for indeed he never wore a cap; on seeing the king he bent his knee very low; he afterwards rose up and knelt a second time close to the king, who raised him with his hand, and embracing him, said, "Fair cousin of Foix, you are welcome, for your visit gives us great joy." "My lord," replied the count, "I thank you much for what you are pleased to say." A magnificent and sumptuous dinner

was then provided; and after dinner, when the tables were removed, and grace said, the company amused themselves in various ways. Wine and spices were afterwards brought, and the comfit-box was presented solely to the king by the Count de Harcourt. Sir Gerard de la Pierre did the same to the Duke of Bourbon, and Sir Menaut de Noailles to the Count de Foix. When this was done it was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the count then took his leave and returned to his lodgings, much pleased with the reception and entertainment which the King of France had given him. Not many days after this, the Count de Foix, attended by his barons and knights, waited on the king at the castle, and paid him homage for his country of Foix.

About this period Pope Urban VI died, at Rome, to the sorrow of the Romans, who loved him much. He was buried with great solemnity in the church of St. Peter; and when the ceremony was ended, the cardinals formed a conclave to elect another pope, and hastened the matter, that it might be done before any intelligence of the death of Urban could be carried to Avignon. Pope Clement and his cardinals did not hear of the death of Urban until the tenth day after it had happened; however, they immediately assembled at the palace, when many proposals were discussed, for they had great hopes that the schism of the Church would be concluded, and a union formed of the two parties. This subject was canvassed far and wide, and at the University at Paris it became the occasion of great disputes among the students, who neglected their usual studies, and employed themselves in disputing how the cardinals would act, whether they would elect a pope in the room of Urban, or acknowledge the Pope of Avignon. It was very soon reported, however, that the Roman cardinals had assembled in conclave, and elected to the papacy the Cardinal of Naples, a prudent and courageous clerk, who took the name of Boniface. The King of France and his lords were much annoyed at this, for it seemed as if the schism in the Church would now continue for a long time.

The time was now come for the three French knights, who had undertaken to maintain the lists against all comers at St. Inglevere, near Calais, to make good their engage-

ment. This tournament had been proclaimed in many countries, especially in England, where it caused much surprise, and several valiant knights and squires undertook to attend. Sir John Holland, half-brother to the King of England, was the first to cross the sea; and with him were more than sixty knights and squires, who took up their quarters in Calais. On the 21st of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed, and their horses ready saddled, according to the laws of the tournament; and on the same day, all those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, as spectators or tilters, and being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the tournament was smooth and green with grass. Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was the first who sent his squire to touch the war target of Sir Boucicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion, completely armed, and having mounted his horse and grasped his spear, the two combatants took their distances. They eyed each other for some time, and then spurred their horses and met full gallop, with such force indeed that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. This course was much praised. At the second course they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done; and their horses refused to complete the third. The Earl of Huntingdon, who was heated, and wished to continue the tilt, returned to his place expecting that Sir Boucicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly that he did not wish to tilt more with the earl that day. Sir John, seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion, and took his lance and shield. When the earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse, as did the Lord de Saimpi. They crouched their lances, and pointed them at each other. At the onset their horses crossed, notwithstanding which they met, but by their crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and, having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such force in

the middle of their shields that they would have been unhorsed had they not kept tight seats, by the pressure of their legs against the horses' sides. They went to their proper places when they refreshed themselves and took breath. Sir John, who had a great desire to shine in the tournament, had his helmet braced, and grasped his spear again, when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance in a gallop, did not decline meeting; but, spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet; but the knights continued their career, and returned to their places. The tilt was much praised, and both French and English said that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Boucicaut, and the Lord de Saimpi had excellently well justed. The earl wished to break another lance in honor of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides. After this, various other combatants entered the lists, and the tilting was continued till evening, when the English returned to Calais, and the French to St. Inglevere.

On Tuesday after mass, and drinking a cup, all those who intended to tilt, and those who wished to see them, left Calais, and rode to the same place where the lists had been held the preceding day. That day and the next the tilting continued, until the tournament was at an end, by reason of no more tilters appearing on the part of the English. The English and French knights separated in a most friendly manner on the plain of St. Inglevere; the former took the road to Calais, where, however, they made no long stay, for on Saturday morning they went on board passage boats and landed at Dover about mid-day.

From the time the English knights left Calais, I never heard that any others came from England to St. Inglevere to try their skill in arms. Three knights, however, remained there until the thirty days were fully accomplished, and then leisurely returned each to his own home. When they waited on the King of France, the Dukes of Touraine, and the other lords at Paris, they were most handsomely

received; indeed, they were entitled to such a reception, for they had behaved themselves gallantly, and well supported the honor of the king, and of the realm of France.

* * * * *

I, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, had, during my stay at Abbeville, a great desire to see the kingdom of England; more especially since it was a time of truce. Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of King Edward, and that good Lady Philippa, his queen, with their children. I had taken care to form a collection of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated. I was also minded to go to England from a desire to see King Richard, whom I had not seen since the time of his christening in the cathedral of Bordeaux; and my book of poesy, finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, I took as a present for him.

Having provided myself with horses, I crossed from Calais to Dover, on the 12th day of July, and on Wednesday by nine o'clock arrived at Canterbury, to visit the shrine of St. Thomas and the tomb of the late Prince of Wales, who had been buried there. I heard high mass, made my offerings at the shrine, and returned to my inn to dinner; when I heard that the king was to come on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas I thought, therefore, that it would be well to wait his arrival, which I did; and on the morrow he came in great state, accompanied by lords and ladies, with whom I mixed; but they were all new faces to me. I did not remember one of them; times and persons had greatly changed since I was last in England, eight-and-twenty years past.

I addressed myself to Sir Thomas Percy, High Steward of England, whom I found gracious and of agreeable manners; and who offered to present me to the king. He went to the king's apartment for that purpose, to see if it were proper time, but finding he had retired to rest, he bade me return to my inn. When I thought the king might be risen, I went again to the palace of the archbishop, where he

lodged but Sir Thomas Percy and his people were preparing to set out for Ospringe, whence he had come that morning. I asked Sir Thomas' advice how to act. "For the present," he said, "do not make further attempts to announce your arrival, but follow the king, and I will take care when he comes to his palace in the country, which he will do in two days, that you shall be well lodged as long as the court tarries there." The king was going to a beautiful palace in the county of Kent, called Leeds Castle, and I followed Sir Thomas Percy's advice, by taking the road to Ospringe. I lodged at an inn where I found a gallant knight of the king's chamber, who had that morning stayed behind on account of a slight pain in his head with which he had been seized on the preceding night. This knight, Sir William de Lisle, seeing that I was a foreigner and a Frenchman, made acquaintance with me, and I with him, for the English are courteous to strangers. He asked my situation and business in England, which I related to him at length, as well as what Sir Thomas Percy had advised me to do. He replied, that I could not have better advice, for that the king would, on Friday, be at Leeds Castle, and would there find his uncle the Duke of York. I was well pleased to hear this, for I had letters to the duke, and when young was known to him.

As a means of gaining greater intimacy with the king's household, I courted the acquaintance of Sir William de Lisle. On Friday we rode together, and by the way I asked if he had accompanied the king on his expedition to Ireland. He said he had. I then asked if there were any foundation in truth for what was said of St. Patrick's Hole. He replied, there was; and that he and another knight, during the king's stay at Dublin, had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning. I requested he would tell me whether he saw all the marvelous things which are said to be seen there. He made the following answer:

"When I and my companion had passed the entrance of the cave, called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, we descended three or four steps, (for you go down into it like a cellar,) when we found our heads so much affected by the heat, that

we seated ourselves on the steps which are of stone, and such a drowsiness came over us that we slept the whole night." I asked if, when asleep, they knew where they were, and what visions they had. He said they had many strange dreams, and they seemed, as they imagined, to see more than they would have done if they had been in their beds. This they were both assured of. "When morning came, and we were awake, the door of the cave was opened, for so we had ordered it, and we came out, but instantly lost all recollection of everything we had seen, and looked upon the whole as a phantom."

I did not push the conversation further, although I should have much liked to have heard what he would say of Ireland; but other knights joined us, and so we rode to Leeds Castle, where the king and his court arrived shortly after. The Duke of York was there already, and I made myself known to him by presenting letters from his cousins, the Count of Hainault and the Count d'Ostrevant. On being introduced to the king, I was graciously and kindly received. He took all the letters I presented to him; and having read them attentively, said I was welcome, and that since I had belonged to the household of the late king and queen, I must consider myself still as of the royal household of England. This day I did not offer him the book I had brought; for Sir Thomas Percy told me it was not a fit opportunity, as he was much occupied with serious business.

The council was deeply engaged on two subjects: first, in respect to a negotiation with France to treat of a marriage between the king and the Lady Isabella, eldest daughter of the King of France, who at that time was about eight years old; and, secondly, in respect to the chief magistrates of Bordeaux, who had come to England and greatly persecuted the king since his return from Ireland, for an answer to their petitions and remonstrances on the gift the king had made his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, of all Aquitaine with its lordships, baronies, and dependencies. In order that these matters might more fully be considered, the king summoned the principal barons and prelates of the realm to meet him on Magdalene day, at his palace of Eltham, seven miles from London, and the same distance from Dart-

ford. And when the king and his council quitted Leeds Castle on his way thither, I set out with them. The king arrived at Eltham on a Tuesday, and the next day the lords came from all parts.

The parliament was holden in the king's apartment; and the knights from Gascony, and the deputies from the cities and towns, as well as those sent by the Duke of Lancaster, were present. I cannot say what passed at this parliament; for I was not admitted, nor were any present but the members of it. It sat for upwards of four hours. When it was over, I renewed my acquaintance after dinner with an ancient knight whom I well knew in my youth. His name was Sir Richard Sturry, and he was one of the principal advisers of the king. He immediately recollected me, though it was twenty-four years since we had seen each other, and from him I learned many particulars respecting the dispute with Gascony and Aquitaine. On the Sunday the whole council went to London except the Duke of York, who remained with the king, and Sir Richard Sturry. These, two, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Percy, mentioned me again to the king, who desired to see the book I had brought for him.

I presented it to him in his chamber, and laid it upon his bed. He opened it and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver-gilt, richly worked with roses in the center. The king asked me what the book treated of. I replied—Of love. He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud; for he read and spoke French perfectly well; and then gave it to one of his knights to carry to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgements for it.*

* Froissart's *Chronicles*.



A NORMAN CHATEAU, OF THE DAYS WHEN HOMES WERE TILL FORTRESSES.

THE RENAISSANCE IN WESTERN EUROPE

IT is the habit among some writers to treat the Renaissance as a revival of learning and the Reformation as a separate movement, not in any way to be confused with the first. It is truer to consider the Rebirth or Renaissance as the gradual acquisition of a modern way of looking at life in all its varied aspects. To the artist, the mention of the Renaissance recalls the recovery of antiques, the revival of classical standards, and the release from bondage that had held art captive. To the scholar it suggests the discovery of ancient manuscripts and the opportunity to get back to the original texts of classical writers, unmarred or corrupted by error in transmission or intentional misinterpretation: To the scientist it means experiment, discriminating criticism and inventions; to the geographer, a new world with its subsequent exploration and settlement.

We need only carry the thought a little farther to see the Reformation as a part of this wonderful transformation and here the term is used in its broadest sense, including not only the Protestant movement, impressed with characteristics of the nationalities accepting it, but also the movement of reform within the Church, which had already sustained fifteen centuries of eventful history. When all is said and done, the mediæval Church must ever remain the background of all forms of modern Christianity, even as the teachings of the ancient Hebrews remain the background for early Christianity.

Climatic conditions have had much to do with the molding of national temperaments. The Italians, bathed in sunlight under their blue skies, have not been disposed to take life so seriously as some of the more northern people, to whom nature regularly shows severer aspects. We find a revival of arts and letters throughout Western Europe, or,

where there was little to revive, a growing interest in them, as a result of waves set in motion in Italy. However, this enthusiasm did not manifest here in any such degree as in the peninsula. The people of England, Germany and the Low Countries, more seriously disposed, applied the new methods of thought to religion and the Rebirth in Western Europe took the form of a religious revival.

Manifesting first in Italy, the dawn of the Renaissance depended upon the conditions obtaining in each land. In France and England it was delayed because of a futile attempt of English sovereigns to build up an empire on the continent at the expense of France. Other factors entered into the case, such as distance from centers where the movement originated. Feudalism survived as a political institution longer in Germany than elsewhere, and after its power had been broken in France, it lived on as privileged order.

The people of England, as we have seen, were first to win constitutional government. The industrial emancipation of the peasantry came about slowly. Its progress may be traced in popular uprisings of the oppressed in England, France and the Low Countries. The economic growth in cities led to a consciousness of strength on the part of the burghers, especially in Paris and in the manufacturing centers of Flanders.

In its completeness, the Renaissance means the transformation of the mediæval into the modern world. Its end saw the firm establishment of modern European nations: England, France, Germany, the Swiss Cantons, and the Low Countries. Russia came later into view, as did also the Scandinavian countries.

The period of religious controversy should be particularly interesting to Americans since colonies of the persecuted, as well as of those desiring greater freedom than even the so-called liberal governments supplied, found refuge in the New World. Further, the rivalry between France and Spain was carried into the western hemisphere and succeeding European wars, religious and political, affected those who had come to make their homes in what is now Canada and along the Atlantic seaboard.

It is well to occasionally review the age of religious conflict if only to renew our determination that freedom of worship, born amidst persecution and bloody strife, shall forever endure, not merely providing civil equality and physical safety for people, but vouchsafing as well a generous disposition in the world, so that worshippers of unlike faiths shall be uniformly accorded respect and consideration. Unless such be the case, the mediæval spirit of intolerance still stalks through the land and the heavy toll of human life given in the cause of religious liberty has been spent in vain.

“Life, death and the vast forever” have always been and must remain the profoundest problems that beset the mind of man. For at least five thousand years, each successive century has offered its solution and still today many a heart unconsciously echoes the words of the poet of *In Memoriam*:

“We can but hope: we do not know,
For knowledge is of things we see.”

One has journeyed a long way from the bigotry that put babes to the sword in wholesale massacres when he is willing to hear with sympathy the tenets of others, even though these be far removed from his own and, in his judgment, less exalted; nor can we justly interpret the views of others unless, as Ruskin expresses it, “we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded, while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken.”

FRANCE

1. THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

WHILE new life permeated Italy, inspiring artists and men of letters, stimulating science, accelerating industry and infusing the varied activities of the Renaissance, Western Europe still lay in the Middle Ages. The revival of learning was as yet unknown; the stir of the Rebirth, unfelt. For a century after its beginnings in Italy there was slight indication of change in France, Germany or England. Feudalism, which as a political factor had already declined in Italy, retained its hold on France.

We have already seen that northern France was predominantly Frankish; southern France, more Roman than Teutonic. South of the Loire a movement, sometimes called the "First Renaissance," had dawned in the eleventh century—the rise of the Troubadours, whose songs and poems spread thence throughout Germany and Italy. The culture of Provence, so unlike that of the north, is variously accounted for: some writers stress Arabic influence, this region being near Moorish Spain; others point to its proximity to Italy; and those who never lose sight of Roman survivals point to the early Romanizing of this district and its rapid recovery from the effects of Teutonic invasions. All these influences are no doubt to be taken into account. Certain it is that in the soft, semi-tropical atmosphere of Provence, where nature instills a sense of indolence and prodigality, there arose a class of nobles who found the poetic muse more alluring than tournaments or the more exciting reality, feudal warfare. Lords and ladies, knights and courtiers gave themselves over to the composition of love songs. Taking their religion less seriously than their northern neighbors, they became more tolerant. The richness of the soil made the charge of heresy welcome to the

covetous and the beauty of fair Provence was torn by ruthless feet of the Crusaders against the Albigenses. So ended the "First Renaissance" in France.

It was her misfortune that foreigners laid claim to part, if not all, of France, the result being in some ways comparable to that in Italy, where German emperors sought to hold the peninsula within the Empire. Foreign armies made consequent incursions into both countries, despoiling and laying waste the land, oppressing the peasants and bringing heavy burdens in the form of taxes and indemnities.

It will be remembered that when in 1066 William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England, he retained his duchy as a vassal of the French king. To this possession of Normandy Henry of Anjou added materially when he ascended the English throne as Henry II; by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine he further augmented his territory until half of France came in some degree under his control. However, under his less capable sons, Richard the Lion-hearted and John, district after district was lost until Aquitaine and Gascony alone remained. By the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1259 by Louis IX of France and Henry III of England, formal acknowledgment was made that these provinces were to be retained by the English king under vassalage of France. Half a century later, the second Treaty of Paris, negotiated by Philip the Fair and Edward I, was designed to end forever the danger felt by France when portions of her land were united with the English crown. Philip gave his daughter Marguerite to Edward with the provision that the first son of this marriage should inherit Aquitaine; his second daughter, Isabella, was given in marriage to the crown prince, whose eldest son was to be heir to the English throne. This well-conceived plan miscarried for the reason that the union of Marguerite and King Edward was not blessed by sons. Isabella's son, Edward III, once more combined the possession of Aquitaine with the English crown. Further, when the three sons of Philip the Fair followed one another and died without heirs to succeed them, Edward III, grandson of Philip the Fair, laid claim to the throne of France. The attempt of English rulers to extend their possessions on the

continent, thus to establish an empire, led to the Hundred Years' War. France was destined to rise triumphant to drive out the foreigner forever, but that hundred years of intermittent warfare, with its loss of life, its financial drain on both countries, the devastation of rural France and slaughter of great numbers of the peasantry, all had to be endured before the strife for greed and glory spent itself; the advance of England as well as France was retarded for generations.

There were other causes for this protracted war beside the political aspirations of English sovereigns and their imperial ambitions. England's attempt to conquer Scotland extended over many years. Scotland's ally was France. The Duke of Flanders was related to the House of Valois and France sought to assimilate this duchy. English wool was exported to Flanders to supply the great manufacturing cities of that region. The export tax on wool provided the largest single tax to swell the English treasury. Any interruption of the steady shipment of wool and its manufacture into cloth meant suffering for the Flemish weavers, who were thus thrown out of employment. The French government gave aid to the Scotch against England, and the English king retaliated by encouraging the Flemish to revolt against their ruler.

With the death of the third son of Philip the Fair, the Capetian line came to an end, the House of Valois succeeding. More brilliant than the Capetians, the rulers of this line lacked the foresight of their predecessors and often undertook enterprises that they could not successfully carry through.

Shortly after his accession, Philip of Valois summoned Edward III to do fealty to him for his French fiefs. Although he went to France to render homage, there was some demurring on the part of Philip that he did not give sufficient expression of the French king's overlordship. Philip wanted to recover Aquitaine for France and Edward wished to increase his possessions. It was inevitable that the two would presently come to open rupture. At length in 1340 the English surprised the French fleet and in the battle of Sluys captured it; this determined that in the coming

struggle France would not be able to carry the war into England but must submit to having it fought out on her own soil.

In 1346 occurred the battle of Crécy—important not alone because of the English victory over an army four times as large but because of the distinct advance in military affairs indicated by the success of the long-bow, the English archers proving their superiority over the cross-bow-men of Genoa.

The *condottieri* in Italy had reduced war to strategy. The superior commander of the mercenaries was he who could capture his opponent. His capital was represented by his men and he was unwilling to sacrifice them unnecessarily. In France of the early Hundred Years' War the pages of history are turned back; the feudal lords fought as they had for generations, with this disadvantage: whereas the knights had formerly worn coats of mail wrought of iron links, they now wore plates of iron, rendering them less agile and proving extremely burdensome and unwieldy if the wearers were obliged to dismount and travel even a short distance on foot.

Creecy is located in northern France. Here in August, 1346, the forces of Philip and Edward faced one another. The English had about 15,000 men, all told; the French, 60,000. Wings of archers guarded either side of the heavily armed detachments. The English troops were disciplined and constituted a unit. The French troops were under various feudal leaders, each desirous of distinguishing himself and little concerned with the army as a whole. Froissart has preserved an account of this battle. Explaining the confusion which ensued when Philip attempted to retreat for better organized action, he says:

“The king's orders were soon passed round among his lords, but none of them would turn back, for each wished to be first in the field. The van would not retire because they had got so far to the front, but they halted. But those behind them kept riding forward, and would not stop, saying that they would get as far to the front as their fellows, and that from mere pride and jealousy. And when the vaward saw the others pushing on, they would not be left

behind, and without order or array they pressed onward until they came in sight of the English. Great shame was it to see such disobedience, and better would it have been for all if they had taken counsel of that good knight who advised the king to stay his march. For when the van came suddenly in face of the enemy, they stopped and then drew back a space in such a disarray that they pressed in upon those in their rear, so that all behind thought that the battle was begun, and the vaward already routed. And the foot-soldiery of the cities and the communes, who covered the roads behind as far as Abbeville, and were more than twenty thousand strong, drew their swords, 'Death to those English traitors! Not one of them shall ever get back to England.' "

A heavy shower interrupted the battle; later the sun emerged just before sunset, shining directly in the faces of the Genoese crossbow-men. Routed by the terrible onslaught of English arrows, they retreated, only to be mown down by the mounted knights, who, unaware of their predicament, interpreted their action to lack of courage, and trampled them down with their chargers. At last the French army became one vast mass of indistinguishable soldiery, borne down by rearing and falling horses. Men in plated armour sought in vain to extricate themselves, only to roll three deep in the seething mass, killing their comrades instead of the enemy and presenting to the English archers a solid target for their tireless arrows. The English lost comparatively few men; the French loss was appalling.

The years 1347 and 1348 brought the decimating Black Death, more rapid in its movements, more certain in its slaughter. It has been estimated that one-third the population of Europe was wiped out before the pestilence subsided. Under such conditions not even the jealousies of kings could maintain soldiers in the field.

King John succeeded to the French throne in 1350. Six years later his army and that of the Black Prince—so-called because of his armour—met in the battle of Poitiers. The Black Prince had won great renown at Crecy. He had now been conducting a plundering expedition and the

French king wished to intercept the rich spoils which he was attempting to take to England. Again the French had overwhelming forces. Yet because of their lack of skill in handling their men, they experienced a crushing defeat.

Two thousand knights, the flower of French chivalry, were left dead on the field, and the French king was taken prisoner to England. The Peace of Bretigny terminated this first part of the war. By its terms the English retained Aquitaine, Gascony and Calais, the important gateway to northern France. The French were required to pay about \$2,500,000 as a ransom for their king. So, after these years of pillaged country and turmoil of war, everything stood much as before. The English king relinquished his doubtful claim to the French crown; he agreed not to interfere in the affairs of Flanders, while the French consented to break their alliance with Scotland. Since the English now held more land than at the outbreak of hostilities, the cause for new hostilities remained.

Charles V, known as Charles the Wise, became ruler in 1364. He desired peace and enabled bleeding France to restore what had been destroyed. The fields were again cultivated and crops grew over unsightly ruins. When it was no longer possible to avoid a continuance of the war, he gathered the people into the walled towns, while the enemy pillaged the country districts. Finding little food for their soldiers and no opportunity to win brilliant victories, the English were obliged to retire. The Black Prince died and for awhile they lost their naval supremacy.

While there were intervals of from ten to twenty years without regular fighting, both the English and French employed mercenaries and these companies kept the rural districts under terror after the enemy had withdrawn. They were lawless bodies of men, caring less for pay than plunder. The peasants suffered terribly under their cruel extortions. When they had destroyed one region, they moved on, like clouds of locusts, to lay waste new pastures. Froissart has left an account of these wholesale robbers, who found unwalled settlements and remote castles easy spoils. "And every day poor brigands profited in robbing

and pillaging towns and castles, and thus won such great possessions that it was a great marvel, and some became so rich, especially those who constituted themselves masters and leaders of other brigands, that there were some who had as much money as 40,000 crowns. To tell the truth, what they did was wonderful; they saw a good town or castle a day or two's journey away; and then they gathered together twenty or thirty brigands, and journeyed day and night by hidden ways until they entered this town or castle which they had seen, exactly at break of day, and set fire to a house. And the people of the town thought that it was a thousand men in armour come to burn the town and so they fled as best they could, and these brigands broke into houses, chests, and coffers, and took as much as they could find and then went their way laden with plunder."

Leaders among them having sufficient spirit would collect whole armies who followed them for the spoils. One of them writes: "How we rejoiced when we were riding at random and met on the countryside a rich abbot or prior, a merchant or a caravan of mules from Montpellier, Norbonne, or Carcassonne, laden with cloth from Brussels or with furs . . . or with spices from Bruges, or silks from Damascus or Alexandria. We could take all or ransom it as we liked. Every day we got more money. The peasants of Auvergne and Limousin brought us in our castle corn and flour, bread ready baked, oats and litter for the horses, good wines, oxen, fat lambs, and sheep, chickens and game. We were stuffed like kings, and when we rode abroad the whole country trembled before us. Everything was ours, going and coming. . . . By my faith, it was a good and a fine life."¹

Mowat speaks of this dreadful aspect of these years of tumult: "The conduct of war was atrocious. Armies, for a great part of the Hundred Years' War, lived upon the country, and plundered as they went. Villages were burned and peasants hung upon trees. A ferocious type of mercenary was developed on each side, who knew no pity. Yet an army was only a comparatively small column; and if it plundered wherever it went, it could not plunder universally. The walled towns were the asylums of peace and

industry: the countryside, subject to sudden visitations of the devastating horde, had its periods of quiet too. Yet when all allowances are made, the Hundred Years' War remains as the calamity of the Middle Ages."²

¹Quoted in Funck-Brentano: *The Middle Ages*, p. 459.

²Mowat: *The Later Ages*, p. 123.

2. THE MAID OF ORLEANS

"Woe to the land whose king is a child!" Such was the fate of France after the death of Charles the Wise, who left a son eleven years of age, known as Charles VI. His uncles, the dukes of Berry, Bourbon, Anjou and Burgundy, were each consumed with personal ambitions. Whichever one was able to gain possession of the boy ruled the kingdom. Little wonder that these years were characterized by civil strife. Instead of presenting a united front to the English, the resources of the country were wasted in useless broils between factions.

Great indignation had been felt by the common people because of the disgraceful defeats at Crecy and Poitiers. Both peasants and burghers felt that the nobility had failed them in the one activity which was supposed to be their special portion: war. The peasants were heavily oppressed by feudal taxes; royal taxes fell oppressively on the citizens of the communes, nobility and clergy being exempt from taxation. Now the nobles, the privileged order, had been unable to give the protection which might reasonably be expected of them and for which, theoretically, the Third Estate was continually burdened. Popular discontent led to uprisings and revolts. In 1381 occurred the Peasants' Revolt in England, which spread into France and Flanders, only to be cruelly put down in both countries. Nevertheless, the common people made themselves felt again and again. At one time they seized 12,000 lead mallets and held Paris in a reign of terror. It is plain that these manifestations and attempts of the lower classes to gain influence were part and parcel of those waves of democracy which we have found appearing time after time in Italy and spreading out in ever widening circles. One of the most

interesting aspects of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the expression of the commonalty; its periods of aggression and lapses into submission and inactivity.

In 1392 King Charles VI was stricken with insanity. His mental disorder was not continuous but broken by months of sanity, so that the hope of his recovery was repeatedly awakened. Hence he was not set aside but when able he made plans for his kingdom; during his periods of disability the country suffered and presently two political parties developed: one led by the Duke of Burgundy, the king's uncle, the other by the Duke of Orleans, his youngest brother. The Burgundians, as adherents of the first political faction were called, often held the support of the common people; the Armagnacs, as the aristocrats were known from the Count of Armagnac, an ally of Orleans, included the nobility. Both were later to seek alliance with the English, who played one against the other and waited to see which would prove the stronger.

It is difficult to imagine a situation more distracting. The king, often deprived of his reason, which has led to his being known as Charles the Mad; the queen, the beautiful Isabelle of Bavaria, so profligate as to shock an age which was accustomed to flagrant profligacy. Her friendship for the Duke of Orleans furnished a subject for comment beyond the boundaries of France. One night Orleans was assassinated at the instigation of the Duke of Burgundy, who was afterwards exonerated by his peers. This provoked a lasting feud between the Armagnacs and Burgundians.

Henry V had ascended the English throne. Although not a blood connection of Edward III, he revived his predecessor's claim to the French throne. This meant that a new period of wasteful strife was to be precipitated in both France and England. Capturing Harfleur, he pushed on to Agincourt in the autumn of 1415. Rains had made the roads soft and unsuited for the passage of heavily armed men. The English forces were not more than 15,000; the French three or four times as many. However, the nobles had learned nothing by the experience of the past and

fought with the same lack of military skill that had marked the earlier battles. Whereas the English soldiers were fresh for the conflict, the French were exhausted by travel in heavy armour. When ordered to dismount, they sank ankle deep in the mud and were too weary to make an effective charge. For the third time they left an appalling number on the field. As against 500 lost by Henry, 7,000 were lost to France. However, the English were so spent that their king turned homeward, not to return until 1417.

Henry V was a likeable sovereign. He had a certain dash and magnetism that drew men to him. He appears to have persuaded himself that it was his mission to win France and combine its crown with that of his native land; this conviction never deserted him. Further, at a time when military leaders on both sides were sadly lacking in military prowess, he actually thought out campaigns, planning to capture certain towns in a province which would lead to a definite territory yielding to his authority. Thereupon, he would organize the district and, with his position thus strengthened, undertake another campaign. Such order and system were utterly lacking in the French defense. Consequently there came to be an absence of *esprit de corps* in the French ranks; men fought doggedly but with little expectation of victory.

Upon his return to the continent, Henry V set himself to the conquest of Normandy, the district first held by English sovereigns. When finally Rouen fell, the region was practically in his hands. The Armagnacs and Burgundians showed a disposition to combine and the leaders of the latter met the Dauphin by a bridge at Montereau for a conference. Authorities differ as to what actually happened at this meeting. Some believe that the Dauphin was a party to a plot to assassinate the Duke of Burgundy in retaliation for the earlier death of the Duke of Orleans. Others claim that the conversation of Burgundy became threatening and that his death was but the work of an instant. In any event, the Burgundians, bereft of their leader and furious at what was regarded as treachery on the part of the Dauphin, immediately made overtures to the English. In May, 1420, a disgraceful compact known as the Treaty of Troyes was

signed. By this the Dauphin was disinherited and in the event of the death of Charles VI, Henry V of England (or his heirs) was to come into possession of the French crown. Further, Henry took Katherine, daughter of Charles VI and sister of the Dauphin, as his wife. So near was the union of France and England that Henry convened the Estates General (the French legislative body), made arrangements for the government and the reform of coinage, that had suffered so many depreciations that it was worth but little. Having taken steps to overcome the Dauphin, Henry V returned to London before the expiration of 1420, only to return the following summer. Having continued to increase his conquests to the Loire, he suddenly died in the summer of 1422 and two months after, the mad king, Charles VI, followed him.

Dauphiny, a little district in southern France, long maintained its independence. Finally, being heirless, its ruler bequeathed it to France on condition that the crown prince should thereafter be called the Dauphin and that the territory should always be his portion until he became king. For awhile the independence of the tiny district was respected. Then it became incorporated with royal domains and the title alone remained, just as in England the heir apparent is still known as the Prince of Wales.

The position of the Dauphin of France in 1422 was very precarious. He had never countenanced the shameful Treaty of Troyes. However, his own mother was so unprincipled as to be influenced by reasons that led her to deny his legitimacy and her actions were such as to give the young man, only nineteen years of age, reason to wonder in his own heart whether or not he was the legitimate heir to the throne. He was not a forceful character; with a crazed father and a mother of Isabelle's reputation, great things could scarcely be expected of the son. At best, he was incapable of rallying troops to unite a distracted land and expel foreigners who had become as strongly entrenched as the English were now.

In England a babe of eleven months, known as Henry VI, had been acknowledged king, the Duke of Bedford representing his sovereignty in France. Generally speaking,



TOWER IN WHICH JOAN OF ARC WAS IMPRISONED. ROUEN
Norman architecture.

the Dauphin was recognized south of the Loire as rightful sovereign; north of it the country was held by the English. Nevertheless, no enthusiasm for them was felt by Frenchmen who were obliged to give them homage. The situation throughout France was pitiable. Not only were the people burdened by the expense of a long drawn out struggle, not only were they handicapped by an almost worthless coinage, by the interruption of trade and agriculture that intermittent warfare inevitably brings, but the "free companies," as they were called, harassed the land, even in times of comparative peace, provoking a bitterness and antagonism on the part of the population that boded ill for any wholehearted effort against the foreigners. The Dauphin had been proclaimed king by loyal subjects but not crowned. By some he was derisively called "King of Bourges," because this city, his capital, was about all the territory known to be absolutely loyal to him.

At length the English decided to take Orleans, one of the few important places still held by Charles VII. The city underwent a siege, while the enemy established a line of forts or garrisons around it.

As one looks back upon the war-torn country, its weak claimant to the throne, its cruelly oppressed people, its lack of unity, it is difficult to see how any reversal of fortunes could have come without unexpected happenings.

Those who find the mission of Jeanne d'Arc difficult to understand will do well to recall the Crusades and the religious fervor of the Middle Ages. France of the fifteenth century was not unlike that of the closing eleventh, when throngs of people had pressed around Urban II at Clermont to take the cross; not unlike the land that saw armies of children start off to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. The simple people still felt unseen spirits inhabited wood and fen. People generally did not find it hard to believe that the Maid of Orleans heard "voices." The question that agitated them was: Whose voices? Those of God and his messengers, or those of the devil?

We are likely to conceive of the peasantry as having an intelligence comparable to that of common laborers of isolated districts today. Instead, they had been downtrodden

until they had little understanding and no initiative. Unable to arm themselves properly, they followed their lord to war in shirts stuffed with straw or whatever they could find to afford protection against the blows of weapons. Froissart says: "The King of France said that he wished to make war only with noblemen, and that to draw into the battle the common people was nothing but an encumbrance, because these people in the fray melted like snow in the sun." Similarly equipped, the noblesse would have melted away almost as rapidly. The peasants were regarded with contempt by the feudal lords and as time went on, their own inability to protect the country against invaders being demonstrated, the former feeling of respect and reverence for those of noble rank changed to hate. Their villages burned by marauders, the poor people often were compelled to hide their cattle in the woods and to conceal themselves in caves or among the reeds. A contemporary picture of the woes that beset these defenseless ones does not exaggerate their predicament.

"Alas! when a poor man shall have paid his impost, his villein tax, his salt tax (the Gabelle), his hearth money, his fourth, the King's spurs, the Queen's belt, the customs, the road tax, the tolls—not much remains to him. Then will come another levy newly created, and sergeants to come and take in pledge his pots and his store. The poor man will have no bread to eat, except by chance some little rye or barley; his poor wife will be in childbirth, and will have four or six little children round the hearth—or by the oven, if it chance to be warm—asking for bread and crying with the desperation of hunger. The poor mother will have nothing to put into their mouths but a little bread, even if she has this. This should be sufficient misery; but then will come the ruffians who will ransack everything. They will find, perhaps, a hen with four chickens, which the wife was nourishing to sell and pay the remainder of the tax, or a new one just levied—everything will be taken or seized, and who shall pay? And if the man or woman protest, they will be abused, fined or maltreated. If they sue for payment they will lose their time, spend double, and get nothing in the end: or sometimes, by chance, a note stating that

to such a person so much is owing. . . . It could hardly be worse. But still worse is to come—soldiers fighting with each other who are not content to take nothing where there is nothing, but threaten and beat the man and wife, and set fire to the house unless they pay ransom, and make people pay them in unjust and crooked ways, with money and provisions. I will not speak of the outrages to women. . . . And there are thousands and thousands and more than ten thousand, in the land in a worse state than I have described.”¹

The little village of Domremy lay in a precarious position in the belt that contained the last communities held by the Burgundians, while immediately to the south lay territory acknowledging Charles VII. It had no lord to supply such slight protection as lords then afforded. It stood for the king, who, because he was as yet uncrowned, was still called the Dauphin. This region had been bitterly oppressed. It had been burned on one occasion and the inhabitants forced to flee for refuge to the hiding place of the nearby forest. For generations the terrors of war had been well understood when Jeanne was born to Jacques d’Arc and his wife Isabella Romée. Little is known of these humble folk. Romée was sometimes added to a given name by those who had been on a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Three other children were born to them: Jacques and Catherine, older, and the youngest son, Pierre.

Jeanne was a thoughtful child, quiet and obedient, who was often set to watch the cattle in the field. At home she aided her mother, spinning or knitting, performing the simple tasks of humble households. Born in 1412, she was ten years of age when the mad king died. When seventeen, the Dauphin was yet uncrowned. It was dawning in the minds of the simple folk that the woes of the country would never abate until the foreigners were driven out—the Goddams, as they were called because of the oath forever on their lips. How this was to be accomplished was often discussed by the villagers, grown grave by the knowledge of troubles which had been passed down for many years by mouth from father to son. There are those who claim that there was a legend that a maiden would deliver them, since

a woman had caused much of their woe, this last being the queen to whose indiscretions were laid much beyond their scope.

Little or no book learning was given children of the common people, few of whom could read. However, they all attended the neighborhood church, where statues of St. Michael and St. Catherine looked down at them. To minds that little understood the mystery of the church, nurtured in the stories of the saints, uncertain whether or not spirits still haunted the deep woods nearby, it required little imagination to hear sounds not to be accounted for in usual ways. Wounded soldiers staggered back from wars; none knew when the little houses that comprised the village might be fired again. No wonder the children pondered over the conditions, even as Stephen and Nicholas pondered over the state of the Holy Sepulchre, which for generations men had talked of rescuing from the Saracens.

As a child Jeanne heard voices. They said to her: "Jeanne, be a good child; go often to church." Later they were to give other counsel but always they were real, very real to the maiden. Those who quibble as to whether she was genuine or an impostor miss the full import of the story and only disclose their own imaginative dearth. "Born under the very walls of the church, lulled in her cradle by the chimes of the bells, and nourished by legends, she was herself a legend, a quickly passing and pure legend from birth to death.

"She was a living legend; . . . but her vital spirits, exalted and concentrated did not become the less creative. The young girl *created*, so to speak, unconsciously and *realized* her own ideas, endowing them with being and imparting to them out of the strength of her original vitality, such splendid and all-powerful existence, that they threw into the shade the wretched realities of this world."²

Finally the voices said: "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him. St. Michael and St. Catherine will be thy aids."

The boy Samuel, the man Mahomet, the Maid of France, all heard voices. It matters not what the psychologist today may say of them; to those upon whose ears they fell, the

voices were to become the controlling factor. Samuel and Mahomet pleaded their unfitness for the task. Five years elapsed before the Maid confided in her uncle the duty laid upon her, so impossible did it seem to her to leave the little garden and the friendly forest for highways beset with soldiers. It was idle to talk with her family. Her father said that rather than have her make herself conspicuous in such ways he would drown her with his own hand. Apparently she realized that only her uncle had the capacity to grasp what she felt. He it was who made it possible for her to reach the captain at Vaucouleurs, through whom she finally reached the king.

The situation was desperate. Even a straw, a country wench who had won the ear of those who heard her, was not wholly to be despised. The Dauphin received her in a hall brilliantly illuminated, surrounded by three hundred knights; yet she knelt before him while to test her he protested that he was not the king. Never wasteful of her words she said: "Gentle Dauphin, the King of heaven sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is king of France. I am commissioned by my Lord to tell you that you are the true heir to the French throne, and the king's son."

In this age that recognizes the power of suggestion, has anyone yet given sufficient attention to the effect of those significant words upon the lacerated heart of the youth whose reckless mother had sacrificed him for her own reprehensible purposes? To be recognized by this untaught peasant girl and told, as by divine inspiration, that he was indeed the rightful heir put such purpose as he was capable of feeling into this spineless king.

To don masculine attire had been her surest protection when she set out upon roads filled with stragglers. Now, in white armour, on a black horse, the Maid set forth to relieve Orleans—first having satisfied learned men of the University of Poitiers that she was not actuated by the devil. Word of the strange Maid, of her purity and beauty swept on ahead, and though some reviled her, the people generally accepted her as a saint. A new impulse began to

permeate the fighting force. With this girl at the head of their ranks, carrying her banner with the lilies of France, everything once more seemed possible. To the chagrin of the English, their garrisons gave way before her and the siege of Orleans was raised. Now she insisted that the Dauphin press on to Rheims to be crowned, as indeed he was on the 17th of July, in 1429—she having set out upon her journey to seek him in February of the same year. This accomplished, her mission as she understood it was fulfilled and she desired to return home. But this was not to be permitted. Instead, the councilors of Charles advised him to rush on to Paris, although this was against the advice of the Maid. The effect of his coronation was magnetic; town after town opened its gates to him.

It is quickly told, the later story of the Maid of France. Keeping in tune with the Infinite is easier in the quiet forest than in the busy marts of men. Much was done to distract the attention of the simple maid from her "voices." The English had been hurt in their most vulnerable spot: their pride; to find their conquests melting away before their eyes because of a peasant girl and her miraculous reputation was unthinkable. If they could show that she was inspired of the devil and that Charles had been crowned by Satanic aid they would win back the prestige that they had lost and make the king appear ridiculous. Wounded, Jeanne d'Arc was captured, held a prisoner by the Burgundian party and presently delivered to the clamoring English. Her trial extended from the 21st of May until the end of May, 1431; forty "sittings" in all were held, some in her prison. A more unjust proceeding was never countenanced by English procedure. Outwitted by her clear, honest replies, the jurists tried again and again to have her involve herself. Finally the charge of heresy was brought against her and she was censured for wearing masculine attire—her only protection when chained in a prison and guarded by uncouth fellows. When she was burned in the public place in Rouen, even her persecutors realized that they had committed a crime.

Nevertheless, human suffering and death have been proved again and again necessary to impress a personality

upon the world. Nothing that Socrates could have done in the brief years left to one of his three score and ten would have impressed the ages as his death has done; even the work of Savonarola was quickened by his blood. The martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc was needed to continue to inspire her countrymen. The cowardly king who owed his throne to the enthusiasm her presence had kindled in waning troops, sensitive to having it said that he was indebted to a woman for it, abandoned his champion to her fate, to his lasting disgrace. A threat on his part that he would retaliate on English prisoners would undoubtedly have won her safety. Yet her death was to sanctify her life and impress her memory upon the ages. Poet, dramatist, and historian have told the story over and over again. Her courage and steadfast purpose have a message for every generation. Rouen has marked the place of her martyrdom with an appropriate statue; many a town in France has done her honor in bronze or stone. Her most fitting monument is France free from foreign control, a Republic which finally abolished privileged orders and gave equal rights and blessings to the simple folk from whom she sprang.

¹Quoted in Funck-Brentano: *The Middle Ages*, p. 498.

²Michelet: *Maid of Orleans*, p. 29.

3. FOUNDATIONS OF FRENCH DESPOTISM

More than twenty years were required to recover lost territory and force the English out of France after the death of Jeanne d'Arc, nevertheless her sacrifice had turned the balance and thereafter the spirits of the French soldiery never fell into that despondency which had hampered them before. The courage of the Maid of Orleans, her faith in the triumph of her country and her example continued to hearten the rank and file, who revered her as a saint. The English might give her body to be burned but her soul went marching on. Those who were responsible for her unjust trial and cruel death soon found that these did not bring the result anticipated. Rather, they themselves were compelled to admire her patriotism and dauntlessness. As to the king, who held aloof from her in her extremity, sensitive to the charge that he owed his throne to a woman, posterity

has given him the estimate his contemptible conduct deserved. His later years were more creditable than the early ones had been, due largely to the influence of his mistress, Agnes Sorel, who appears to have stimulated him to assert himself and work for the good of his realm.

Jeanne d'Arc had been wounded in the premature attack upon Paris, which proved unsuccessful. In November, 1437, the city welcomed the king. The conditions in England, after the death of the Duke of Bedford were such that armies could not be sent over seas to press again the English claims. A breathing spell known as the Truce of Tours was formally recognized from 1444 until 1449. This period of peace was sorely needed by France, exhausted by the endless drains upon it. The population was smaller now than before the war opened; highways and bridges were out of repair and many a once fertile region lay desolate and uninhabited. Yet, so fertile is the soil and so favored by nature in the matter of climate, that a few years of normal activity wrought great transformation. Peace was made with the Duke of Burgundy and with this came an end to civil strife.

France regained Normandy and other districts which had been won by the enemy. England made a final attempt to recover what had eluded her, the last battles being fought in 1453. These ended disastrously for the English. "Since Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt the rôles were reversed: the superiority in organization, and above all in the new arm, the artillery, was on the side of the French. At each volley of one of the cannons of M. Girault five or six English were killed. The army of Henry VI suffered a crushing defeat."

The Hundred Years' War, with its death and desolation, its wanton waste and untold suffering, resulted in the end of political strength on the part of the nobility and the growing prestige of the monarch. In the first place he became practically independent of the Estates General by the reversion of the *taille*, or property tax, directly to the crown; hence he was no longer forced to convene this body to obtain funds. Secondly, a standing army was created directly responsible to him for the purpose of protection and to drive out brigands. By these measures were laid

the foundations for such despotism as characterized the reign of Louis XIV.

The port of Calais remained for some time longer in the possession of the English and peace was not formally declared until 1492, yet after the defeat at Bordeaux the English were practically expelled.

The Dauphin had been on bad terms with his father, Charles VII, having been exiled to the court of Burgundy for having taken part in a plot against him. He ascended the throne on the death of Charles in 1461, being known as Louis XI, "a bad man and a good king." Because of his friendship with the Duke of Burgundy and his fraternizing with the nobility it was assumed that their power would be restored after his coronation. However, no sooner was he well established on the throne than he reversed his attitude and soon fell out with Burgundy, with whom a serious strife ensued. The Duke of Burgundy had profited by the Hundred Years' War in extending his domains and he now aspired to create a kingdom between France and Germany, coveting some of the most valuable provinces of France for this purpose. Such being his ambition, it was inevitable that a political struggle should follow. The quarrel did not become serious during the life of Philip of Burgundy but upon the succession of his son, Charles the Bold, it was augmented. As a matter of fact, the dukedom of Burgundy was at this time more remunerative than the kingdoms of Portugal or Scotland. By marriage it had been joined to Holland and Flanders, or much of what is now the Netherlands and Belgium. Charles conceived the idea of forcing the Emperor of Germany, no longer powerful, to bestow a royal crown upon him, thereby making him equal to the French king. To this end he sought the alliance of England and Edward IV landed with troops at Calais. But Louis XI, one of the craftiest men who ever occupied a throne, personally visited the English sovereign, made him a gift of 75,000 golden crowns and convinced him that the new alliance would prove disadvantageous to him.

Burgundy had been spared the horrors of war while France generally, especially in the north and west, had

experienced them. A contemporary description of conditions in the two regions is illuminating. The writer said: "It is unnecessary to point out to the traveller the boundary at which one passes from the Burgundian suzerainty on to French territory. Hardly have you set foot in the kingdom before the aspect of the country becomes sordid and rough; uncultivated fields, briars, thorns, and brushwood; some few field workers, emaciated and bloodless, covered with rags; in the towns and villages numerous ruins and empty dwellings, and in those which are inhabited, poor and insufficient furniture, a picture of wretchedness, depression and servitude; but now behold us under the Burgundian government; everything is flourishing, resplendent, growing; there are numerous towns and fortresses; the population is large, the houses are varied and of splendid appearance, full of fine furnishings; the fields are cultivated, the fences in a good state; the people are well dressed and smiling."¹

Similar was the contrast between districts harrowed by the great guns in the last war and those which lay beyond the reach of battles. It must always be remembered that the robber, the mercenary and the bandit wrought greater havoc by far in France during the Hundred Years' War than the opposing armies.

Charles the Bold turned his attention to the task of subduing the independent Swiss cantons and these in their sturdy opposition proved his ruin; like many of his soldiers, he died fighting to annex them. He left one daughter, Mary of Burgundy, and Louis XI proceeded forthwith to strip her of as many of her possessions as he was able. There was some thought of marrying her to the Dauphin, but Louis' treacheries toward his own father led him to be suspicious of his children. A marriage negotiated between Burgundy and Maximilian of Austria put an end to such a project.

Being personally utterly bereft of attraction, treacherous as a friend, unreliable as an ally, nevertheless Louis XI was strongest of the House of Valois. He did much to improve the conditions of the realm. Fearing the nobility, he surrounded himself with humble servitors, with whom

he often behaved most unkingly. Superstitious, full of fear that some such fate as he so often visited upon others might befall him, he held aloof from people as much as possible. Disliking all court ceremonies, he evaded assemblies of people as often as he could and amusing accounts are told of cross streets being blocked to prevent his eluding those who gathered to do him honor at state functions. Yet, in spite of ugliness of person and character, his administration proved constructive for the kingdom. Roads were repaired, bridges built; fairs were held and merchants encouraged to develop their commerce. Schools were founded and printing patronized. At his death France was again one of the richest countries in Europe; the House of Valois had been successful in evading constitutional government, that proved inconvenient to English sovereigns who were disposed to make themselves absolute.

With the end of the long war came the end of the Middle Ages: indeed it has well been said that these terminated with the martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans. Thenceforth the beginnings of new life, new aspirations, new ideas began to permeate the land. The feeling of nationality had been developed and no longer did the people regard themselves merely as belonging to one fief or another but as subjects of a king and citizens of a country which had been almost lost to them, for which they had suffered fire and the sword.

Although the devastation seems deplorable as we review the story of the long drawn out struggle, caused by greed and prosecuted by insolent feudal lords whose scorn for the commonality makes the modern reader rejoice at their ultimate downfall, yet, as always, it is possible to discern constructive results. Merely to eliminate the story of Jeane d'Arc from history would be to lose something that still thrills all who review the darkest days of France.

Cruel religious wars and centuries of oppression on the part of the common people were yet to be experienced ere there might come the triumph of democracy—yet unknown in Europe, although burghers in the communes had acquired a certain degree of freedom.

¹ Funk-Brentano: *The Middle Ages*, p. 536.

THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE

THE Hundred Years' War delayed the development of culture in France. The restoration of peace brought reclamation of wasted regions and towns arose from ruin or desolation, but the prolonged continuance of danger and anxiety had been unfavorable to the growth of art or letters.

In truth, there was at no time any such expression of the new life as we have found bursting forth spontaneously in Italy. From 1483 until 1559 French kings resurrected shadowy claims to the Kingdom of Naples, the Duchy of Milan or such other portions of the peninsula as seemed to them most plausible, leading armies over the Alps and trying to annex parts of Italy. In this object they were fortunately unsuccessful. Nevertheless, they returned home with paintings, statuary, manuscripts and above all, with enthusiasm for the beautiful Italian buildings and the frescoes that adorned them; for the arts and crafts of the Italians and with respect for the new learning. This resulted in a dissatisfaction with cheerless castles, dark, dingy interiors and general absence of comforts then to be seen in the cities of the despots. Artists were invited to France; architects continued for decades to journey thither whenever reverses of fortune deprived them of earlier patrons. The king's palaces and the châteaux built by the nobles arose as a consequence of the new zeal for building, which contact with Italy had stimulated. After the fall of Constantinople, Greek scholars wandered about Europe, seeking new fields for their endeavors. Rare manuscripts were offered to the wealthy who became imbued with an ambition to collect ancient writings. Italy had scores of cultured students of the classics; in western Europe, Francis I became one of the comparatively few enthusiasts and patrons.

The new impulses which were discernible in France after the Italian wars may appropriately be compared with those

manifesting two centuries before, due to contact of western Europeans with Saracenic civilization in Asia. Neither the attempts of the Christians to hold the Holy Places in Jerusalem nor those of French kings to annex Italian territory were permanently successful; indeed, both conspicuously failed. Nevertheless, an analysis of civilization conclusively shows the vital effects of both undertakings. The French Renaissance began with the return of those who had felt the impetus of Italy. The waves there set in motion expanded until they reached into what was once Gaul, giving rise to a new attitude toward life. However, the enthusiasm of the Italians for the classical writers was not equalled in France. On this occasion, as on many others, the people took only what they chose, mingling it with their own culture in a way characteristic of the nation. That they were profoundly influenced by Italian conceptions is unquestionable; nevertheless they did not become mere imitators. Italy of the Renaissance brought forth many artists to one who developed in the atmosphere of France; the same was true of men of letters. Yet a perceptible change in education and in the general trend of thought marked the advent of the Rebirth in France, retarded though it had been. It was brought into the country from the south, by travellers and merchants, to be sure, but mostly by the more enlightened of those who followed the Italian wars; hence it is necessary to trace these ill-conceived military campaigns for the indirect effect they had on the manner and customs, the standards of life and the refinement, of western Europe.

Had it not been for a new danger which slowly began to take shape in the form of Spanish aggrandizement, it is reasonable to think that the Revival of Learning would have been more influential than it was. Compelled to fight presently for their very independence, it became impossible for French kings to bestow upon the new movement such devotion and encouragement as they otherwise might have evinced.

When Louis XI died in 1483, his son, Charles VIII, was but thirteen years of age. His sister Anne became his guardian while the Duke of Orleans administered the

government. By his marriage to Anne of Brittany a large province, that had previously managed to maintain a fair degree of independence, was united with the royal domains. The youthful king had spent much time as a boy perusing tales of adventure and the object upon which he soon set his heart was the recovery of Italian territory which had once been held by Charles of Anjou. Encouraged by Lodovico il Moro, who to his own undoing "opened the gate" for him, he marched into Italy and was crowned King of the Two Sicilies, which carried with it the title of King of Jerusalem. It will be recalled that all Italy soon took fright at his successes and a strong coalition was formed against him, with Venice in the lead. Soon he departed as unceremoniously as he had come. Yet he carried back paintings, statues and manuscripts to his capital, while châteaux still stand in France as monuments to Italian architects who returned with him to find their places in a new land.

The Italians, who were suffering from the oppression of their despots, hailed Charles as a great deliverer, but their greetings soon turned to scorn. One can imagine the dismay with which Leonardo learned that the rude soldiers had destroyed works of art which he had spent years executing for the Duke of Milan. The cannon which Charles carried with him led to his being termed the "Scourge of Italy"—Savonarola had preached that a scourge would presently descend upon the people because of their license and corruption.

Charles dying in 1499 without a son to succeed him, his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, was crowned as Louis XII. In order that Brittany should not be lost to France, he divorced his wife and married Anne, now widowed, Cæsar Borgia obtaining the necessary dispensation from his father, Alexander VI. Louis reflected that his grandmother had been a daughter of the House of Visconti, consequently he laid claim to the Duchy of Milan as well as to the Kingdom of Naples. Venice encouraged him in this and gave him aid. We have already seen that Lodovico was forced to flee from Italy, seeking help of the Emperor Maximilian; that he returned and met with temporary success only to

fall a prisoner in the hands of Louis XII, who held him captive for the rest of his life.*

The expansion of Venice on the mainland led the powers to combine against her in 1507, eager to divide her possessions, much as Poland was later partitioned. By 1512 the French had been again forced out of Italy, the Papacy making common cause with Venice against them.

Louis XII left no heir and his cousin, Francis I, ascended the throne. He was a brilliant representative of the House of Valois, a liberal patron of letters. He too carried the war into Italy, with a somewhat different motive. It so happened that Charles V, king of Spain, of the Netherlands, of the New World and other possessions as well, had been elected Emperor-King of Germany with whatever rights in Italy he might be able to establish at the point of the sword. Francis' invasion of Italy was first of four wars waged against him for European leadership in the first place; as time went on, because danger threatened the very existence of France. It was after his defeat at the battle of Pavia that Francis I sent his famous message to the Regent Queen, his mother: "Everything lost but life and honor." Eight thousand of his soldiers had fallen and he himself been taken prisoner of Charles V, who forced him to sign a treaty highly disadvantageous to France; it is scarcely necessary to say that upon his safe return to his own capital, Francis I soon found it convenient to ignore this.

The reign of Francis I has great interest for the student of modern history, since it saw the beginning of the "Balance of Power" which for three hundred years was to be so continually discussed in diplomatic circles. Reduced to its simplest statement, it merely implied the determination of monarchs to safeguard their own interests by combining against any power that threatened to become unduly aggressive in Europe. The intermittent struggle between France and Germany, which again in 1870 and in 1914 upset the peace of Europe, had its beginnings here, unless indeed one wishes to trace it back centuries earlier to the Treaty of Verdun, when Charlemagne's grandsons divided their father's empire into such parts that subsequent strife was almost inevitable. The alliance between the French and the

Swiss began during the reign of Francis I, to continue until the days of the French Revolution. During the first years of the Revolution it was not to the protection of his own subjects that Louis XVI entrusted himself, but to his Swiss guards, whose fidelity on one occasion has been touchingly commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne. Finally, the alliance of Charles V with Henry VIII of England compelled Francis to seek the Turks as an ally—to the consternation of Christian countries. This policy was to be repeated later and it will be remembered that since the great World War, it has been French influence which aided the Turks to win their way again into Europe, from which they had been practically expelled.

This is not the place to enter upon a study of the history of modern diplomacy or to trace the development of the Franco-German hostility awakened during the sixteenth century, to the episode of 1914. Yet, to the student of international relationships, it cannot fail to be a matter of deepest interest to note the beginnings of several important questions of modern diplomacy while we review the progress of the Renaissance as it permeated Europe generally.

The royal palace at Fontainebleau was reconstructed under the supervision of Francis I, whose extensive building operations set an example which the noblesse were quick to emulate. It was to the court of this monarch that Leonardo came, as did also Andrea del Sarto, and the inimitable Cellini.

The height of the French Renaissance had been reached before the death of Francis I in 1547. Nevertheless, subsequent kings and especially the renowned Queen, Catherine de Medici, continued the patronage of the arts which Charles VIII began and Francis extended. The names of Villon, Rabelais and Montaigne come immediately to mind in any discussion of the literary Renaissance in France, these being elsewhere considered.^x

^xSee p. 750.

^ySee p. 1021 ff.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI

TO make a study of the period of religious wars in France without including some mention of the remarkable woman who was the real power behind the throne for nigh on to thirty years would be almost impossible. Before reviewing that age, so fraught with woe for France, it is well to gain some familiarity with this last great Medici.

Catherine de Medici was born April 13, 1519, in the house built by Cosimo, founder of his line. Her father was a son of Pietro, who, it will be remembered, fled before the approach of Charles VIII of France; her mother, Madeline de la Tour d'Auvergne; her great-grandfather, Lorenzo the Magnificent. The mother died at her birth and the father, who had been seriously ill for some time, survived her only a few days. Thus the babe who was heir to the great Medici fortune was doubly bereft at the very outset of her life. Relatives cared for her and her great-uncle, Pope Clement VII, showed her tender solicitude. While still an infant her life was despaired of because of serious illness and she was taken to Rome, where she remained until six years of age. Thereafter, due to jealousies to which an heir to her fortune could not escape, she was sent from one convent to another to satisfy suspicious relations. Many princes sued for her hand, none caring for "her homely little person" but eager for the dowry which such a marriage alliance would bring.

When fourteen and one-half years of age she became the wife of the Dauphin—later Henry II. One cannot help feeling compassion for the rather unattractive child, brought so early to the intriguing court of Francis I, where the ladies-in-waiting were not always considerate enough to speak in whispers when they reminded one another that she was "only a merchant's daughter, wed for her fortune." However, Catherine inherited tact and a gracious manner,

which she developed to a high degree and was able to win friends for herself. Her distinguished father-in-law, Francis I, and her young husband were controlled during their public lives to a great extent by their mistresses and until the death of Henry II, Catherine exercised little influence at the French court. Indeed, her very continuance there hung for awhile in the balance, since children were not born to her for ten years. Becoming aware of the half-developed plan to supplant her, with characteristic determination she took the matter into her own hands. Her simple offer to retire if the king thought it best for France so touched Francis I, who often manifested that regal generosity we instinctively associate with kings, that he called her his "dear daughter" and bade her have no misgivings about the future since "God had willed that she should be wife of the Dauphin." Ten children were afterwards born to her, three dying in infancy. One daughter, Claude, became Duchess of Lorraine; Elizabeth, Queen of Spain; Margaret, wife of the King of Navarre. Three sons successively occupied the French throne and the fourth was elected King of Poland. So, although Catherine was not of royal birth, her descendants became connected with most of the courts of Europe.

She did not receive the substantial educational training generally given to well-born daughters of the early Italian Renaissance, nor did her first years in France result in broadening her mental horizon. Lacking the discipline of extensive study and the training of participation in public affairs from early years, she made up for her deficiencies by qualities of shrewdness. Forced to propitiate those disposed to be antagonistic, quick to sense opposition even if concealed, and to read human character at sight, Catherine grew to be a person of policy; possessed of a keen mind, quick intelligence and a strong will, she pursued whatever course would result in the attainment of her desires. Throughout her life she had no conception of devotion to principle or conviction of conscience. Her one passion was her love for her husband, which was not returned. Henry II was indifferent to her for his heart belonged to the fair Diana de Poitiers. In private life Catherine would have



SIXTEENTH CENTURY CABINET

"In every age, the style of furniture reproduces that of architecture."

been a faithful and devoted wife and ambitious mother. When circumstances made her first the wife and then the mother of a king, her field for activity was materially widened but her methods remained the same.

There was only a few days' difference in their ages and both were twenty-eight years old when the death of Francis I brought Henry II and his wife to the throne, as King and Queen of France. Crowned in 1547 and dying in 1559 as result of a wound received in a tournament, Henry II spent twelve years at the head of the French state. These were comparatively quiet ones for Catherine, who was largely concerned in the upbringing of her children. Nevertheless, she gained an intimacy with public affairs, a knowledge of the aggressive nobles, social factions and much beside that was to later prove of great value to her.

The Dauphin, known later as Francis II, was married as a young child to the beautiful Queen of Scots: Mary of hapless fame. She had been sent at a tender age to be educated at the French court and these two children became genuinely devoted to one another. Upon the death of his father Francis II was crowned. However, he was in very delicate health and only lived a year longer. Affairs of state were left mostly to the control of the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, uncles of the youthful Queen of Scots, while the guardianship of Francis was left to his mother. Catherine felt that although much pretension was made of deference to her, yet she was largely left out of public concerns. Tuberculosis, which was to carry off two of his brothers as well, had already set its firm grip upon the boy, who soon faded away. The second son, known as Charles IX, was but ten years of age when he succeeded. Years after, when the Cardinal of Lorraine was preaching his funeral sermon, he recalled how this ten year old, wearied by the five hours of ceremony that attended his coronation, had been seen wiping away his tears and when asked why he wept, had replied: "The crown is too heavy." Despite her ambition for power, there were many years to follow wherein Catherine was destined to learn that crowns could indeed be heavy. In a letter she once voiced such a feeling and speaks of having been left a

widow with little children in a state so distraught that she could trust none around her to give disinterested advice. It must be said to her credit that she spent little time repining.

At the death of Francis II his mother manipulated matters so that the Guise family, which she fervently disliked, should no longer control. Further, she saw that none others came between her and the boy-king. The custom of France was that during a minority the princes next in blood should direct affairs of state, but this rule the Queen-Mother deliberately set aside. Throughout his life Charles IX was under the influence of his mother, who wielded real control.

For her daughter Elizabeth, the Queen-Regent appears to have cared most, and for Margaret least. The foreign relations of France were of gravest concern in an age when the country was torn by heated religious strife. Elizabeth was the wife of Philip II of Spain, of whom France stood in greatest danger. Her relations with Elizabeth were hence not only those of confidence between a mother and her favorite daughter but between one struggling to hold a kingdom intact with a confidant who had the ear of its most powerful rival, one who could aid or injure, according to his disposition.

Until recently there has existed no adequate biography of Catherine de Medici. Some historians have portrayed her as a very fiend incarnate; others have tried to palliate her crimes. Lately a biography has appeared which treats of her impartially, having been prepared in light of records, contemporary writings and above all, from her thousands of surviving letters, now in the archives of France, the Vatican and other repositories. Its author neither condemns nor apologizes for this renowned representative of the great Florentine family but sets her before us as she was. It is doubtful whether those who peruse the pages of this interesting contribution will be able thereafter to think of her as merely crime-craving and impervious to mercy.^z

Philip II of Spain was an ardent Catholic and viewed with dismay the religious tolerance that was granted after the early years of the thirty years' strife between Holy Church and the Protestants in France.

It was during this intermission of comparative peace that Catherine conceived of setting out with the young king on a royal progress through every province of France, hoping that by meeting their ruler the subjects, still filled with suspicion and rancor, might be strengthened in their loyalty to Charles. She was a tireless worker and never thought of personal discomfort when journeyings here or there might aid in untangling the endless knots that confronted the administration.

"The journey on which Catherine started in the early spring of 1564 occupied twenty-six months and covered nearly three thousand miles on horseback or by barges on the rivers. It led her through the apple orchards of Normandy to the vineyards of Burgundy and then through the oranges of Provence and the swamps of the Mediterranean haunted by great flocks of flamingoes to the clear cold fountains of Angoulême, whose outlet is 'entirely covered with swans, bordered with crayfish, and paved with trout.' Thence they went on past the ninety miles of the salt marshes of Marennnes, through the prairies of Nantes, back to the fertile basin of the Loire; whence they started south again through the huge flocks of long fleeced sheep in the mountains of Auvergne, down into the very centre of France in the volcanic hills of Puy de Dome, from whose rocky ravines terrible storms of thunder and hail sweep down upon the fertile wheat fields below; then north again by a different route across the rich basin of the Seine to Paris."¹

The Queen-Mother had determined to make every possible effort to have a personal interview with Philip and Elizabeth when the royal journey reached the boundaries of Spain. The Spanish king, with his usual acidity, not only refused to attend such a conference himself but permitted his wife to see her mother only on the strict injunction that there should be no "heretic" in her train. It is agreeable to pause for a moment at this happy meeting of mother and daughter—the last time they were ever to be together.

"On the banks of the river which separated France from Spain, Catherine had erected a beautiful pavilion. . . . The Queen of Spain came down to the river bank accompanied

by three hundred mounted archers of the royal Spanish guard. While the French soldiers on the bank fired repeated salvoes, she embarked and met the royal French barge in the middle of the river, where the King embraced her and took her on to his boat. They spent an hour at luncheon while drums, trumpets and hautboys sounded in loud melody from all sides. Then the King gave his sister a beautiful white hackney on which she put a splendid caparison worth four hundred thousand ducats, which had been her husband's wedding gift and made her entry into the city of Bayonne by torchlight.

"A few days later Catherine gave a great picnic on an island in the river whose center was a beautiful grassy meadow surrounded by lofty woods. In niches formed in these woods were placed round tables each for a dozen persons. The royal table, at the head of this stately open-air dining salon, was raised on a bank of turf. The tables were served by groups of court ladies dressed as 'peasant girls in satin and cloth of gold according to the costumes of the various provinces of France.' When the boats of the guests reached the isle from Bayonne, 'after a voyage accompanied by continuous music from several marine gods singing and reciting verses around the royal barge' the shepherdesses received them, 'each troupe dancing according to the custom of its province, the Poitevines with the bagpipes, the Provencales dancing la Volte with the cymbals, the Burgundians and Champagnoises with the little oboe, violins and rustic tambourines, the Bretonnes dancing their passe-pieds and branles-gais. When the feast was over a huge luminous rock rolled into the center out of which came a group of satyrs playing instruments. After them descended a band of nymphs whose beauty and whose jewels dimmed the lights. They began a beautiful ballet but envious fortune, unable to bear its glory, sent such a terrible rainstorm that the confusion of the night retreat by boat gave the next morning as many good stories to laugh at as the festival had given thrills of pleasure.' ""2

Time has disproved the theory but it was long believed that the dire deed following some time later, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, had been plotted amid such pastoral

scenes. Its most sinister aspect is removed when it is shown to have developed quickly, as a counterpart of those dreadful persecutions that the Duke of Alva was conducting in the Netherlands for the king of Spain.

No small part of Catherine's life was spent in negotiating marriages for her children, for which no burgher's wife ever made greater effort. After the death of Elizabeth she was found years later trying to join French and Spanish interests by an alliance between her youngest son and one of Elizabeth's daughters. Most amusing were her efforts to effect a marriage between one of her sons and the great Elizabeth of England, who deliberately prolonged the correspondence concerning it, in spite of the fact that she was over thirty and the boy fifteen and regardless of her intention to have nothing whatever to do with such an alliance.

In her late sixties Catherine was still the one to whom all turned in times of greatest danger. When situations appeared to be hopeless and war inevitable, by her tireless conniving, hostilities were sometimes abated and foes made less belligerent. Hampered by no principles, deterred by no pangs of conscience, this dauntless woman would rise from a sick-bed to interview an irate envoy or to expose herself to dangers to further what she deemed to be the best interests of her sons. Had she lived three months longer, she would have been seventy years of age, the last thirty years having been spent almost entirely in public service.

Although not a student, the architectural phase of the Renaissance was the one which appealed to this Medici. Notwithstanding her political undertakings, she found time to erect palaces and châteaux, taking deep interest in the gardens which were laid out in connection with them, in the hangings and works of art which made them attractive. She was an energetic collector of books, paintings and antiques, so carrying on the movement that began in France with the reign of Francis I.

It is difficult to sum up the work of Catherine de Medici or to attempt to do justice to her character. Among cruel and notorious women of history she is almost always given a place. If she caused many times the deaths at the

St. Bartholomew massacres as that English sovereign spoken of in history as "Bloody Mary," it was from a wholly different motive. Mary believed in her very soul that by crushing out the heretics she was pleasing God; Catherine, in spite of religious phrases that often fell from her pen, was far more concerned with expediency in this life than preliminaries for the next. She had seen various degrees of tolerance tried without success; at length she decided to put into operation those methods which were being used in the Netherlands—the more since Philip of Spain gave strict injunction that he would himself come to the help of Holy Church unless heresy was crushed out of France. Catherine plotted to kill the leaders and it was only when the assassin's shot failed that she quickly saw the need of more thorough work. The very mention of this sinister deed must ever bring a feeling of revulsion to all right minded people; however, to view it as something complete in itself is a mistake. It was but an episode in a thirty year struggle characterized by bloodshed and cruelty throughout.

²Paul Van Dyke: *Catherine de Medici*, 2 v.

¹Ibid., Vol. I, p. 317.

²Ibid., Vol. I, p. 319.

THE ERA OF RELIGIOUS WARS

THE latter half of the sixteenth century was characterized throughout Europe by religious strife. It was inevitable that the corruption of the Church, which had been decried by the thoughtful for centuries, should finally bring about a crisis. Until now there had been but little disposition to break away from Holy Church, although the Albigenses and some few other small sects had separated themselves from it in earlier centuries. Their action in this regard brought upon them the condemnation of people generally and led to their extermination. Nevertheless, from those who remained faithful to the teachings of the Church there had arisen an unending cry for purification, for the abolition of simony, profligacy, sensuality and other flagrant vices in ecclesiastical officials. Dante placed churchmen living and dead in the zones of the Inferno for their unrighteousness. Petrarch characterized the Papal court at Avignon as a sea of iniquity; Pope Adrian VI died of a broken heart when he found himself utterly unable to reform the Church; Savonarola, who never wished to break with it, denounced from his pulpit those who disgraced its high places.

It does not seem unreasonable to think that had a Council earnestly undertaken to purify the religious system and to enforce reforms, as Gregory VII, for example, had once done, the schism which occurred in the sixteenth century might have been delayed, possibly averted, provided, of course, that the same flexibility for expansion had been manifested as in the early centuries of Christianity.

However that may be, there was no desire for reform on the part of many powerful churchmen; they clung to their indulgences despite the entreaties of a minority. As a result the awakening ideas that followed upon the heels of the Renaissance brought not only its abuses but Church dogma under close scrutiny.

Pope Adrian VI wrote after Luther's revolt in Germany: "We freely confess that God permits this persecution of His church because of human sins—especially the sins of prelates and priests . . . we know very well that from the Holy See itself there has proceeded much that was abominable . . . and the disease has spread from the head to the members." Pope Pius V wrote to the French king: "The vices of the priests were the first cause of heresy. They furnished the material for the sermons of the heretics to draw upon the Church hatred and disdain and to disparage her doctrines. The ordinary man considers less what the priests speak than he does the manner in which they live. He is more influenced by their example than he is by their words and their bad morals deprive what they say of all authority."¹

Such statements from the head of the Church render further comment upon the situation needless. The question arose: what was to be done about it? One faction, of whom Erasmus may be cited as foremost, believed in reforming the existing order. When the final split came and many forever left the Church that had stood absolute for fifteen centuries, men of his mind remained within the fold and endeavored to sustain it. Others felt that the time had passed when unity was longer possible. Of these Calvin was the French leader.

Jean Calvin was born in Noyon, Picardy, in 1509. His book entitled *Institutes of Christian Religion* attracted wide attention. Before it appeared the views of dissenters had been but ill defined. Under his leadership the "heretics," as those protesting were called, grew rapidly and attempts were made by Francis I and Henry II to destroy both them and their teachings, these being regarded by Catholics as pernicious and hateful to God.

In England those who left the Established Church were known as *Protestants*; in France they were called *Huguenots*, the origin of the word being uncertain. Some think it was derived from *Eidgenossen*, meaning *comrade* or *confederate*. In southern France the liberal ideas of the Albigenses had never wholly died out and the new faith seemed to be related to that held earlier by those who had

dwelt in sunny Provence. Various centers of the new faith arose, an important one being La Rochelle, a seaport on the Bay of Biscay.

The position of men whose convictions led them to leave the Church and espouse the new religion was in some ways analogous to that of the Romans who abandoned the ancient faith for Christianity. Like them, they fell under the ban of the law which made such action a capital offense. As in the Roman Empire the first recruits were often people of lowly station; indeed it was derisively said that this was a faith of servants and scullery maids. As in the earlier case, it presently came about that nobles and men of importance joined the ranks. It was natural that those whose minds had been quickened by the new learning would feel an impelling impulse to investigate the doctrines of Calvin rather than they who had not as yet felt the urge of the Revival.

The present age does not take religion as seriously as did the sixteenth century. One's circle of friends and acquaintances not only includes Catholics and Protestants but members of sects and cults of comparatively late development as well. If we are to comprehend the tremendous upheaval that filled so many years with conflict and resulted in the extermination of so many victims, it is necessary to set aside for the time all thought of liberty of worship and put ourselves in the place of those who had known only the slogan: *One king, one law, one faith*; who believed that two religions inevitably led to two kings and two states, consequently to the disorganization of nations. It is safe to say that among the great political and military leaders, only a few on either side were wholly impelled by religious conviction. Politics and personal greed caused them often to make common cause with one party or the other, this proved by many a threat to desert to the other side unless conditions requested were granted.

Times such as these would have been sufficiently perplexing under the firmest rule. In France they were aggravated by the fact that the last Valois kings were incapable of commanding armies. As a result, duplicity, treachery, connivance and policy were substituted for force.

It is customary to distinguish eight different wars during the years which intervened between 1559 and 1589, although the entire period was marked by intolerant feeling and civil discord. Two powerful families gained great prominence and under their leadership the people were largely divided. The House of Guise represented the ultra-Catholic party. The Duke of Guise became its leader in France, while Philip II of Spain sent him money and gave such other aid as he was able. Those adhering to the Guise leadership were determined to crush out the heretics, as they called the Huguenots, not only because they deemed them hateful to God but because they feared this movement which was growing throughout Western Europe would disunite the Catholic Church. The House of Bourbon, with Henry of Navarre and his brother, the Prince of Condé, at its head, was Protestant. Navarre was a little district between France and Spain that so far had been able to maintain independence. Its ruler was called king, although governing a tiny kingdom. A third party, at first not definitely organized nor steadfast in its policy, gradually strengthened—the royalist, often called the Politique. Neither the king, Charles IX, nor his mother were concerned with the dogmas of religion. They desired above all to hold the kingdom of France intact and to preserve peace, this being essential to prosperity. Pressure from without often compelled them to throw their influence on one side or the other but during the early war they tried to conciliate factions rather than arouse hostilities.

In 1562 the struggle assumed the form of civil war; controversy and efforts to put down heresy had been going on for years. The Duke of Guise with a retinue of soldiers came into Vassy and found a congregation of a few hundred Huguenots assembled in a barn, holding services. Exactly what occurred is not known but presently at his command his followers fell upon the “heretics” and massacred them. This precipitated an outbreak. The following year the Duke of Guise was assassinated and the *Pacification of Ambroise* terminated the first war. By this the Huguenots were allowed the right of worship in certain prescribed places.

L'Hôpital had been appointed Chancellor by the Queen-Mother. He was a worthy example of the moderate, or conciliatory faction, the *Politique*. Himself a Catholic, he favored a certain degree of tolerance, realizing that the new faith had a substantial support in the country. At a meeting of the Estates General he had dared to say: "Let us attack heresy with the arms of charity, prayer, persuasion, and the words of God that apply to such a contest. Kindness will do more than severity. . . . Let us drop the wicked names of factions. Let us content ourselves with the title of Christians." Such words of wisdom fell on deaf ears.

Determined to put down the Protestant movement in the Netherlands, in 1567 Philip II dispatched the Duke of Alva thither. Knowing of the preparations being made in Spain, the Huguenots feared that an attack would be made upon France and rose in a sudden attempt to gain possession of the king. Only the Swiss guards prevented Catherine and her son falling into their hands and this incident left an indelible impression upon them both. While they had been disposed to favor the Huguenots before, the indignation they experienced when compelled to seek refuge from these religious enthusiasts resulted in their conclusion that the Spanish king was right after all and that peace depended upon their extermination. The trouble thus reopened is known as the second of the eight wars.

The dismissal of L'Hôpital, the death of the Prince of Condé, brother of Henry of Navarre, and the transfer of the forces of the Huguenots to Coligny were happenings of the third conflict which ended with the *Peace of St. Germain*, by which still the Huguenots retained certain liberties.

The European as well as the internal situation prevented any of these adjustments becoming permanent. Spain was the most powerful European state, having, in addition to its vast European territory, the wealth of Peru to draw upon. Charles V, the menacing power of the continent during the reign of Francis I, had abdicated in favor of his son, Philip II, an intense Catholic who gave France warning many a time that his possessions in the Netherlands were endangered by the heresies that prevailed on the

borders; that these must be put down or he should feel it incumbent upon him as Defender of the Faith, to come to the aid of the French Catholics. Elizabeth, Queen of England, ruled a state which had shaken itself free from Rome and established a national church. Freedom of worship was already established and English influence and money were frequently used to aid the Huguenots. The Protestants of Germany and Switzerland supported the cause of the "heretics" while the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland sympathized with the royal attempt to crush out the new faith. The conniving of Catherine, who first tried to propitiate one and then another of these countries, caused her tireless activity. The only thing that saved France from Spanish invasion was the number of troubles that beset that state.

Toward the continual pressure which Philip brought to bear upon her to withdraw the edict of toleration, Catherine for some time held a definite stand. She wrote to the Ambassador at the Spanish court her views in this regard:

"So far as concerns the agreements I have made with my subjects in regard to which they (the Spaniards) seem to be troubled, after I have seen the combats so many times renewed, pitched battles, cities taken by assault, all to no profit except to ruin me more and more and to make me lose every day the best of my subjects, I prefer, by the advice and counsel of my most faithful servitors, to do what I have done rather than to lose the rest of my kingdom. And God has made me so happy that, instead of the ruin which I saw threatening me, . . . I now live in repose and my kingdom is building up again more and more every day."

There had been much discussion about the marriage of the youngest daughter, Margaret. Catherine, ever eager for the most illustrious alliance possible, hesitated between that of Portugal and Navarre. The Pope refused a dispensation to enable such a union with Henry of Navarre, a prominent Huguenot, but by a ruse this was managed by the shrewd Catherine. The wedding took place in Paris in 1572 and was the occasion of great gatherings at the capital. There had been certain indications of conciliation among

the factions, and the Huguenots, gratified with the strengthening of their position promised by this union between the royal family and their leader, were well represented at the wedding by Huguenot nobles.

The most impartial historians are unable to entirely account for the dreadful deed that made this marriage festival an occasion never to be forgotten. It would seem that Catherine had resolved to abandon her conciliatory attitude and adopt the stern methods which were being followed by the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, to get rid of the prominent leaders of the "heretics," the theory being that when shorn of their wisest men and especially if intimidated, the people would desert the new faith.

It must be remembered that Catherine de Medici was a daughter of sixteenth century Italy, where the state was conceived as existing for the convenience of rulers, and where the knife of the assassin proved handy when milder methods failed. The welfare of the people was considered only as it led to prosperity and thus to the maintenance of the king's court and the attainment of his wishes. There is no indication that the late Valois rulers considered the matter from any other standpoint.

Catherine now entered into a secret plan with the Duke of Guise for the assassination of Coligny, the most able of the Huguenot leaders. While he sojourned within Paris for the nuptials of the Princess Margaret, it was decided that he should meet his end. At its inception it is believed the plot did not extend further. Four days after the wedding a dastardly attempt on the great general was made by a hired assassin, but his shot merely entered the arm and was not fatal. The Queen-Mother, terrified lest Guise would reveal her part in the design since evidence pointed to him, quickly communicated the whole scheme to her son, Charles IX, and persuaded him to order a general massacre of prominent Huguenots. This is known, from the night on which it fell, as the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*. A few nobles escaped by flight. Most were cut down in cold blood. For some days in August, 1572, Paris was a scene of carnage. The demonstration spread into the provinces and the carnage was fearful. The number who lost their lives

has been variously estimated to be anywhere from ten to fifty thousand.

"The news was an astonishment to the entire world. The attitude of those who heard it varied from bitter indignation to intense joy. . . . Philip of Spain wrote to Catherine that the 'punishment given to the Admiral and his sect was indeed of such value and prudence and of such service, glory and honor to God and universal benefit to all Christendom that to hear of it was for me the best and most cheerful news which at present could come to me.' When the Pope received from his Nuncio a dispatch describing the massacre, he assembled all the cardinals in the palace and read it to them, after which they went to the neighboring church to chant the *Te Deum*. It was ordered that the city should be illuminated for three nights in succession. Later he ordered a medal to be struck in honor of the event and sent to Florence for one of the most distinguished painters of the day to decorate the walls of the Vatican with pictures recording it. The traces of these pictures still remain upon the walls and, in the words of a modern Roman Catholic historian, 'for three centuries they insulted every pontiff who went into the Sistine Chapel.' In the Protestant world the condemnation was instant and overwhelming."²

Queen Elizabeth ordered her court to go into mourning and the French Ambassador wrote to Catherine from Venice: "The plain truth is, that the massacres through all France have so strongly stirred the hearts of those here who are well disposed towards your crown that, although they are all Catholics, they will not listen to any excuse for it and lay the blame for everything that has been done on you."

Incidentally, the bridegroom, somewhat dazed to find himself still alive, invited himself to attend mass. However, when he later found himself safely home again, he resumed his leadership of the Huguenots.

The treachery of this crime—or series of crimes—is its most revolting aspect. In judging it, one must not forget that for generations after heresy was punished by Protestants as well as Catholics by death, the only difference being

what was interpreted to constitute heresy. The result was not, nor could be, what the designing Catherine hoped. Staggered for the moment, the Huguenots reopened the war which was marked by greater atrocities than before.

Without entering into the details of each fresh outbreak between these hostile parties, it suffices to say that presently the unsettled succession to the throne of France intensified the strife and became even more agitated than religion. Charles IX died without issue; his brother, known as Henry III, had no son to inherit his crown. With him the House of Valois came to an end—happily, for war-torn France. Navarre was “the prince next of blood.” Since he was a Huguenot, the Catholics rallied to the support of the Duke of Guise, an extreme Catholic. Leagues were formed, aided by zealous Jesuits, to defend the faith and to insure succession to a Catholic. From possessing the right to worship anywhere in France, except within ten miles of the capital and eligibility to civil offices, the Huguenots were shorn of all rights and at last given a few months in which to dispose of their holdings and leave France. This edict brought Henry of Navarre again into the field, the Guise faction, financed by Spain, against him. Finally, when the Duke of Guise secured control of Paris, Henry III was forced to yield to his demands and for a time they outwardly made common cause, each distrusting the other. Henry III at last resorted to the dagger and Guise was treacherously killed, even as he had put to death the noble Coligny. This crime was atoned presently by the assassination of the king himself, in 1589.

Several years of fighting were necessary before Henry of Navarre, known as Henry IV, first of the House of Bourbon, established his undisputed right to the French throne. Indeed, before this was achieved, he was obliged to espouse the Catholic faith, which he did reluctantly when convinced that otherwise civil strife would continue indefinitely. However, he issued the Edict of Nantes, giving irrevocable freedom of worship to the Huguenots. Even this paved the way for future trouble, for while it accommodated the Calvinists, it made no provision for other Protestant sects. It was hotly resented by the ultra-Catholics but the discern-

ing on both sides regarded it as the only means of preserving the state.

One of the most interesting manifestations during the entire period was the occasional expression of the Third Estates on such occasions as the Estates General were convoked. A growing sense of democracy is to be discerned in its utterances. While the *taille*, or property tax, brought the kings revenues, their foolish extravagances, added to the heavy expense of war, left them continually in a most humiliating financial condition. At times their credit was so poor that they were charged inordinate rates of interest and their requests for loans were frequently refused in Italy. Under such conditions it was imperative to convene the Estates General to obtain special appropriations. The insistent requests of Paris financiers that accountings be given for money already appropriated and their accusations that huge gifts made to favorites had impoverished the country resulted in demands that the financial system be reformed.

Regarding the wanton destruction of this thirty years of civil war Davis says: "Since 1580 alone it was estimated that 800,000 persons had perished by war or its accompaniments, nine cities had been razed, 250 villages burned, and 128,000 houses destroyed. Commerce and industry were of course prostrated, as well as, in many regions, all agriculture. Between the civil wars and the sheer inefficiency of the last three Valois monarchs the royal finances were naturally in terrible disorder. The public debt amounted to the then astonishing sum of about \$60,000,000. This was merely one symptom of the general upheaval."³

A letter written by Catherine three years before her death pictures the deplorable conditions in France: "I don't know whether you are any better off where you are than we are here, because it is the most pitiable spectacle in the memory of man. Besides pestilence, famine and war, there has come a flood which has drowned many persons and an enormous number of cattle, so that all this poor people is crying out for mercy and God makes us see that He wishes by every means to punish us and to force

us to recognize our faults. But it may please Him that we should profit by the lesson to amend our sins so that He may have pity on this poor afflicted realm. And we will give Him the greatest thanks if it may please Him to give us a good and lasting peace; for that is the only method to restore this realm; otherwise I see no way in which it can be saved." And again she wrote: "Heaven, earth and the abyss are all against this poor kingdom and here I do not know what I can hope for. God must be very angry and we very wicked to suffer such great evils and to see no help in escaping them if He does not turn His hand to our help."

It has often been asked how it happened that after such dire exertions to win religious freedom, the Protestant movement came to little in France. For although the Huguenots at one time numbered at least ten per cent, they dropped to less than two per cent after restrictions were removed from them. Added to the continued hostility of the government, Smith calls attention to the tardiness of the movement in France.

"Of causes as well as of men it is true that there is a tide in their affairs which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. . . . Each generation has a different interest; to every era the ideals of that immediately preceding become stale and old-fashioned. . . . Thus it was that the Reformation missed, although it narrowly missed, the propitious moment for conquering France. Enough had been said of it during the reign of Francis to make the people tired of it but not to make them embrace it. . . . The new learning and the beauties of Italian art and literature sapped away the interest of just those intelligent classes whose support was needed to make the triumph of the Reformation complete."⁴

¹Quoted in Vol. I, Van Dyke: *Catherine de Medici*, p. 110.

²Van Dyke: *Catherine de Medici*, II, p. 98.

³Davis: *History of France*.

⁴Smith: *Age of Ref.*, p 231.

GERMANY

1. BEFORE THE RENAISSANCE

BECAUSE of its central position and the fact that its king always bore the imperial title it would be natural to have expected that Germany would have maintained greatest importance in mediæval Europe. Such proved not to be the case. For centuries Germany remained a confederacy of little states. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the well-worn theory of empire proved detrimental to the development of both Italy and Germany. Struggling to give it some semblance of reality, its rulers failed to establish their supremacy at home. In the country feudalism survived as a political factor after it had practically disappeared in Italy, and when in France it had become less important politically than socially.

The reason that prompted the barons to elect Rudolph of Hapsburg, at the close of the Interregnum,^z was the one that decided many subsequent elections: that he appeared to be too weak to jeopardize their power. Yet from the date of his elevation to emperorship, he laid the foundations for the aggrandizement of his house, winning Austria for his son.

After the failure of Henry of Luxemburg^y to come to the succor of Italy, as Dante and many of his generation vainly hoped, imperial claims were given but scant attention in the peninsula, although, to be sure, they were sufficient to precipitate war and foster discord for generations.

The main reasons why emperors remained less powerful than other sovereigns were, in the first place that their resources were usually little greater than those insured by their hereditary possessions. Secondly, having no imperial army, it was necessary to call for levies of troops among

the various princes, who, unless faced by imminent danger, were indifferent to such requests. Efforts to make the empire hereditary had failed. In order to secure election, candidates again and again were pledged to relinquish powers and privileges. So it resulted that, while in theory the emperor was the most powerful of European rulers, in fact he was often one of the weakest.

About the middle of the fourteenth century Charles IV of Bohemia was elected king of Germany, being crowned emperor in Rome in 1355 by legates sent by the pope from Avignon to Rome for this purpose. To him Petrarch appealed, much as Dante had addressed himself to Henry VII, urging him to bring help to the strife-torn towns of Italy. This was a task for which he felt himself unequal. The following year, as a result of the Diet at Nuremberg, he issued the famous *Golden Bull*, the provisions of which remained in force until 1806. His chief object was to prevent a recurrence of two emperors' being chosen in the future by factions among the princes. The electors in the future were to be seven in number, these to rank above all other German princes. Their territories were no longer to be subject to division. Composing the Electoral College were to be the three Archbishops of Mainz, Cologne and Trier; the Duke of Saxony, King of Bohemia, Margrave of Brandenburg and the Duke of Bavaria, who was also Count Palatine. The elections were to take place in Frankfort and the first Diet under each new ruler was to assemble in Nuremberg. The Electors were accorded the right to coin money and from their courts there was to be no appeal.

The Diet as the legislative body of the realm antedated the Golden Bull but its membership was affected by it. Henceforth three colleges were to compose it: the Electors, the great Princes and representatives of the free towns.

Under conditions such as these all hope of unity was destroyed in Germany, which remained until the eighteenth century a collection of many states. On the eve of the Reformation there existed not less than three hundred of these petty provinces, varying from mere castles with their holdings to regions as large as kingdoms. Each of the

great princes conducted his affairs almost as independently as a sovereign.

Charles IV of Bohemia was followed by his eighteen year old son, Wenceslaus, whose early reign was fairly creditable, but his later life was so given over to dissipation that for eight years together he did not even visit Germany. Matters at length reached such a chaotic state that he was deposed and Rupert chosen in his place. His attempt to maintain the dignity of the imperial office was also a failure. At his death in 1410 the world beheld the strange spectacle of three contestants for the imperial crown, while at the same time three popes struggled for the Chair of St. Peter.

All Europe had been affected by the Great Schism. After seventy years exile in Avignon, an attempt had been made to bring the papacy back to Rome. One pope was elected in Italy; another was set up in Avignon. Each tried to overpower the other. The expense of maintaining two Papal Sees bore heavily upon the people, for the burden was doubled. Far worse was it to behold each claimant hurling excommunications at the other until the people were at a loss to know whom to recognize as the true head of the Church. As a matter of fact, the Church never fully recovered from the injury to its prestige which this spectacle occasioned.

Sigismund, younger son of Charles IV, was now elected king of Germany. One of his first acts was to convene the Council of Constance to end the Schism. This famous Council is remembered for its stand on several matters. In the first place, all three popes were required to resign—for a third had been chosen by the earlier Council of Pisa. Martin V was elected and the unseemly strife came to an end. Lest this election might be declared invalid, the Council ruled that church assemblies of this character were more authoritative than popes or prelates and that their decisions were irrevocable.

For some little time there had been much agitation over the teachings of John Huss, a follower of Wyclif. Huss was a Bohemian and taught at the University of Prague. He was fearless in denouncing the corruption of the Church,

denied the power of the pope to absolve from sin by indulgences and claimed that the Bible was the final authority—not churchmen. These views naturally brought him into conflict with the tenets of the age. Sigismund was anxious to end religious strife in the Empire and, because Huss had paid no attention to the excommunication pronounced against him by Pope John XXIII, Sigismund offered him safe conduct if he would appear before the Council of Constance and explain his doctrines. There is no doubt but that the Emperor was sincere in this proposal; however, he himself was not present when Huss arrived and John XXIII caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison, treating him as a criminal. In vain the Emperor protested and explained his promise. The Council ruled that promises to a heretic were invalid. Without giving Huss a chance to speak he was falsely accused of various statements which he had not uttered, he and his books being condemned to be burned. Soon after, Jerome of Prague, a friend of Huss, was also consigned to the flames.

This drastic treatment precipitated a war known as the Bohemian or Hussite war. The Bohemians felt that a saint had been murdered and avenged his death by a struggle that lasted for years. Under the leadership of religious enthusiasts they fought desperately against Germany. At last, in 1433, the war terminated by a compromise—the first to be made by the Church to “heretics.” They were allowed freedom of preaching, the poverty of the clergy, which they demanded, while abuses in the Church were to be reformed.

The brief reign of Albert of Austria, who had married Sigismund’s daughter, was followed by that of Frederick III, whose fifty-three years proved an unhappy time for Germany. Austria interested him much; Germany, but little. Conditions were comparable to those of earlier times wherein central power had been lacking and local power supreme. Leagues were either formed or revived to maintain such order and peace as prevailed; progress was largely impeded.

Thenceforth until 1740 the Hapsburgs were to hold the imperial title, at which time the male line became extinct;

and it will be remembered that before the Austrian Succession was finally settled, all Europe was embroiled in a war that reached even to America.

Maximilian I, son of Frederick III, was elected king of Germany before his father's death. He had married Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, whose possessions were added to those of Austria—with the exception of that considerable part which the French king succeeded in snatching away from her. Maximilian was eager to revive the earlier imperial power. To this end he convened the Diet of Worms in order to procure men and money to fight the French in Italy. However, before the members of the Diet would listen to new demands from the king, the reform party required him to agree to convene the Diet yearly, to establish an imperial court and an advisory council.

The *common penny* was granted him, this combining poll, property and income tax. Matters did not mend, however, and in 1499 the Swiss Cantons wrested themselves free while resisting imposed taxation. Maximilian possessed ability beyond that of his immediate predecessors but he was not successful in correcting glaring wrongs in Germany nor in greatly augmenting imperial power. Hampered by money, his undertakings consequently suffered.

His son, Philip the Handsome, wed Joanne, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Their son was the famous Charles V who wielded greater power and governed more territory than any ruler had done for centuries. King of Spain, lord of the Netherlands and Austria, when elected king of Germany, with its accompanying imperial title, his authority, supported by the wealth of the New World, created a menace in Europe and led to the formation of coalitions for the purpose of maintaining the "balance of power," the bugaboo of statesmen for three centuries.

There was considerable rivalry for the imperial title at this time, Francis I of France, even Henry VIII of England, making overtures to the Electors. It would be quite as true to say that they entered bids for the position, for money was an important factor. As a matter of fact the

ambitions of Francis I only enabled the Electors to exact further concessions from Charles V ere they bestowed the office upon him. His reign was characterized by the outbreak of the Reformation.

²See 356.

³See 356.

2. REVIVAL OF LEARNING

Due to the conditions in Germany, the Renaissance came late. As in France and England the classical revival was delayed a hundred years after it dawned in Italy.

The organization known as *Brethren of the Common Life* had spread into Germany from Utrecht. Its members wished to revert to early Christianity and to imitate the life of Christ.

While in Italy the Rebirth had permeated the land so that its influence was felt by simple workmen, in Germany it exerted its strongest influence in the universities. The people generally were not ready for it, save in the realm of religion. In rural Germany feudalism survived; in the cities, where a certain degree of liberty had been won, the burghers had already experienced the impetus of commerce and had profited by such training as the Hanseatic and similar leagues supplied.

The revival of Greek brought teachers of that language to the German universities. Roelof Huysmann, better known as Agricola, spent years in Italy and returned to teach Greek in Heidelberg. Erasmus said of him: "He was the first to bring to us out of Italy a breath of the New Culture." Erasmus' own writings exercised a profound influence in Germany and paved the way for the Reformation. Johann Reuchlin was one of the early humanists, his effort being not only to make Greek better known but to establish chairs of Hebrew, this being necessary for a complete understanding of the Scriptures. Due to mediæval antipathy for the Jews, narrow prejudices were aroused by Reuchlin's attempt to revive the study of Hebrew. When this resentment became bitter, Erasmus aided him in his argument that, unless distinctly hostile to Christianity, all ancient Hebrew writings should be preserved—not burned as the Dominicans demanded.

Out of Germany was to come a great boon for learning, without which it is impossible to imagine how literature could have become the possession of people generally. The invention of movable type is ascribed to Gutenberg, born in Mainz in 1400, and supposed to have perfected his invention before 1450.

It is commonly stated that Gutenberg invented printing, which is a misstatement of the case. To make imprints on surfaces by means of pressing blocks of wood or other material upon them had been known to the Chinese before the Christian era. To them also is attributed the manufacture of paper, without which printing could not have been extensively carried on. Using the fiber of cotton and linen, they prepared surfaces to serve the purpose that had been filled by papyrus in Egypt and parchment in Europe. The knowledge of paper-making was brought into Syria in the eighth century and by the twelfth it was known to the Eastern Empire. The Moors in Spain and in Sicily were first to make it in Europe. Wool being plentiful in Western Europe, it was employed in the place of cotton or flax.

The first books to be printed in Europe were made by impressing blocks of wood upon the pages. Usually an illustration filled much of the space, with a few words beneath it. Both letters and design were carved in relief. By inking the block and pressing it against the paper, the page received the impression of the cut. However, it is plain that little progress could be made by such a laborious method. Even if time and labor were of slight consideration, it would be manifestly impossible to prepare such blocks for an entire book.

Some have disputed Gutenberg's claim to the invention of movable type. However, when the five hundredth anniversary of his birthday was celebrated throughout the civilized world in 1900, great effort was made to determine this and the investigation then undertaken enhanced rather than diminished his claim to renown. Not many years ago the first Latin Bible printed on his little press was sold for the sum of \$50,000. Those today who watch typesetters slowly setting up copy by hand—little done now in this age of perfected linotype machines—can scarcely imagine

what a boon those tiny types were in the fifteenth century.

Gutenberg established his press in Mainz. Some years later when this commercial city was captured, its printers scattered to various towns and soon after presses sprang up in Strassburg, Cologne, Nuremberg and numerous other places. Knowledge of the art of printing was carried into Italy and France by Germans.

"In those days before patents the new invention spread with wonderful rapidity, reaching Italy in 1465, Paris in 1470, London in 1480, Stockholm in 1482, Constantinople in 1487, Lisbon in 1490, and Madrid in 1499. Only a few backward countries of Europe remained without a press. By the year 1500 the names of more than one thousand printers are known, and the titles of about 30,000 printed works. Assuming that the editions were small, averaging 300 copies, there would have been in Europe by 1500 about 9,000,000 books, as against the few score thousand manuscripts that lately had held all the precious lore of time."¹

The early printers were generally scholars who translated the works they turned off from their presses. In central Europe, Basel became the center of bookmaking and book trade. Here Froben, who graduated at the University of Basel, met Auerbach, who had already established his press. Froben began publishing books in 1491, employing Hans Holbein to illustrate them. Most of Erasmus' works were printed by him, although his earliest writings were taken to Italy and done on the Aldine Press in Venice. Thomas Caxton started his famous printing press in Westminster and personally translated the books that he printed from French into English. In France the first presses were established in connection with the university. Well might the satirist say that now "heaven and hell must reveal their secrets." No longer could the people be kept in ignorance of what the Bible actually said; no more could learning be the possession of the favored few. The prophecy of Lorenzo de Medici that within a century the poorest peasant would be able to own works then the pride of princes was quickly fulfilled.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this innovation. Before this time, regardless of the curi-

osity prompting many to study, the cost of preparing parchment and of inscribing by hand manuscripts owned by some monastery or university library, made it practically impossible for any but the wealthy to accumulate books. Besides, due to errors in transcribing that were bound to creep in, scarcely two identical copies of a work were extant. Now all this was changed. It is surprising in view of the cost of books today, to see how moderate was the charge made for these early volumes. The demand was enormous and the presses multiplied rapidly.

In these days when every home possesses at least a few books, and many an obscure workman has a library larger than that of mediæval university or monastery, we are likely to forget the wonderful advance made possible by this invention of Johann Gutenberg. It was even more remarkable than the wireless and radio which have worked such transformations in the twentieth century.

¹ Smith: *Age of the Reformation*, p. 9.

3. THE REFORMATION

Beyond question the Revival of Learning and the invention of printing paved the way for the Reformation. The Rebirth was the cause; the Reformation the result. The first gave men a new way of looking at life; the second came as a consequence of their new attitude.

It has well been said that every great revolt has had many important indirect causes, and a simple, trivial, direct cause. The Reformation was no exception to the rule. What is today termed *graft* was even more common in the Middle Ages than it is now. Political offices and church benefices were obtained in exchange for money payments. Preferment of all kinds resulted from bargains made frankly and without attempt at concealment. The French king made an agreement with the papacy by which he was to have the right to appoint churchmen within his realm, he, on the other hand, to permit moneys to flow steadily from France to Rome. It is not strange that the men thus appointed to ecclesiastical positions exemplified the same faults and failings as their contemporaries in

secular offices. Popes and poets, story-tellers and scholars, writers of any and all conditions deplored the spectacle of a Universal Church disgraced by simony—the mediæval word for *graft*. Further, the vow of celibacy which the ecclesiastical system imposed upon the priesthood often proved difficult to keep. Pope Pius V was entirely right in saying that men observed the manner of life followed by priests far more than they heeded what was said by them. As a result there was an amazing chasm between the pretensions of the Church and the lives of its ecclesiastics.

The Brethren of the Common Life had incurred the displeasure of churchmen because its standards amounted to a silent protest against their way of living. Its members lived in the simplicity which the Church commended but had largely abandoned, except in its underpaid parish priests. A similar contrast, it will be remembered, had been resented when St. Francis organized his poor working friars into the Franciscan Order.

Scholars had shown that the Vulgate contained many errors; they had corrected statements made by St. Augustine. They had placed the Bible in the hands of the people and it had been shown that nowhere had Christ insisted on fasts or vestments or ritual. Nowhere were men commanded to worship saints. The simple teachings of the Christian religion contrasted strangely with the elaborate system which the Middle Ages had evolved. It was difficult to find support for the theory that salvation depended upon strict observance of the sacraments, or that remission of sin could be purchased in the form of indulgences and pardons.

Erasmus had daringly shown that saint-worship had been developed to fill the place of ancient polytheism. In his *Praise of Folly* he satirized the superstitions and anachisms of the age.

The Reformation was bound to come; it had been anticipated by the teachings of Huss in Bohemia; by Wyclif in England. However, the revolt that occurred in the early reign of Charles V grew directly out of the sale of indulgences.

It will be remembered that the mediæval Church

promised salvation to those who took the cross to go to fight the infidel, at the outbreak of the Crusades. Later, similar indulgences were granted those who made pilgrimages to shrines or engaged in certain other undertakings, such, for example, as the movement to crush the Albigenses. The sale of indulgences had proved so lucrative that it was finally carried on in an efficient manner through the agency of banks, which were allowed their commission for their part in the financial arrangement, the same amount usually being allowed the ruler in whose domains the sale was conducted. About fifty per cent of money so obtained ordinarily reached Rome, to be expended for church building and for other expenses of the Curia. It is apparent that the method employed was similar to that of today when large sums are required for charity or other benevolent purposes, the expenses usually amounting to about one-half the amount contributed, the other half going into the coffers of the organization in question. It was not the system that was criticized nor would such a movement have aroused antagonism in all probability had it been conducted as a *drive* to raise money for some legitimate object. Such a modern method had probably never been thought of. Instead, indulgences were given those who contributed, and it was claimed that these absolved them from sins. Such a theory of persuading people to contribute funds to laudable objects is not wholly unlike the modern way of employing ill-gotten gains for charity, for the founding of libraries, the endowment of educational institutions, and so on. There is still a notion prevalent that misdeeds can in some measure be atoned for by using at least a portion of the gain for public purposes.

However those who proclaimed these drives—to employ a familiar term—may have conceived them, and regardless of the theory that the end justifies the means, the manner in which they were conducted offended and shocked the more discerning. The ignorant accepted them as they accepted the efficacy of relics, it being believed that to touch these would restore health. Erasmus had these prevalent notions in mind when he wrote that there was enough wood from the true cross in existence to construct a ship. Those

who believed most fervently in the virtue of relics neither heard nor would have understood his satire.

It so happened that an archbishopric was vacant and the candidate for it was asked to donate a sum approximating several hundred thousand dollars of our money. Not knowing how to procure it, a sale of indulgences was proclaimed. Tetzel, a Dominican monk, skilled in handling such matters, was given charge of this drive in his province. Probably no one in Rome authorized Tetzel to use such persuasive arguments as he employed. He told those who flocked around him that the moment the coin touched his box, the soul of a deceased relative would spring out of Purgatory. The Elector of Saxony refused to allow him in his territory but Wittenberg lay near the border. Luther, a teacher at the Wittenberg University, was indignant at Tetzel's imposition upon the credulous and, following a mediæval custom of challenging others to a debate, nailed upon the door of the church at Wittenberg his ninety-five theses, or points upon which he was willing to discuss the validity of indulgences. When he thus challenged churchmen to argue the matter with him he believed that Tetzel had overstepped any bounds which the Church permitted and expected that his attitude would be upheld by Rome. On the contrary, his act was bitterly resented. The sale of indulgences had proved highly remunerative. Leo X sat in the Chair at St. Peter and it will be remembered that he was Giovanni de Medici, descended from a line of bankers. His need of money was unending and he did not intend to see a lucrative source cut off. Luther was summoned to appear in Augsburg to explain his position to a papal legate. Maximilian, then advanced in years, promised the pope to aid him in suppressing this matter. However, the legate proved ill adapted to the case in hand and at his heated command that Luther recant, the latter refused to do so. The next year Eck, well versed in canon law, engaged in debate with Luther regarding his ninety-five theses, and skillfully inveigled him into admitting that in his opinion Church Councils might err and, as a matter of fact, had done so; that Huss and Wyclif had advocated much truth and that the Bible rather than the pope was the final authority. This

marked him for a heretic. When Luther publicly burned the bull excommunicating him, public feeling in Germany ran high for he seemed to voice sentiments that many had felt but had been unable to express.

Charles V, a young man twenty-one years of age, met with the Diet of Worms in 1521. He was eager for appropriations of men and money to wage war against France. Promising the Elector of Saxony safe conduct for Luther, Charles summoned the latter before the Diet to state his beliefs. When he refused to recant, he was allowed to depart but after the period of his safe conduct was over, he was declared a heretic. The Elector of Saxony concealed him in one of his castles, thus saving his life. Luther improved the period of his incarceration by translating the Bible into German.

Charles V disliked all resistance to authority and pledged himself to crush out heretical doctrines in his empire. Nevertheless, when he left Germany after this convocation at Worms he was absent for years, wars with France and the danger of the Turks demanding his attention. The Catholics pressed the authorities to carry out the Edict of Worms but the sympathy of the people was so generally with Luther that this was impossible. To have attempted it would have been to plunge the country into civil war. At a time when Charles V needed the support of Lutherans as well as Catholics this was not to be tolerated.

Meanwhile his debates and the necessity put upon him to state his views in writing had clarified Luther's ideas. He found it necessary to break absolutely with the Church. His one statement that "every baptized Christian is a priest," alone made that necessary. In 1530, when the Emperor could again take personal cognizance of the religious agitation in his realm, the matter was compromised and the Lutherans were permitted to worship independently. Luther died in 1546, and the short war that occurred directly after his death—the Schmalkaldic war—was quite as much a political as a religious struggle. Indeed, some deny that it was a religious war. By the Peace of Augsburg, 1555, Lutherans were granted freedom of worship;

each prince was free to decide whether he would espouse Lutheranism or Catholicism; should a Catholic prince renounce his faith for the new one, he lost his territory. Subjects must follow the faith of the prince or migrate to another province where Lutheranism was established.

This peace only begged the question and postponed the struggle which came half a century later in the form of the Thirty Years' War. However, for the time Germany was spared the desolation of civil strife.

Viewed in one way, Luther was admirably courageous. At the risk of life he stood firmly by his convictions, saying humbly "*Ich kann nicht anders.*" On the long pathway of human progress, his was an important step. However, in view of the marked liberation of religious thought during the last fifty years, it is plain that this was but the beginning of still greater advance. Early Protestantism did not mean release from dogma; one dogma was substituted for another. For the infallibility of the pope was substituted the infallibility of a Book. Claiming "justification by faith alone," Luther was as afraid of reason as Bernard of Clairvaux had been.

"Nor did the Reformation directly encourage the growth of the spirit of toleration. The reformers might talk as loudly as they liked about the right of private judgment, but private judgment for them meant their own private judgment only. As intolerant as the most rancorous zealots of the older Church, they 'upheld the right of private judgment while they burned those whose judgment differed from their own.' The freedom they vigorously claimed for themselves they just as vigorously denied to others. They thus practically assumed an intellectual dictatorship as uncompromising as that of Rome, for their infallible Bible necessarily meant nothing more or less than their own infallible interpretation of the Bible. . . .

"Finally, Protestantism did little for the cause of general enlightenment. It was, indeed, in many ways unfavorable to it. It is a striking fact that the completion of the Reformation was followed all over Europe by a marked increase in the belief in sorcery and the persecution of witches. . . . In Germany, in particular, Luther's revolt was

in part responsible for a general back-set in culture, and for the long failure of that country to keep peace with other leading European nations.”¹

Whereas in Germany of 1570 the Protestants numbered about seventy per cent of the population, by 1600 they had dropped to about fifty-six per cent and in 1900 the proportion was no greater. After the dawn of the seventeenth century, due to the energetic efforts made within the Catholic Church to free itself from abuses, the causes for dissatisfaction on the part of its communicants were largely removed. Comparatively few people ever find their places in religious bodies as the result of deliberately weighing creed against creed or by careful analysis of their tenets. Birth and early surroundings ordinarily determine the matter.

It is not entirely easy to estimate the work of Luther. Beyond any question it was fraught with importance for the future. It was farthest from his thoughts to become a reformer. Circumstances forced him from the seclusion of a cloister into the tempestuous world to become a leader of the people. His followers regarded him as inspired by the Spirit; his opponents, as inspired by the devil. He brought Christianity from the realm of learning and placed it in the hands of the people. Evangelism was to be the child of his movement, making of religion something emotional rather than intellectual. Erasmus recoiled from the thought, saying: “They make an intellectual desert and call it religious peace.”

Yet, while it is a simple matter, four hundred years later, to point out the shortcomings of early Protestantism, it would be impossible to trace democracy from the Sermon on the Mount to the Declaration of Emancipation without including the part played by Martin Luther. To speak his name is still equivalent to raising a red flag in the eyes of many, but when another four hundred years shall have passed and men can scan without heat the transactions of long ago, it will be plain that every extreme brings a corresponding reaction; at one swing of the pendulum we see Lucretia Borgia entrusted by her father with the papal seal and meeting, during his absence from Rome, with the

Consistory of Cardinals; at the other, Luther posting his ninety-five theses. On one extreme Julius II adopts the first name of Caesar and, like him, leads his army into the field; on the other, people make a poor monk's journey from Wittenberg to Worms a triumphal progress: for he has braved the flames to proclaim each man an interpreter of Christianity; the Bible, the ultimate authority, and has taught salvation by faith, not by sacraments or pardons.

¹ Hudson: *Renaissance*, p. 124.

y Henry VII.

ENGLAND

1. RETARDED DEVELOPMENT

WE have already seen that constitutional government was won in England in the thirteenth century by the granting of the Magna Carta under John,^x in 1215, and the establishment of a representative Parliament before the expiration of the century.^y Trial by jury and the Habeas Corpus act gave rights to the English which were not to be won in France or Germany for hundreds of years.

Nevertheless, the development of the nation, which had given such early promise, was greatly retarded by useless wars with France which extended over a century, known for convenience as the Hundred Years' War. These made a heavy drain upon the country. Certain constructive purposes they doubtless served; the people exulted in the triumphs at Crécy and Poitiers and, considerably later, at Agincourt. The sturdy yeomen with their long-bows gained well merited recognition. Pride was stimulated by the thought of empire, and factions united, at the outset at least, by the call to rally under the king's standards in France. The Prince of Wales, known as the Black Prince, was a worthy aid to his father, Edward III, in prosecuting the struggle for aggrandizement. Yet in course of time the burden of taxation caused much dissatisfaction on the part of the common people.

The most unfortunate bequest left to his kingdom by Edward III was his numerous sons. The heir apparent, the Black Prince, died before him, having lost his health as a consequence of his campaign in Spain. His son, Richard II, was but a young boy; however, his succession to the throne was unquestioned. Other sons of Edward III, uncles of the ten year old king, had families of their own for whom they were ambitious. There was Lionel, Duke of Clarence; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; Edmund, Duke of York; and

Thomas, Duke of Gloucester. Small wonder was it that nearly half a century was consumed in feuds among these families, around whom the lords of the land arrayed themselves.

Richard II was unfortunate from the beginning. He reaped discords from the late years of his grandfather's reign, for these were clouded by incapacity and favoritism. However, the industrial situation was such that trouble was inevitable until the old feudal ties should become extinct. Some of the villeins had won their freedom and could remit their obligations in the form of rentals; others were still obliged to discharge the old feudal service to the nobility. The expense of prosecuting foreign wars together with mismanagement at home brought endless burdens and repeated calls for troops. The hated poll tax, that has always provoked trouble, led to the Peasants Revolt in 1380 but with this grievance others became associated in the minds of the peasants who began to burn and pillage. The situation was that a poll tax, graduated to meet the means of citizens, had been imposed in 1379. This proving insufficient, a uniform poll tax was placed upon all adults of the realm the following year. The poor people made false returns, protesting that the number in their families was smaller than in reality it was, the result being that several hundred thousand people known to have existed the year previous seemed to have dropped out of existence. Officers were sent out to check up the returns and this proved the last straw. Wat Tyler led a motley army of excited peasants to London, while throughout England the oppressed began to set fire to manors and despoil the nobility. Richard II at this time was but fourteen years of age, yet his courage in riding up to the rebels, after their leader had been struck down by the Mayor of London, won their confidence. Their simplicity ill prepared them for his duplicity, for as quickly as the London forces were rallied, he renounced all reforms he had promised under such an exigency. The peasants had asked that feudal ties be dissolved and they be permitted to pay rentals rather than personal service—a very reasonable request as they viewed it, but insupportable to a large nobility who wished them to continue to cultivate their large estates.

The leaders of the revolt were hanged and the peasants in the country put down with much severity.

The abuses under Richard II became so distasteful to the people generally that when Henry, son of John of Gaunt, raised an army during the king's visit to Ireland and seized the capital, the country rallied to his support. Richard was forced to abdicate, was confined in the Tower and later died there—whether murdered or starved has never been determined. Henry IV agreed to govern with ministers either appointed or approved by Parliament and his right to the throne, if subject to doubt, was passed over. His son, Henry V, became the idol of the nation. Young, athletic, determined to push the war in France to a successful issue, his popularity exceeded anything known since the early days of Edward III and the devotion paid later to the Black Prince. There were those who disapproved of the costly war, so inseparable from heavy taxation, but their mild protest was little regarded.

The death of Henry V brought a babe of nine months to the throne, to be known as Henry VI. His mother was Katherine, daughter of Charles VI, the mad king of France. As he grew into manhood he himself became subject to such periods of clouded mentality as had beset his French grandfather. He married Margaret of Anjou, but for seven years no heir appeared. This allowed the question of legitimate succession to be again raised. It so happened that a daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, had wedded Richard, son of Edmund, Duke of Cambridge. Their son was Richard, Duke of York, who actually possessed the strongest hereditary right to the English crown. He raised an army against Henry VI and was slain, but his son, Edward IV, seized the government, while Henry VI, his wife and infant son fled into Scotland.

This genealogy is indisputably tiresome but it alone explains the Wars of the Roses. Other factors entered into them, beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, reduced to its simplest form, this struggle, which lasted the better part of half a century, resulted from rivalry of the two most powerful houses, Lancaster and York, for the throne. A white rose had long been the emblem of the House of York and its

opponents now adopted a red rose as their insignia. Apart from these heraldic flowers and the illusory name *Wars of the Roses* there was nothing at all poetical about the bloody and sordid strife which followed. It was suicidal for the nobles, who, as has often been said, "died by their own hand." To future kings and to the people their extinction unquestionably brought relief. Richard III seized the throne after the passing of Edward IV, probably murdering with his own hand Edward's two boys in the Tower. Finally the shifting of advantage and disadvantage between the north of England, which was largely Lancastrian, and the south, which was predominantly Yorkish, terminated in a marriage between Henry VII of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York, establishing a new dynasty, the House of Tudor.

Unfortunately lessons had been taught by this period that boded ill for the future. Kings had learned that a long-suffering country would endure much before it would risk the greater injury of open war; it had been shown that it was possible to rule without Parliament for years together. Thus the way was made for future despotism.

With the passing of feudalism great changes came to the social order. The leasing of great tracts of land by the wealthy crowded out the small farmer. As a result we find the rise of a proletariat in England. Throngs of people out of work flocked to the cities—especially to London. The punishment for crimes was extremely severe and hangmen were kept busy. As in all cases of change from one economic basis to another, years passed before the injuries so wrought could be rectified.

Colonization in the New World was soon to open the way for an overcrowded population to find a necessary outlet. The New World which, to the grief of Columbus, impeded the way to the East, was to prove a boon to that large class of industrious but uninitiative class of laborers who found the industrial transformation too much to cope with.

^x See 361.

^y In 1265 and 1295.

2. THE REVIVAL

The farther away from Italy one looks, the smaller does the Rebirth appear to loom. The Teutonic peoples lack that ability so conspicuous among those of Latin extraction to ignite quickly under the stimulus of new ideas. It is quite as true that a more even temperament is conducive to sobriety and fewer excesses. The glad springtime that had dawned in Italy in the first years of the fourteenth century had by the sixteenth sunk into a decline that was marked by a moral corruption comparable only to the social state in the late Roman empire. Or is it truer to say that by the sixteenth century those glaring vices that had been apparent from the early Rebirth had eaten their way into the social fiber until society in Italy was rotten to the core?

Wars at home and abroad retarded the growth of culture in England. The Renaissance was felt mainly in education, bearing fruit around the universities. Chaucer's journeys to Italy in the fourteenth century had given him a glimpse of the Revival which had already transformed thought in the peninsula and this was reflected in his poems. However, it was premature and did not bring any marked change to the country as a whole. The following century found several Englishmen in Italy, the first scholar of note to become permeated with the new learning being William Tilley, often called Selling, from the village whence he came. His nephew Linacre, with his associates, Grocyn and Latimer, all spent some time with noted teachers of Greek in Florence and Padua, coming back to teach the language in Oxford. Erasmus, who visited England at this time, as well as Thomas More and John Colet came under the influence of their teaching. The Dutch scholar was so gratified with the opportunities afforded by the University of Oxford at this time that he said he went to Italy only for the pleasure of seeing the famous country, since England afforded excellent chances for the student.

Cambridge was slower to establish a chair of Greek but after doing so, made rapid strides and soon equalled her older sister in her devotion to the classics.

Since the life of Thomas More is considered elsewhere

in connection with his best known writing, *Utopia*, it will suffice to note the part taken by Colet, his contemporary and friend, in the Revival. Colet was born in 1467, being forty-eight at his death. After studying at Oxford he went to Italy but his serious nature found little to which he responded in the brilliant but immoral atmosphere of the Italian cities. The preaching of Savonarola made the greatest impression upon him. He burned to apply the new learning to the service of religion. Upon his return to England he lectured at Oxford and upon receiving his inheritance, used it to establish St. Paul's Grammar School. It is interesting to know that this was the first school founded in England with the avowed purpose of treating children kindly and not depending upon the rod to impart mental training. He provided that at his death a Mercers Company of London should become its trustees, thus distinguishing it in another way, as being the first secular school in the realm.

Colet offered a free course of lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul and departed wholly from the usual method of his time in discoursing upon them. Far from the scholastic way of indulging in hairsplitting logic, he discussed the work of Paul as moderns might treat it, as something that might easily be understood by all and shrouded in no mystery or complexity.

More's work was pre-eminently in the field of letters.

The Revival in England is inseparably associated with the establishment of new schools, with the establishment of departments of Greek in the universities and the appearance of scholars influenced by the new thought. There is an absence of that infusion of transformed thinking among all classes that manifested in even the crafts of Reborn Italy.

In the field of letters, the debt of the English to France was much greater than to Italy. Before he went to Italy, Chaucer had been in France and had drunk deep from Lorrain and the *Roman de la Rose*. As is noted elsewhere, for generations the language of Norman France was the literary language of England, consequently writings from the continent were popular here. The majority of early English writings show distinct influence of the French. In

the late Renaissance, the essays of Montaigne gave the essay form to Bacon, which he was quick to adopt as his own.

3. RELIGION

If it is natural to connect the Renaissance and Reformation as these movements manifested in Germany, or, as we have seen, if a changed point of view inaugurated both as phases of the same movement, this is not so apparent in England. Any discussion of the religious reform here must start with the work of Wyclif. The condition within the Church had been made unmistakably plain by the humorous sallies of Chaucer and the deep indignation of Langland. Wyclif's stand was that which a man of simple piety might easily take. He maintained that the clergy had received their lands and offices in trust; that when they neglected their duty, which was to shepherd their flocks and teach the Christ-life, they forfeited their holdings, which he continued, should be confiscated and divided among the people.

His tireless denunciation of ecclesiastical abuses and of secular officers under cover of the Church, won him the enmity of those whose welfare was bound up in the established order. He was finally deprived of the right to preach, whereupon he withdrew into obscurity and translated the Bible into the language of the people. For a wonder he was not tried for heresy and died a natural death.

The separation of the church in England from Rome had a trivial direct cause and far-reaching indirect causes. One must look back to those days wherein Englishmen were fighting for dominion in France, while the papacy was in exile in Avignon. The soldiers had a popular song containing the line: "If the pope is French, God is English." This is highly revealing as to the prevailing sentiment of the people. Impartial historians today, surveying the records of centuries past and gone, may decide that, generally speaking, there was little basis for the common belief that the papacy in exile in Avignon was under the influence of French kings. To the English of the time that was as little believed as its impartiality would have been had the Holy

See during the late war had residence in Germany. Then followed the Schism and the disillusionizing spectacle of three popes hurling condemnations at one another.

Finally, under the reign of Henry VIII the question of divorce arose in England. The king had married his brother's widow. This being against the canon law, a dispensation had been necessary. This had been readily granted, and Henry VIII espoused Katherine of Aragon. Many were the complications later to arise. Queen Katherine was the aunt of Charles V, who resented Henry's thought of setting her aside. On the other hand, the king saw his children die in infancy, only little Mary, a frail child surviving. Not to have an heir meant probability of civil war over the succession. Henry VIII began to believe that the death of his children indicated divine displeasure because he had married the widow of his brother Arthur, who had survived his marriage with Katherine but five months.

Henry's infatuation for Anne Boleyn has often been given more weight than is perhaps due. Kings of the age had as many mistresses as they wished but legitimate sons were essential to succession.

Henry instructed his minister, Wolsey, to procure a divorce from the pope, but Clement VII, whose scruples did not ordinarily interfere with his policy, was tied hand and foot since the army of Charles V occupied Rome. To offend him by aiding Henry to divorce his aunt was out of the question. So he offered Henry everything else. The result was that the king, who had manipulated matters so that he now had a Parliament to concur in his wishes, passed an enactment whereby the king of England was acknowledged not only head of the state but of the church as well. Further, bishops were henceforth to be appointed by the king, nor could they appeal to the Holy See; instead, the Archbishop of Canterbury became the highest official of the English church.

Wolsey's failure to secure the papal sanction for the divorce was largely instrumental in bringing about his downfall. Thomas Cromwell soon followed as Chancellor. He looked with disfavor upon the monasteries scattered through the land, these still forming a tie with Rome. The

activities that had characterized them in earlier centuries were no longer carried on to any such extent. The lives of the monks were often subject to reproach and it was easy to find excuses to dissolve the orders and confiscate their lands, the more since the common people had been greatly influenced by the teachings of Wyclif and his followers.

This was as far as the king cared to go in religious reform but the people demanded a simplification of church ceremony, an elimination of prayers for the dead, of the burning of candles before the shrines of the saints and discontinuance of the mass, all of which was accomplished during this reign.

Henry VIII's only son succeeded as Edward VI, who lived but a short time after his coronation. Thereupon Mary, only daughter of Katherine of Aragon, followed. She was a devout Catholic and spent her life in attempting to undo the work of her father. She dreamed of restoring England to Rome and, to strengthen her position, was married to Philip of Spain, who hoped through the alliance to gain aid against France. Persecutions of leading Protestants continued throughout her reign, some three hundred being put to death. This reaction was of comparatively short duration. Elizabeth ascended the throne upon the death of her half-sister and thenceforth England has been predominantly Protestant.

While it is true that the Reformation in England was a result of the Renaissance, it came about indirectly. The teachings of Luther, of Calvin and Zwingli crept in from surrounding lands. Wyclif's Bible was laboriously copied by hand and distributed secretly among his adherents in those years wherein copies of it were subject to seizure. Although the relentless pursuit of Protestants under "Bloody Mary" and the subsequent harrying of Catholics made religious persecution familiar, yet the struggle between the two factions never became so intense and bitter as in France or Germany. Criticism has often been made of the way in which the nation accommodated itself to the crown under Mary and Elizabeth but the Wars of the Roses had taught the people that temporary inconvenience and self-sacrifice

were preferable to open battle, dividing country, city and family. It is safe to say that the separation from Rome, establishment of the English Church, with the Catholic reaction under Mary and the subsequent harshness displayed toward them by the Protestants did not cause nearly so much suffering as the Puritanistic, the extreme Protestant movement which was to come later.

SWITZERLAND

DUE to its incomparable scenery, Switzerland is beloved of travellers. In spite of its diminutive size, only about half as large as Ireland, its population is composite, speaking three languages and several dialects.

In antiquity the Lake-dwellers, whom we found to have once inhabited northern Italy,^z dwelt around the Alpine lakes. They belong to archæology rather than history, properly so-called. During centuries when the Celts extended their sway across the continent of Europe, they penetrated this region here, known in Cæsar's time as the Helvetians. In his *Commentaries* the great conqueror of Gaul explains that this nation to the number of about 368,000 had lately set out on the march for new lands when he intercepted them, offered battle and conquered them. Many of the men were either killed or taken into slavery. The rest, together with the women and children, were sent back to Helvetia where the tribe for many years constituted a buffer state between Gaul and Germania. During the Roman Empire they became largely Latinized. Remains of Roman temples and amphitheatres are still to be found on the sites of Roman garrisons.

The wanderings of the nations brought the Alemanni, from the plains of Prussia, and the Burgundians to this Alpine country. To this day the wooden houses of the northern Swiss reflect the forests whence came these Teutons.

"Why have the dwellers in the Alps such a preference for wooden houses? There is plenty of wood to be had in the Alps, it is true; but there is also assuredly plenty of stone to be had. The explanation is that the Alemanni, living in forests, naturally built their houses of wood; they carried the practice with them into Alpine regions, and, being an intensely conservative folk, never abandoned it."¹

The Burgundians settled in the western portion of what is now Switzerland, where French is spoken today. Here

the Huns fought against them in 436 and defeated them—the event being referred to in the Nibelungen story. Then the Franks under Clovis conquered the Alemanni in 496; the Burgundians in 532. Christianity was brought to these forest children by followers of Columba, from Ireland.

The first indications of those divisions which were later to play a part under the feudal system were to be seen in the ecclesiastical organization put over Charlemagne's empire, of which this territory was a part. His whole empire was divided into counties, a governor being set over each. With his sound sense and excellent judgment, Charlemagne permitted each people to be governed by the laws with which it was already familiar.

The Alemanni had been accustomed to that freedom which Tacitus described in his *Germania*. The fighting men assembled to share in the plans for campaigns and indeed their leader was merely the bravest man. The habit of meeting in assemblies was continued by them in their new home and in these meetings freedom was fostered, at a far-off time to flower into the Swiss Republic. Until the age of Charlemagne this had been wholly an agricultural and cattle-raising country. Now villas, which later developed into towns and cities, had their beginnings: at first mere settlements of artisans who made the few necessities required by such simple folk.

By the tenth century what had once been Helvetia fell into various parts: the west was known as Burgundy; it was independent save for its somewhat vague and indefinite adhesion to the Empire. Alemanni was a fief held of the German king; the eastern portion was part of Swabia. So far no evidence of a single country with definite boundaries was discernible.

The feudal period found this region wholly decentralized, local barons wielding such authority as was known below the Empire, always remote and of slight concern to the people. Here, as everywhere in Europe, the common people fared badly or worse, according to the temperament and enlightenment of the lords who ruled over them. Generally speaking, the peasants on ecclesiastical fiefs had the best of it, because the policy of administration was not subject

to such abrupt changes as one secular master after another often entailed.

Even in feudal times there persisted little groups of men, in the country or in villages, who served no over-lord save the Emperor. They were known as the "Emperor's men" and the imperial freedom which they enjoyed made them envied by those hampered by feudal ties. The twelfth century witnessed the rise of the free imperial cities, such as we have seen springing up in Germany and Italy; in the thirteenth, the fierce struggle between Guelfs and Ghibelines reached even to these somewhat isolated regions, the imperial towns being favored by the Emperor, while papal power was felt effectively in the seats of bishoprics and in monastic cities. Zürich, Basel and Berne joined the League of the Rhine, which held a place in south Germany comparable to the Hanseatic League in the north. It is interesting to find that a local league was formed of imperial towns: Berne, Freidberg, Morat and Lucerne, the members calling themselves *Eidgenossen*—*sworn comrades* or *confederates*.

The last years of the thirteenth century witnessed the Compact of the three Cantons, Uri, Underwalden, and Schwyz—whence comes the word Switzerland. Readers of Schiller's beautiful play *Wilhelm Tell* remember the tale as he recounted it: how the Hapsburgs sought to repress the liberties of these mountaineers, sending the over-bearing Gessler as a bailiff to act in the capacity of local administrator; how his rapacity and cruelty so aroused the people that they took an oath to stand together; how the tyrant compelled Tell to shoot an apple from the head of his own son. Late years with their relentless searchings and unsentimental investigations have relegated the story of Wilhelm Tell to the realm of legend; nevertheless, there are still many in the liberty-loving cantons who believe it; and, true or false, the characteristics of the people are made plain in the story, familiar to music lovers in the opera *Wilhelm Tell*. Regardless of whether Gessler or Tell ever lived, certain it is that the brave mountaineers struggled for two centuries to maintain their freedom against the House of Hapsburg, determined to subdue them. Also there is no question of the

compact made in 1291, men of three cantons secretly pledging to support one another against undue oppression.

“The league that was thus formed on the 1st of August, 1291, was the foundation of Swiss nationality. It was not the first compact between inhabitants of Swiss territory. But unlike the leagues between the cities, which were German or Burgundian, it had a distinctive character; it was formed by men who belonged to the mountains, and had the qualities native to the soil on which they dwelt; it was Swiss. With this nucleus of the three cantons the people of the surrounding mountains and plains gradually coalesced, each group preserving its own individuality as the three cantons did, but each yielding up a part of its freedom for the sake of all. The Confederation of 1291 was not only the beginning of Swiss nationality, but the key to it.”²

It is unnecessary here to follow step by step the progress of events that marked this protracted effort to resist the Hapsburgs—over-lords of part of this district because of their claim to Austria, having also imperial claims whenever they could secure the kingship of Germany. In 1315 Leopold of Austria set out at the head of an army to reduce these men of the Forest Cantons to submission. Utterly unaware of the caliber of those he opposed, he led his heavily armed men along a mountain trail, only to have the sturdy mountaineers hurl boulders down upon them from heights above, routing those who were not thrown down to their destruction. After this success at *Morgarten*, other cantons made haste to be received into the Confederacy. Similar defeat befell those who later attempted to contend with the Swiss on their own ground. Finally the Hapsburgs gave up the futile undertaking and ultimately relinquished all claims over those tireless upholders of liberty.

The next danger to call forth all their united determination was the attempt of Charles the Bold to establish a kingdom between France and Germany. It will be remembered that Burgundy profited by the Hundred Years' War and not only grew but prospered. Since the eastern portion of the territory he coveted was held by the Swiss, Charles sought to make them a part of his projected kingdom, perishing in his vain attempt.

Finally, Maximilian received the imperial crown flushed with hope of reviving ancient imperial glory. His call upon the Swiss for money and men met with a refusal, whereupon he fitted out an army to march against them, for, he said, "the honor of our faith, of our empire and of the German nation requires that these rebels be chastised." We have already found that this ended triumphantly for the cantons since they defeated the forces sent against them and won practical freedom in 1499, although this was not formally acknowledged until 1648.

So far as the effect of the Renaissance in Switzerland, much as in Germany it made itself felt around the universities: especially in Basel and Berne. Here it came late and here it found expression in the revival of Greek writings and a knowledge of the Greek language. Basel became one of the cultural centers of Europe, due to the labors of Froben and of Erasmus, who made this city his residence for some years.

The other direction in which the new attitude manifested was in the field of religion. Germany had its Luther, France its Calvin and Switzerland its Zwingli. His was a broader vision than that possessed by these other reformers; he was less swayed by his emotions than Luther, more governed by his intellect.

Ulrich Zwingli was born in 1484 in the village of Wildhaus, in the midst of inspiring Alpine scenery. At ten he was sent to Basel and afterwards to Berne. After a journey to Italy he returned to Switzerland and taught Greek for a brief time. Later he took orders. Having been sent to preach in Zürich, he began to denounce the corruption in the Church. He claimed that "the vow of celibacy was fulfilled by abstention from marriage—not otherwise"; he insisted that the sale of indulgences was wrong, and said that "good works were not those ordained by the Church but commanded by God in the Holy Writ." He realized that not merely the reform of abuses was necessary but a change in the basis of belief. He opposed the confessional and the theory of intervention of the saints.

Presently the thirteen cantons were aflame with this religious contention that now permeated all Europe. Armies

put in the field by Protestants and Catholics fraternized and did not fight on occasion of their first encounter. A truce was made whereby the majority in each locality should determine the religion—whether Catholic or Protestant. This arrangement suited none and finally a battle was fought after which religious liberty was not only granted but provision was made for the minority of every community.

After the persecutions of the Calvinists in France, many Huguenots sought refuge in Geneva. Thither came Calvin and established a theocracy which probably satisfied few save himself and his most ardent followers. It held so closely to the letter of the law that the spirit was lost. That is the criticism that must be made against the religion he instituted and the sects descended from his creed.

Being a land of herdsmen and farmers, it is not strange that Switzerland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries produced few distinguished men of letters and little culture. Holding tenaciously to their long established customs, dwellers in the forest cantons clung to their early faith, while in the cities men proved more ready to accept the new doctrines. The remarkable thing about Switzerland throughout is that men of different inheritances, language and customs have been able to form a nation wherein certain rights were relinquished to a central government, while local affairs were left to each canton to dispose of according to ancient custom. Again, at a time when despotisms were being set up in Italy, and while monarchs were able to govern, even in constitutional kingdoms, with slight consideration of the governed, in this Alpine country the spirit of the old Alemanni survived from generation to generation, undimmed and unforgotten, impelling those who felt its touch to stand resolutely for liberty until their fine example moved those around them to rally to the cause and win the precious possession for themselves and their children's children.

¹ Cameron: *Switzerland*, p. 31.

This volume contains a popular account of the rise of the Swiss, both readable and valuable to the general reader.

² *Ibid.*, p. 79.

^{*} See First Year, p. 822.

SPAIN

SPAIN was one of the last divisions of Europe to develop nationality. For centuries it was merely a collection of little states, wholly independent, some Christian, some Mohammedan. Its phenomenal rise from such a retarded condition to first place in Europe presents one of the most remarkable dramas in all political history. At the auspicious moment, a New World rose from an enchanted ocean to supply the riches needed to pave the way to supreme power. Not yet has due attention been given the unparalleled expansion of this great sixteenth-century power, particularly in the New World.

Much excavation must be done in Spain ere her earliest history can be told. Who the first inhabitants of the country were or whence they came must be solved by the excavator and archæologist. When the Romans made earliest acquaintance with the Iberian peninsula—in the first century before Christ—they found the Celts dwelling in the northwest; the Iberians in the east, north and south, and the Celtiberians, a mixture of the two, in the central tableland. Who the Basques were, whether or not they at one time occupied the entire peninsula, are queries still to be solved. Certain it is that their language is unlike that of the other primitive inhabitants.

The Phœnicians, those tireless sailors of antiquity, had coasted along the Spanish shores and established their trading posts at the mouths of rivers and wherever natural harbors made their so-called *factories* feasible. After the first Punic war, when Sicily had been wrenched from Carthage, Hamilcar saw the advisability of developing the resources of Spain and, above all, of finding a sufficient soldiery among the rugged tribes for the prosecution of that war to the death which he knew had paused rather than ended.

When the short-sighted merchants of Carthage failed him and later, his son Hannibal, being so absorbed in their present commerce as to be unaware of their imminent danger, it was from Spain that these two great military leaders not only procured their fighting men but their means for prosecuting the war, except as plunder aided them.

By the close of the second war, Carthage, driven from Spain, was left to fight her last futile struggle for existence at home. The Romans added the peninsula to their empire, dividing it into two general provinces: Hither Spain, that portion in the north, nearest Italy; and Further Spain. Over each they placed a pro-consul. For many years they continued intermittently the conquest of the interior tribes, for Carthage, holding to her usual custom of hugging the coast, had left the interior untouched. Colonies of veterans in the Roman legions, whether originally drawn from Italy or Spain, were often assigned lands in Spain. Seville, once known as Hispalis, originated from such an outpost. The tribes of the north were more stubborn fighters than those of the south. We know that Cæsar sent Crassus with troops as far north and west as the tin mines, which presently became of much importance to the Romans.

Rome's administration in Spain was more successful and efficient than in the East. The collection of taxes and tribute was wisely left to native officers and there was an absence of that irritation which kept the Asiatic provinces in revolt. The Latinizing of the peninsula was fairly well completed by the last century before Christ. Latin was spoken; Roman gods were worshipped and Latin literature read. Gades, later to be known as Cadiz, was the first town outside of Italy where privileges of Roman citizenship were extended, not even a colony of soldiers being sent to dwell here. Cadiz is often mentioned as the oldest town in Europe. It was originally a Phœnician settlement. Although it is difficult to determine its just claim to being the oldest, it was certainly of ancient origin.

Under the early Roman emperors Spain was redivided into three districts, which followed the natural contour of the land: the first included the north, the central tableland and the east; the second, roughly speaking, what is now

Portugal; and the third, the south. The mines were developed, bringing gold, silver, copper, lead, as well as large quantities of tin, to swell imperial coffers.

It will be remembered that the Golden Age of Latin literature was succeeded by the Silver Age. It is significant to find that most of the writers of this latter age belonged to Spain: for example, Lucan, Martial and Quintilian. Also two of the ablest emperors were born here, although they came of Roman families. These were Trajan and his relative and successor, Hadrian.

Gradually a decline set in. Various reasons have been offered to account for it, none of them being wholly satisfactory. Probably the vices imported from the capital became paramount to the virtues inherited from the vigorous native peoples.

The invasion of the barbarians brought its inevitable changes to Spain, as to other parts of Europe. The Vandals, to the number of some 80,000, under their fierce leader Genseric, fell like a blight upon the peninsula. By 428 they crossed over into Africa, the Visigoths replacing them. These West-Goths set up a kingdom that endured until the eighth century, when the Moslems invading from Africa brought it to an end. The slight resistance made by the Visigoths to these Asiatic invaders indicated the lack of solidarity in their kingdom.

Appearing in 711, the Mohammedans continued to press farther and farther north until they crossed the Pyrenees and threatened to spread over Europe. It will be remembered that their progress was checked at Tours by Charles Martel, he winning the second name because he hammered away so effectively against them on that fateful battlefield.

At first the Arabs who wielded authority in Spain brought blessings to the people above anything they had known under the Visigoths. They imposed but two taxes: a poll tax, from which they humanely exempted old men, women and children and the poor, and a land tax that did not affect the poor anyway, since they owned no land. The inhabitants were left free to worship as they chose provided only they paid the taxes imposed upon them. Serfs who espoused the faith of Islam were granted their freedom.

Consequently the newcomers appeared as benefactors to many of the people, especially the Jews, who before had suffered grievous persecutions. The Arabs appropriated but one-fifth of the land at first and the country prospered. However, this prosperity was soon interrupted. Strife among the Mohammedans themselves brought sorrow to their subjects. They had no background of government and law to aid them, knowing only tribal control. Arab, Saracen and Berber fought against one another. The scepter was wielded by whomever was able to down his enemies. There was no recognized rule of succession. Meanwhile the land was despoiled and the people oppressed.

Except for the student of Spanish history, nothing would be more futile than to attempt to follow the strife of the next years, which held but local significance.

At no time were the Christians wholly subdued by the Saracens, or Moors as they grew to be known. They maintained their independence in the northern part of the peninsula in the district known later as Leon. Due to contentions among the Mohammedans, and their consequent weakness, the tiny kingdom of Navarre in the Pyrenees, of Aragon in the northeast, Portugal in the west and Castile in the central tableland arose, all Christian countries. Military orders such as those we have seen fighting in Germany and in Western Asia came into being, for example, the *Order of Sandiago*. Christian knights made up their membership and strove continually to crowd the Mohammedans farther and farther south.

Before the middle of the eleventh century Castile—so-called because of its many castles—and Leon were united and, although the rule was again divided, in 1230 they became permanently joined. In 1086 Alfonso VI won Toledo from the Moors; his son, Ferdinand III, captured Cordova and Seville. Ferdinand's son, Alfonso X, appropriately called the Wise for his literary interest, had the Bible translated into Castilian, which proved an important factor in the later adoption of this tongue throughout the peninsula. In 1140 Portugal gained her independence.

Gradually the Moors were pushed south until Granada and Andalusia became their main surviving strongholds.

The fourteenth century and first years of the fifteenth were still spent hammering away at them, although periods of comparative peace intervened between those of open hostility.

It was momentous for future Spain when a marriage between Castile and Aragon practically united the peninsula and laid the foundation for the monarchy that was to astonish the world with its rapid rise. In 1479 the union was consummated, although Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon had been married some years before. Only upon the death of the king of Aragon, Ferdinand's father, was the political fusion possible. Socially the people were not united for a considerable period.

In 1482 Ferdinand and Isabella began their concerted effort to complete the conquest of Spain, which was to prove the undoing of the remnants of the Moors. The last of them were expelled and their strongholds surrendered the memorable year that Columbus brought far greater conquests to the kingdom.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mohammedan and Christian would never be able permanently to share the same country. With that hostility that manifested itself in crusades against the infidel, sooner or later, one country would prove too small for both. Yet it is impossible to restrain a feeling of regret for the wonderful civilization that was crushed out of Europe ere the last Moors were given their choice of exile or baptism. Freedom of worship was promised them in 1492 as condition of surrender but such a promise could not be kept. Even those who chose a new faith rather than the abandonment of their homes, where they had been established for hundreds of years, were regarded with suspicion by ardent Catholics, who placed charges of heresy against them with the least provocation or with none.

Nor were the Moors the only ones to feel the effect of this revived religious vigor. In 1492, 165,000 Jews left Spain, 50,000 submitted to baptism and 20,000 perished in religious riots. The early decline of Spain was due in no small measure to the fact that in these wholesale deporta-

tions she lost the strength of her artisan class as well as the wealth and influence which the Jews wielded.

Queen Isabella died in 1504; Ferdinand in 1516. Their daughter Joanne had married Philip the Handsome, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy. Joanne was insane and when but eighteen her son, Charles I of Spain—known in history as Emperor Charles V—inherited the Spanish monarchy. Under his reign Spain reached her greatest territorial extent. In the first place, Aragon laid claim to Sicily and Naples; the Netherlands, Alsace and Luxemburg came as a legacy from Mary of Burgundy. Austria descended to Charles from his grandfather and he was elected in 1519 king of Germany and Holy Roman Emperor.

In 1493 Pope Alexander VI, having been asked to settle the disputed possession of newly discovered lands between Portugal and Spain, drew a line 370 leagues beyond the Cape Verde islands and pronounced all lately discovered lands lying west of this imaginary boundary the property of Spain; all lying east of it, to Portugal.

Charles soon found himself engulfed in troubles. Francis I set out to recover the territories earlier won in Italy by France. At first he was successful but later suffered such an inglorious defeat at the Battle of Pavia that he was himself taken prisoner to Madrid, where, by the treaty signed in 1526, he pledged himself to relinquish all claims to Italy.

The Mediterranean was infested with pirates. These fell upon commerce and made both trade and travel precarious. In order to subdue these marauders, Charles V conquered Tunis and made an attack on Algiers, this last being unsuccessful. He realized that it would be impossible to restore safety to the sea while the Moors of northern Africa were giving the pirates protection.

The Turks threatened Europe and as a result of these various dangers, Charles V had little time to devote to Spain. In Germany, it will be remembered, the Reformation, led by Luther, demanded attention. It is safe to say that greater effort would have been made to restrain it had not the emperor been so absorbed with problems of more compelling nature than articles of faith.

Finally, disheartened by his many disappointments, Charles, who had hoped to restore the oldtime prestige of the Empire and had vowed upon his first visit to Germany that he would uphold the faith against heresy, found the task too great for him. Worn out by his activities on the battle field and in the council chamber, he relinquished his command and retired to a monastery where he ended his days. To his brother Ferdinand he gave Austria; Ferdinand was also elected king of Germany. Upon his son Philip II his possessions in Italy, the Netherlands, Spain and the New World were bestowed.

Philip II ruled from 1556 to 1598. Estimates of his character vary according to the sources of one's information. He was not a great ruler, for he could never delegate to other departments of government but endeavored personally to administer them all himself. As a result, the king was engulfed in detail and never was able to take a general view of the situation.

In 1578 he obtained from Pope Sixtus IV a bull permitting him to establish three inquisitors in Spain, subject only to the crown for appointment, instruction or removal. Thus arose the Inquisition, beyond question the most pernicious instrument ever employed for enforcing law or religion. It was used not only against heretics but political offenders. By systematically removing all who opposed its measures, Spain was not troubled by liberal ideas which invaded other countries of Europe at this time.

In our discussion of France we have seen how Philip's influence was continually used to incite the extreme Catholic party in its endeavor to crush out the Calvinists. Protestant uprising in the Netherlands was put down with great cruelty. Later, when England covertly gave encouragement to the Dutch and particularly when English sailors seized every opportunity to capture Spanish vessels and buccaneers intercepted galleons laden with silver from Peru, Philip II decided that the only way to put an end to such depredations was to invade England, this being the center of Protestant power.

The fate of the Spanish Armada, fitted out with such care, is known to every schoolboy. Its defeat proved to the

world that Spain was not strong enough to make good her claims. Although the country continued to be one of foremost importance in European affairs for many years, it had already passed its zenith and started upon the early stages of its decline.

When we search for effects of the Revival of Learning in Spain, they are not easily found. A severe censorship was established over all books. Even the *Divine Comedy* of Dante was modified for Spanish readers. To guard against heretical views, every precaution was taken. As a result, education was retarded and the mediæval system continued long after it had elsewhere disappeared. It is away from Spain that one must look for the effects of the great mental awakening that had originated in Italy, in the new lands where the spirit of adventure carried men in quest of new trade routes. In the field of discovery, Spain led all Europe.

It is frequently claimed that Spain's backwardness has been due to her religion. In the sixteenth century it was due to the extreme attitude of rulers who imposed the same absolutism in religion that they exercised in government. Philip II's fear of new ideas and his religious bigotry crushed out initiative and all forms of expression that require the fine air of liberty for their existence. At the same time Italy was a Catholic country, Protestantism making less progress in the peninsula. Here, however, there was no attempt to impede intellectual movements nor to compel men to adhere to religious standards set up by kings.

ERASMUS — GREATEST OF HUMANISTS

THE Rebirth in Italy had been characterized by its scope. Varied and wide were the interests which felt its accelerating touch. As it swept beyond the Alps this remarkable inclusiveness was less observable. To be sure, there were painters north and west of Italy who experienced its magnetic stimulus; there were sculptors and architects who broadened under its influence. Yet, when all due allowance has been made for them, it is doubtful whether they equalled in number those of a single Italian art center who merited attention. As the movement pressed north and west into Europe, more and more it tended to find expression in the two great channels of letters and religion.

It was a wonderful gain for education when accurate copies of the classics replaced those corrupted by centuries of careless transcription. After its fall, invaluable manuscripts were procured from Constantinople where they had been treasured for a thousand years. The condition of Latin writings in Western Europe may be judged from the fact that Erasmus discovered over four thousand errors in the writings of Seneca alone. It is easy to imagine what would be the result if, for example, we today were able to procure copies of Shakespeare's plays only by having them copied by hand from manuscripts not always entirely legible, owned by some library, whither one must go to use them. If after procuring the work in this way scores and scores of copies were to be made from this, some by painstaking and careful scribes, some by those so ignorant that they could merely imitate the appearance of the letters, repeating sentences and omitting others by mistake—after the flight of centuries, it could not be strange if versions of the plays in general circulation were found to differ materially from the original production.

We have seen how the Rebirth transformed the view-

point of artist, sculptor, scientist and geographer. Its impetus to learning gave rise to the *humanists*, as the scholars were called who revelled in the classics and, under their influence, worked for the liberation of the human mind. Petrarch was one of the first to feel the transforming influence of the ancients. Since his age, writings unknown in fourteenth century Europe had been restored. Even now nothing brings such a thrill to the culture-loving as a reported discovery of papyrus or parchment in some lately excavated tomb. If, after close examination, it proves to be some missing work, known only by references to it, such a copy becomes priceless. Such was the case a few years ago when Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens* came to light.

If we can still feel such excitement over the recovery of classical writings, what must it have meant to those who lived in an age before printing, who had known only the barren learning of the Middle Ages! It is no wonder that Petrarch cherished as one of his dearest possessions a Greek manuscript that he was unable to read. It seemed to give him contact with those of antiquity who had known and loved learning, as he did. To be sure, there grew up a class of men who made of ancient learning a sort of fetish; there have been pedants in all civilized ages.

In one sense the Renaissance turned men to the past; in another sense it prepared them for the future, since it permitted them to become aware of truth so far as the ancients had apprehended it. With this knowledge they were ready to set themselves to apprehend still more.

Some writers discern two distinct movements: *Humanism*, or the revival of learning, and the *Reformation*, or religious awakening. As we have previously noted, the liberation of the human mind was the all-inclusive event. The directions to which it turned when aroused depended largely upon the temperament of those experiencing it.

In the fifteenth century part of what is now known as the Netherlands belonged to Germany and part to France. Back and forth through this little country passed trade and soldiers, travellers intent upon peace and war. It is not strange that in a little town near Rotterdam there was

born in 1465 one who was destined to be called the finest scholar of his generation—Desiderius Erasmus.

As a boy he attended a school at Deventer which had been founded nearly a century earlier by Gerard Groot, a pious man whose trend of thought is to be understood from a lay brotherhood he organized, known as the Brethren of the Common Life. Its members were not required to take perpetual vows, although while they remained in the homes he established they were sworn to observe them. Rising from prayers and religious services they went daily forth into the world to live their religion in the workshops of the city, in the fields or wherever their duties led, taking the life of Christ and his apostles as their guide. Thomas à Kempis, known for his *Imitation of Christ*, became one of their most distinguished members.

Because of the reflection which such an organization silently cast upon the monastic Orders in an age of indulgence and corruption, Groot came into conflict with the authorities. He died long before the birth of Erasmus but the character of his work and the desire he showed to lead men back to the simplicity of early Christian teachings is significant, in view of the movement for religious reform that finally swept through Europe.

Erasmus and his brother, left orphans when their parents died in 1483, in all probability of the plague, desired to continue their educations but were finally induced to enter monasteries. Erasmus was subsequently released from his vows by the pope in view of his reluctance from the beginning to withdraw from the world. He dwelt for a time in a monastery, enjoying its opportunities for study. Later he received permission to attend the University of Paris, where in 1498 he received the degree Bachelor of Theology.

Throughout his sixty-six years Erasmus was a frequent traveller. He visited England at least six times and spent considerable time in Italy and Germany. He met the most distinguished artists of his time. A copy of one of his writings bearing the inscription that Erasmus gave it to Ferdinand, son of Columbus, still exists. Yet neither men of scientific nor artistic callings elicited comment from him

in his books. His chosen field was moral philosophy and education. The philosophy of the Greeks absorbed him and he saw the relation of ancient Greek and ancient Hebrew thought, since truth knows neither race, time, nor boundaries. Many a lover of the old Athenian whose figure was so ugly and whose mind so fine must sympathize with Erasmus when he exclaims in a letter to a friend: "Often I feel like crying out: *St. Socrates!*"

In Erasmus' day schoolboys were punished for infractions of the rule that bade them upon entrance use Latin only; this language soon became the medium of his conversation and writing. He was gifted with a keen sense of humor and his method of correcting abuses was by the employment of ridicule and satire. In the hands of an expert these two keen-edged weapons become irresistible.

Readers of Renaissance literature well know how constant was the use of Latin quotations. Friends quoted from Cicero, Virgil or Lucian in intimate letters. Any discourse on educational subjects was sprinkled with classical citations. Latin being the common medium of learning and diplomatic intercourse, it was employed freely by those who ordinarily made use of the vernacular. The first work to win from Erasmus recognition was a book of adages, or quotations from classic writers. Proverbs and familiar sayings likewise found a place in the book. In the first edition, printed in 1500, some eight hundred adages were included. Year after year new editions appeared, the last expanded to contain over four thousand. After each one was given a discussion, often remotely, if at all, related to the quotation. Sixty impressions of the work were made within the author's lifetime, it being translated into various languages. It is said that Shakespeare, Bacon and many of the Elizabethan writers made continual use of this handy compilation.

Erasmus became convinced that an understanding of Greek was imperative for his work. This he mastered, afterwards holding the chair of Greek for awhile in Cambridge University. He said: "We have in Latin at best some small brooks and turbid pools, while the Greeks have purest fountains and rivers flowing with gold."

His friendship with Thomas More and John Colet, whose acquaintance he made during his first visit to England, continued through life.

During his earlier career Erasmus was beset by poverty. His efforts to obtain the patronage of someone wealthy enough to insure him leisure for the continuance of his studies and writings caused him to appear sometimes at considerable disadvantage. Fulsome praise was the toll that patrons ordinarily expected and Erasmus manifested a unique impartiality as to whom he should favor with it, provided only the necessities of life might be assured and he be left free to pursue his chosen work. Sometimes he tutored the sons of prominent men but he disliked to sacrifice his time. Benefices were finally settled upon him so that he was no longer impeded in this way. Flattering offers came to him later but he refused them all, since they either meant a loss of time or that his influence must be exercised for political advantage.

Above all else, Erasmus hated dogmatic religion. A devout son of the Church, he wished most of all to see it freed from superstition, abuse and corruption. However, he loved peace and did not believe that good could come out of strife and turmoil. He happened to be a spectator to the uprising of the German peasants and always thereafter had a horror of open conflict and tumult. As he saw it, reform must come, not by open rupture and heated contention, but by the calm use of the pen. So profound was his conviction on this point that he held out in spite of abuse that was heaped upon him later when the division occurred under the leadership of Luther.

In 1511 appeared his well known work, *The Praise of Folly*, a satire on the abuses and follies of the age. Kings, churchmen, the people; institutions, superstitions and nations, all fell under the shafts of his wit. Its humor was too delicious to be neglected even by those who recoiled at his daring. Bringing scientists under his gaze, he says: "How sweetly they rave when they build themselves innumerable worlds, when they measure the sun, moon, stars and spheres as though with a tape to an inch, when they explain the cause of thunder, the winds, the eclipses, and

other inexplicable phenomena, never hesitating, as though they were the private secretaries of creative Nature or had descended from the council of the gods to us, while in the meantime Nature magnificently laughs at them and at their conjectures.”

The theology of the age offers a still more alluring theme. “They will explain the precise manner in which original sin is derived from our first parents; they will . . . demonstrate how in the consecrated wafer the accidents can exist without the substance. Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have greater difficulties behind, which, nevertheless, they solve with as much expedition as the former—namely, whether supernatural generation requires any instant of time? whether Christ, as a son, bears a double, specially distinct relation to God the Father? whether it would be possible for the first person of the Trinity to hate the second?—”

His recent biographer says: “*The Praise of Folly* won an immediate and striking success. Its publication marked the real beginning of that immense international reputation that put its author on a pinnacle in the world of letters hardly surpassed or even approached by anyone later save Voltaire. . . . But against the general chorus of laughter and of praise, the voice of the theologians, or of some of them, made itself heard in more or less angry protest.”¹

From the standpoint of broadening religious thought, Erasmus’ most important contribution was his translation of the New Testament. However this has been the subject of warm criticism on the part of those who work today under more advantageous conditions, and who fail sometimes to realize how difficult it was to do scholarly investigation in the first years of the sixteenth century.

In the fourth century the early Christians had been perplexed by numerous versions of the New Testament, among which wide differences existed. Differences abounded in the manuscripts of the Gospels and Epistles found in northern Africa and those of Europe. Discrepancies were also to be found between copies made from the same manuscript. To relieve the confusion, the pope asked

Jerome—later known as St. Jerome—to prepare a Latin translation for general use in the Church. The result was the one known as the Vulgate, so-called because of its general use. During the Middle Ages the Bible became an unknown book to the masses who heard it only through priests, themselves not often very conversant with it.

Such study as Erasmus had done and such learning as he was able to bring to the subject proved to him that the errors in the Vulgate were flagrant and misleading. He thereupon set to work to prepare a truer and more literal rendering. To criticise him for not making use of manuscripts to which he had no access and the very existence of which was unknown to him is wide of the mark. His New Testament was printed with the Greek translation paralleled with Latin rendering, so that readers might compare the two. His own knowledge of Greek was not as extensive as one might wish and the art of printing was only beginning to make critical comparison possible. Consequently it has been possible to detect as many mistakes in his own version as he corrected from the Vulgate.

His contribution lay in the fact that he pointed out the danger of misinterpretation through erroneous translation and left it for scholars of later times to rectify errors which, either through lack of linguistic training or inadequate facilities for his undertaking, crept into his work.

He saw that before men could free themselves from the labyrinth of complexity and mystery which scholasticism had thrown around the teachings of Christ it was necessary that everyone should have direct access to the Bible, although this was bitterly opposed by churchmen who feared that heresy would develop if sacred writings were placed in the hands of the illiterate. To this Erasmus answered: "I vehemently dissent from those who would not have private persons read the Holy Scriptures nor have them translated into the vulgar tongues, as though Christ taught such difficult doctrines that they can only be understood by a few theologians, or the safety of the Christian religion lay in ignorance of it. I would like all women to read the Gospel and the Epistles of St. Paul. Would that they were translated so that not only the Scotch and Irish,

but Turks and Saracens might be able to read and know them." In a preface to a later edition of the Testament he wrote: "Like St. Jerome I think it a great triumph and glory to the cross if it is celebrated by the tongues of all men; if the farmer at the plow sings some of the mystic Psalms, and the weaver sitting at the shuttles often refreshes himself with something from the Gospel. Let the pilot at the rudder hum over a sacred tune, and the matron sitting with gossip or friend at the colander recite something from it."

Use of his version was made by men who later translated the Bible into the several languages used in Europe. To elucidate the Gospels and certain other New Testament writings, Erasmus prepared his Paraphrases. "Here was no longer a crabbed, pedantic, artificial interpretation of the text, but something to tell men, for the first time in that new age, what the Bible really said and meant. Most of them rejoiced in the dawning light."²

Erasmus' later years were attended with poor health which often interrupted his activities. Further, the storm was fast gathering, and with a scholar's love of quiet solitude and communion with his books, he shrank from religious warfare. He has been accused of cowardice by contemporaries and moderns as well, who have not been able to understand the real cause of his failure to throw his support with the Reformation. He had satirized the immorality, corruption and abuses of the Church; in spite of a Council having ruled that the Vulgate was the one authorized version of the Scriptures and refusing recognition of any other, he had prepared a translation of the Gospel for popular use and labored to have it accessible to everyone. As a matter of fact, he had made ready the way for the reformers. Nevertheless, he did not believe in a division in the Church but in quietly purging it of its iniquities and errors. Above all, he disliked the new dogma that Luther formulated to take the place of that which he cast aside. Having a scholar's outlook and a scholar's mind, he could not view complacently those indications of evangelism that were apparent even before his death.

His ideals being, as has well been said, a culture

grounded on classical training and undogmatic faith based on Greek philosophy and the essence of Christianity as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount, it seemed to him less reprehensible to stand by the *status quo* than to incite open revolt. As he expressed it to a friend: "Many grave and prudent men think the religious affair would have a happier issue if it were treated with less fury and left to a body of grave, learned and sedate men." Even today, when time has shown that a division was bound to come, we cannot forbear wishing that, by earlier purification and modernizing, it might have been avoided. After three centuries of emphasizing religious differences among Christians, there are those today courageous enough to call attention to a fact frequently forgotten: that they all have much in common.

A large number of letters survive which were written by Erasmus to people in various walks of life, dwelling in different lands. They enable the student of his life to trace his continued development. He wrote upon many subjects, especially education, which was ever near his heart. His *Colloquies* were begun to furnish exercises for his own pupils. Expanded later, they were employed as text-books for schoolboys. His regard for the profession of the teacher is to be seen in his own words, written in a letter to a German master.

"I admit that your vocation is laborious, but I utterly deny that it is tragic or deplorable, as you call it. To be a schoolmaster is next to being a king. Do you count it a mean employment to imbue the minds of your fellow citizens in their earliest years with the best literature and with the love of Christ and to return them to their country honest and virtuous men? In the opinion of fools it is a humble task, but in fact it is the noblest of occupations. Even among the heathen it was always a noble thing to deserve well of the state and no one serves it better than the moulder of raw boys."

Having seen what was his part in preparing the minds of men for the changes that were even then at hand, we may leave this scholar in that place where of all others he would prefer to be found: among his friends, his books.

His appraisal of them is given in the following extract from one of his letters:

“Do you want to know what I am doing? I devote myself to my friends, with whom I enjoy the most delightful intercourse. . . . With them I shut myself in a corner, where I escape the windy crowd and either speak to them in sweet whispers or listen to their gentle voices, conversing with them as with myself. Can anything be more comfortable than this? They never hide their own secrets, yet they keep sacred whatever is intrusted to them. They never divulge abroad what we confide freely to their intimacy. When summoned they are at your side; when not summoned they do not intrude. When bidden they speak; when not bidden they are silent. They talk of what you wish, as much as you wish, as long as you wish. They utter no flattery, feign nothing, keep back nothing. They frankly show you your faults, but slander no one. All that they say is either cheering or salutary. In prosperity they keep you modest, in affliction they console, they never change with fortune. They follow in all dangers, abiding with you even to the grave. . . . With these sweet friends I am buried in seclusion. What wealth or what scepters would I barter for this tranquility? Now, that you may not miss the meaning of my metaphor, pray understand all that I have said about these friends to be meant of books, companionship with which has made of me a truly happy man.”

¹ Preserved Smith: *Erasmus*, p. 125.

² *Ibid.*, p. 187.

The citations quoted are included in Smith's able biography of Erasmus.

THE LOW COUNTRIES

THE Netherlands, or Low-lands, derived their name from the fact that this portion of Europe is indeed flat and low, lying at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. Seventeen provinces comprised this territory, embracing in the main what is now known as Belgium and the Netherlands.

The Romans became acquainted with this country during the wars of Cæsar. In his Gallic Wars, Cæsar described the Belgæ, who were of Gallo-Celtic extraction. Among them, the Nervii proved to be the fiercest fighters. Roughly speaking, Belgium today occupies much of the territory held by the ancient Belgæ. Farther north, Teutonic tribes were found, among them the Batavi, and beyond these, the Frisians. All this region having been won for Rome by Cæsar's legions, in the time of Augustus it was known as Gallia Belgica. Little is known of it until mediæval times although Tacitus tells of a revolt which occurred here after the death of Nero, when the imperial succession was uncertain at Rome.

The invasions of the Germans brought their usual disturbances. Clovis began the conquest of the people who had been Latinized to some extent. Charlemagne threw his armies against the Saxons and Frisians, who were reluctant to accept Christianity, which alternative he offered them in place of the sword. Finally even the turbulent Saxons were subdued and this whole region became a part of Charlemagne's great empire. Under his grandsons, by the Treaty of Verdun, in 843, it made up the greater portion of the long, narrow strip which passed to Lothair with the imperial title. Since Lothair left no heirs, it was afterwards divided between East and West Franconia, and the disputes over portions of it have lasted until the present time.

Back and forth certain portions of it passed, from the eastern to the western kingdoms of the Franks, until Otto the Great asked his brother Bruno to reduce it to order. Bruno divided it into Upper and Lower Lorraine.^z To follow its history farther is to trace the various feudal states into which it fell. The Normans invaded the territory, exposed as it was to attack from the sea. During the ninth and tenth centuries intermittent oppression and destruction were wrought by these swift and cruel vikings. Presently the seventeen provinces appear, to remain distinct units for centuries: the County of Flanders; Duchy of Brabant, Bishopric of Utrecht; Holland, Limburg, Luxemburg, Hainault, and so on.

The twelfth century saw the rise of free cities, among which those of Flanders were the most prosperous. In Ghent and Ypres English wool was made into fine cloth. Rich guilds were able to secure privileges for the towns wherein they operated. Charters were highly prized, being in the nature of treaties negotiated between the people of towns and the lords in whose fiefs these lay. By the thirteenth century some of these free towns numbered from one to two hundred thousand people. The wealthy merchants, in whose hands the local government had once resided, were compelled to admit the craftsmen into their councils. However, in the northern region, the portion to-day embraced in the Netherlands, fewer political rights were conceded to the people, who in the main were content to gain commercial importance.

Because of its position, trade from the east to the west of necessity traversed this section. Hence by the fourteenth century, manufacturing Flanders had become the wealthiest center of Europe.

It will be remembered that the Hundred Years' War favored the growth of Burgundy. In time, by marriage, purchase, war and perfidy, the Dutch provinces were brought under the rule of the Burgundian Count. Philip of Burgundy conceived of building up a kingdom between France and Germany which would amount to a revival of the ancient kingdom of Lothair. His son, Charles the Bold, continued this policy and met his death at Nancy, fighting

to force the Swiss to submit to his authority. Immediately upon his death, Louis XI of France seized the County of Burgundy, while Mary, Charles' only heir, brought the Low Countries to the House of Hapsburg, by her marriage with Maximilian I, king of Germany and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. It is interesting to note that before her marriage, while she still remained in Ghent, a delegation from the Dutch provinces waited upon her to obtain her signature to the *Great Privilege*, which decreed that war could no longer be declared, the sovereign of the country married, nor taxes levied, without the consent of the states.

Mary's son was Philip the Handsome. While he was still a boy, his mother died from injuries sustained by a fall from her horse. The people of the Low Countries welcomed Philip as their ruler, Maximilian not having been regarded by them with great favor. Philip wedded Joanne, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, who gave birth to a son who was known later as Charles V. Philip's reign was notable for its advantageous commercial alliances which brought prosperity to the country.

Since Charles had grown up in the Netherlands, the people accepted him with enthusiasm upon the death of his father. As he was only six years old, his grandfather, Maximilian, acted as regent. The Emperor placed his sister, Margaret of Savoy, in the country as resident administrator and, after he became of age, Charles retained her in this position until her death in 1530. The period of her governorship was highly advantageous to the country generally; peace was maintained and trade grew apace. After the death of his aunt, Charles appointed his sister Mary to this post, which she filled until her brother's abdication in 1555.

Having seen how perplexing a problem Protestantism could become, with his experiences in Germany, Charles V was determined to leave no stone unturned to prevent it from gaining headway in the Netherlands. Hence he instituted an edict condemning heretics to death. Many martyrs to the new faith resulted from the enforcement of his decree; nevertheless, with Lutherans on one side, and Cal-

vinists on the other, it was impossible to crush out the much feared "heresy."

Wearied and disheartened by his defeats, finding the purposes for which he struggled continually eluding him, at length Charles abdicated, leaving his son Philip II of Spain to continue the work he had begun. Because Philip was a Spaniard, the Dutch looked upon him with suspicion and were relieved when he left their country never to return to it.

Philip lacked his father's physical strength and military training. However, he was even more determined to eliminate heresy from Europe. He placed his half-sister, Margaret of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V, in the position occupied for many years by women. Margaret of Parma lacked the tact of Margaret of Savoy. She had lived in Italy long enough to learn the use of intrigue and deceit, and tried to cajole those who differed with her. These characteristics excited the mistrust of the Dutch. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that Margaret of Parma was disposed to rule justly.

She presently learned that she was only a tool in the hands of Philip, who never for a moment faltered in his iron resolution to crush out Protestantism.

Because they resented the presence of Spanish troops within their borders; because, regardless of their long established councils, they found ministers appointed by Philip exercising a directing hand while they were not consulted; and because they saw ecclesiastical Sees undergoing change and feared that the Inquisition might be set up in their midst, the extreme adherents of the new faith rose in riots throughout the country, entered the churches and began such a thorough icon-smashing crusade as had characterized the old days of iconoclastic fame. The beautiful frescoed walls were whitewashed; the altars, with their fine carvings, were broken; the statues of the saints and their shrines were made heaps of rubbish. Such fanatical demonstrations were bound to bring a reaction. The people divided into factions. Many devout Catholics were forced back to the side of the government by such manifestations of fanaticism. William of Orange, destined to become the

leader of his countrymen, watched in dismay their erratic conduct. Margaret raised a force to apprehend the leaders of this movement, but Philip would wait no longer. He fitted out a large army, placed his most astute military leader, the Duke of Alva, in command and sent him thither to exterminate the Protestants in the Netherlands. It will be remembered that at this time, imitating the methods of Alva, Catherine de Medici yielded to the threats of the Spanish king and instituted the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Duke of Alva set up a court called by him the Council of Troubles, by the people, the Council of Blood; here, with the slightest pretense of trial, scores of Protestants were put to death daily. Thousands were killed by his orders, while large numbers of people escaped across the channel to find asylum in England, where Queen Elizabeth bade them welcome. Many valuable craftsmen were among the hundred thousand Dutch who became subjects of England during these frightful persecutions.

The heroic struggle of the Dutch for liberty reached over many years and is in some ways comparable to that of the American colonies more than a century later. It reached beyond the period of the Renaissance and belongs to Modern history. However, after hardships wellnigh insurmountable, after famine and sieges, wars and sufferings, the Dutch Republic was finally born. When it proved impractical to hold together people of such widely different inheritances as the Flemings and the Dutch, Flanders separated, to grow presently into the kingdom of Belgium; while the Dutch rejoiced in the religious freedom, for which they fought until 350,000 Spanish soldiers had found a grave in the muddy land in a vain attempt to deny it to them.

The effects of the Revival of Learning in the Netherlands have been touched upon in the discussion of other lands. One of the first to feel the spirit of the Rebirth was Groot, who founded the Brethren of the Common Life. Numerous schools were afterwards established by his pupils. It was much to have produced the great Erasmus, greatest of humanists. His extensive labor to advance education is elsewhere considered."

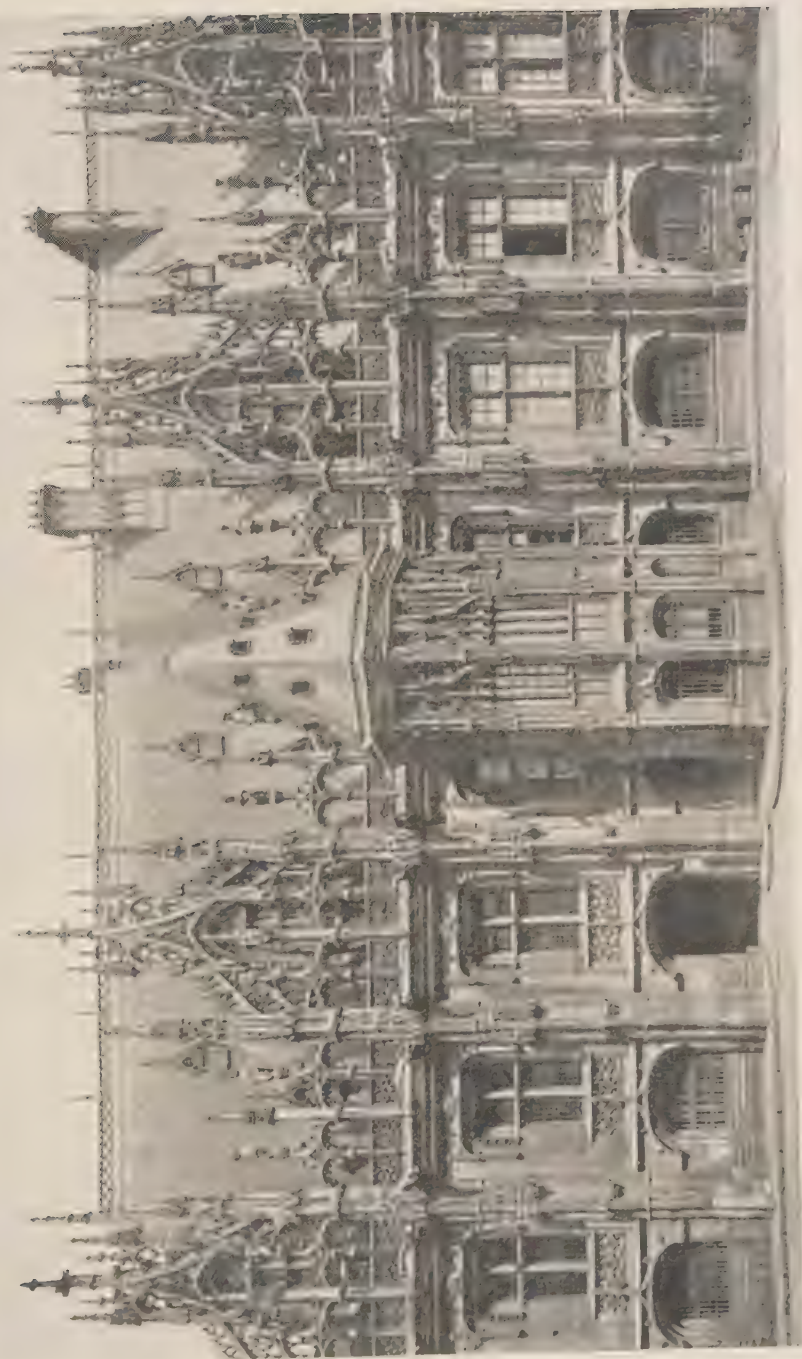
When times are ripe, movements spread through the

world with irresistible force, ideas being borne on the wings of the breeze. Against them armies are futile and decrees fall dead. Those precipitating them are usually least aware of the significance of their acts.

To seek the beginnings of the Revival, we must turn back to Petrarch, and men of his day, who exulted over the recovery of lost writings of the Greeks and sought authentic copies of those already at hand. Petrarch, imploring the pope to return to Rome and terminate the Babylonian Captivity; denouncing in bitter terms the corruption of the court at Avignon, could little foresee the mighty rupture finally to result from the growth of thought which his age stimulated. Once released from mediæval bondage, mind advanced by leaps and bounds. Reason, which had been applied to science and discovery, to critical study and experiment, began to assert itself in the field of religion. The invention of the printing press placed the Bible in the hands of the people and, search as they would, the questioning could find no divine command for the vast ecclesiastical system the Middle Ages had erected. Reason began to prompt the people, oppressed by the burden of taxation, to get free from it and to return to the simplicity of early Christianity—as they conceived it to have been. Regrettably, in place of one dogma they often set up another, quite as binding. Nevertheless, the human mind had been released and liberty as we know it today is the result: for the fundamental principles of Christianity are democratic.

^xSee p. 99

^ySee p. 1004.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, ROUEN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Note the Flamboyant Gothic Architecture

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

1. VILLON

THE year 1431 witnessed the martyrdom of the brave Maid of Orleans. It also gave birth to one who has become known as the *Father of French Poetry*. To be sure, the region we know today as France had previously given rise to poetry, witness for example the lays of the Troubadours. However, these were produced in fair Provence, in Langue doc; the songs of the Trouveres, from Longu'oil—the south and the north, differentiated by dialects. Men had hitherto belonged to one province or another, to Aquitaine, to Anjou or Normandy. Not until the darkest days of the Hundred Years' War were they all welded into Frenchmen, banded together for the expulsion of the foreigner who was despoiling the land.

A new literature was to arise from this newly welded nation, wholly unlike the conventional verses of the Troubadours or yet that great allegorical poem which had earlier exercised so far-reaching an influence throughout Europe: the *Roman de la Rose*,² for generations after whose appearance poets had continued to dream dreams and to frame their work in the conventional *vision*.

Far from toying with words until the form of the poem outweighed the content, the first to write verses under the new régime swung to the other extreme, scorning refinement and nicety of expression. His ballads were coarse, sometimes obscene. Nevertheless, they rang true to life—to the life of rollicking students, roistering rowdies and, regrettably, to the life of dissipation, debauchery, and crime.

François de Montcorbier is known to us by the name of his protector, one Villon, a Canon in Paris. His own family

was probably of the nobility but sunk by poverty and dissipation into decay. His mother was an ignorant woman but the poet's lifelong affection for her is one of the few redeeming facts known regarding him. Any attempt to reconstruct his life must be largely conjectural, since for years together no records survive. When perhaps fifteen he entered the University of Paris, where in 1452 he received a Master's degree. Numerous traditions survive of his having been the leader of a group of mischievous students, always up to pranks, using their nimble wits to get the better of the vintner, the fruit and fish vender, taking greater pleasure in food that they obtained by trickery than in that which they honestly purchased. Although many of these tales were doubtless attributed to Villon after he gained renown, crediting him with having committed much knavery that was in reality due to a large number of rollicking students, yet everything known of him gives probability to his having had the lion's share in such pranks as his associates perpetrated on long-suffering Paris, which, like all university towns of the Middle Ages, submitted to the nuisance of unruly students for the accompanying advantages. There is every reason to believe that Villon spent more time planning deviltry than he did in the pursuit of knowledge. Long afterwards he wrote:

“If in my time of youth, alack!
I had but studied and been sage
Nor wandered from the beaten track,
I had slept warm in my old age.
But what did I? As bird from cage
I fled the schools; and now with pain
In setting down this on the page
My heart is like to cleave in twain.”

William Villon, Canon of St. Benoît, to whom the poet afterwards referred as “more than father,” seems to have believed that François' intelligence and quick wits indicated promise. Consequently he provided him with a home and aided him to attend the university with a hope that he would ultimately take orders. His expectations came to naught.

During college days the youth appears to have had a love affair with one Catherine, who encouraged him for awhile only to dismiss him for another. It appears that he was attacked by a rival and having been wounded, picked up a stone, hitting his assailant so that he died the next day. Due to influence which Villon was able to bring to bear, he was finally released from the charge of murder brought against him. However, while the unhappy trial was pending, he apparently took refuge with the lowest class, entering into their knavery as he had formerly entered into the more innocent folly of students. The die was cast. Thenceforth he was to follow reprehensible paths wherein connivance with rogues and those of ill repute was perhaps the least of his misdoings. He joined a group of housebreakers, or church-breakers, to be more accurate, since the costly vessels of altars and the chests of money sheltered in places of worship offered greater reward to these ambitious miscreants than dwellings. One of his associates in crime was a locksmith, a most convenient addition to a company of reprobates whose calling led them to tamper with locks and keys. This versatile person understood how to melt gold and silver utensils into bullion—another distinct asset to a syndicate of thieves. Of course women filled their part in the activities of these social outcasts and the type of women accessible to them was scarcely likely to prove elevating.

So impervious to all decency did François become that he actually plotted to rob his own uncle—a churchman of some means in a southern province. It is not known whether this scheme materialized, for one of his associates in crime, having been arrested, turned state's evidence and named Villon as the leader of the gang—to employ a modern expression applicable under the circumstances. Presently the police took the poet into custody but here again he was sentenced to banishment rather than death, the fate meted out to his less fortunate companions. Finally his complicity in robbing a church that lay under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Orleans caused him to be incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, dark, dank, infested with grewsome rodents. No stairs reached the depths of this inferno, maintained by this most Christian prelate, the Bishop of Orleans.

After six months' confinement in the wretched place, devoid of air and light, it so happened that Louis XI came thither soon after his coronation. Learning the fate of Villon, whom he had known as a gay young student, he set him free, saying that he had 100,000 rogues equally as proficient but few poets; hence he could ill afford to spare one.

The last years of François' life are lost in obscurity. We know that at the age of thirty he was a broken old man, wasted by disease brought on by his indulgences and by the privations he experienced in the six months of incarceration in the Bishop's prison.

Such being the sordid story of his life, it remains to speak of his genius, visible even amid so much that is repulsive and unsavory. He is known today by his ballads and his *Lesser* and *Greater Testaments*. In addition he wrote street jingles and songs in a kind of jargon familiar to the reprobates with whom most of his years were spent, but scarcely intelligible to moderns. Where meaning can be found, it is frequently unsuitable to print, being of a character prohibited by postal regulations in civilized lands.

It is more than likely that, could the normal conversation of malefactors such as formed his circle during his later life be understood, it would generally be found unsuited for publication.

How came it about, then, that one of such misdirected habits and such wasted opportunities finds a place on the pages of history, where only the distinguished few can ever be recorded? The answer is: because of his inborn genius, which even a misspent life could not wholly destroy. Coarse and rude though his fun, unrefined his thought, nevertheless his outspoken verses breathe of passion and feeling. They are impregnated with fire, and sparks strike out as from iron on the anvil.

Villon was a poet of the people; his age was one in which subjects now tabooed in polite society were discussed with candor. Court ladies listened to tales that we today would not read in intimate circles. Certainly it would not be expected then that in such an age one of his propensities would have minced his words. The more frank, the better they served his purpose.

Being at least three different times face-to-face with death for his misdeeds, it was natural that death was often in his mind. He dwells repeatedly on the notion of death the leveler, who reduces lord and lady to the same state as criminal and harlot. What remains, he repeatedly asks, of all those mighty ones who once walked the earth? The proud and the haughty, the poor and the humble, the arrogant and mean—all together they share a like fate: all lie in the dust. Why should he be unwilling to follow them?

The *Lesser Testament* was a humorous poem written to take leave of his friends when he was banished from Paris. To each he bequeaths something in a will or testament couched in verse:

“Unto the barber I devise
 The ends and clippings of my hair;
 Item, on charitable wise,
 I leave my old boots, every pair,
 Unto the cobbler and declare
 My clothes the broker’s, so these two
 May when I’m dead my leavings share,
 For less than what they cost when new.”

The *Greater Testament*, containing ballads set into a poem of some hundred and seventy stanzas, is thought to embody his most mature work. It was probably done after his release from prison by order of King Louis XI. The *Ballad of Old-Time Ladies*, with its reiterated query: Where are the snows of yester-year? is best known of all his poems.

The new age voiced the aspirations, hopes, fears and problems of the individual. Villon sounds the modern vein of thought. His *Greater Testament* is autobiographical. In it, as in all his poems, he strikes only a few notes, but with what clarity and tone! Having crowded much into a few years, confronted now with consuming fever, he regrets youth ill-spent, never to return.

“My time of youth I do bewail,
 That more than most lived merrily,
 Until old age ’gan me assail,
 For youth had passed unconsciously.

It wended not afoot from me,
Nor yet on horseback. Ah, how then?
It fled away all suddenly
And never will return again.’’

His youthful associates, where are they now?

“Where are the gracious gallants now
That of old time I did frequent,
So fair of fashion and of show,
In song and speech so excellent?
Stark dead are some, their lives are spent;
There rests of them nor mark nor trace:
May they in Heaven have content;
God keep the others of His grace.”

“That which perhaps most forcibly strikes a reader for the first time studying Villon’s work is the perfect absence of all conventional restrictions. He rejects nothing as common or unclean and knows—none better—how to draw the splendid wonder of poetic efflorescence from the mangrove swamps of the stagnant marsh of the prison brothel. His wit and pathos are like the sun, which shines with equal and impartial light upon the evil and the good, alike capable of illustrating the innocent sweetness of the spring and summer meadows and of kindling into a glory of gold and color the foul canopy of smoke which overbroods the turmoil of a great city. He is equally at home when celebrating the valor of the heroes of old time or when telling the sorry tragedy of some ne’er-do-well of his own day. . . .

“Villon did for French poetic speech that which Rabelais afterwards performed for its prose. . . . He restored the exhausted literary language of his time to youth and health by infusing into it the healing poisons, the revivifying acids and bitters of the popular speech, disdaining no materials that served his purpose, replacing the defunct forms with new phrases, new shapes were wrung from the heart of the spoken tongue, plunging with audacious hand into the slang of the tavern, the cant of the highway and the prison, choosing from the wayside heap and the street gutter the neglected pebbles and nodules in which he alone divined the hidden diamonds and rubies

of picturesque expression, to be polished and faceted into glory and beauty by the regenerating friction of poetic employment."¹

¹Payne: Introduction, *Poems by Villon*, p. 73 ff. This is valuable for a sympathetic review of Villon's contribution to literature.

²See p. 605 ff.

Ballad of Old-Time Ladies

I

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
Cousins-german of beauty rare,
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow,
Or marish, answers out of the air?
But what is become of last year's snow?

II

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
For whose sake Abelard might not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

III

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys,—lo!
Where are they, Virgin debonair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

ENVOI

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall the answer this burden bear,
*But what is become of last year's snow?**

*Payne's trans.

The Ballad of Dead Ladies

Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard on river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
 Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden,—
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lay of Maine,—
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
 Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Save with this much for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?

*Rossetti's trans.

Ballad of Old-Time Lords

No. 1

I

There is Calixtus, third of the name,
 That died in the purple whiles ago,
 Four years since he to the tiar came?
 And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?

The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
 And the Duke Arthur of Brittainé?
 And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaigne?

II

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
 Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
 Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
 From chin to forehead all of a glow?
 The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
 Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
 Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaigne?

III

Of many more might I ask the same,
 Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
 But I desist, for none may claim
 To stand against Death, that lays all low.
 Yet one more question before I go:
 Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
 And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaigne?

ENVOI

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
 Where Auvergne's Dauphin and where again
 The late good duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaigne?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords

No. 2

I

Where are the holy apostles gone,
 Alb-clad and amice-tired and stoled
 With the sacred tippet and that alone,
 Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,.....
 The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
 All must come to the self-same bay;
 Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

II

Where is he now that held the throne
 Of Constantine, with the bands of gold?
 And the King of France, o'er all kings known
 For grace and worship that was extolled,
 Who convents and churches manifold
 Built for God's service? In their day
 What of the honour they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

III

Where are the champions every one,
 The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old?
 The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
 Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
 Or take the folk under their banners enrolled,
 Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
 How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI

Princes to death are all foretold,
 Even as the humblest of their array;
 Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
*The wind carries their like away.**

* Payne's trans.

Ballad of Good Doctrine to Those of Ill Life

I

Peddle indulgences, as you may:
 Cog the dice for your cheating throws:
 Try if counterfeit coin will pay,
 At risk of roasting at last, like those
 That deal in treason. Lie and glose,
 Rob and ravish: what profit it?
 Who gets the purchase, do you suppose?
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

II

Rhyme, rail, wrestle and cymbals play:
 Flute and fool it in mummers' shows:
 Along with the strolling players stray
 From town to city, without repose;

Act mysteries, farces, imbroglios:
 Win money at gleek or a lucky hit
 At the pins: like water, away it flows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

III

Turn from your evil courses I pray,
 That smell so foul in a decent nose:
 Earn your bread in some honest way.
 If you have no letters, nor verse nor prose,
 Plough or groom horses, beat hemp or toze,
 Enough shall you have if you think but fit:
 But cast not your wage to each wind that blows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

ENVOI

Doublets, pourpoints and silken hose,
 Gowns and linen, woven or knit,
 Ere your wede's worn, away it goes;
*Taverns and wenches, every whit.**

*Payne's trans.

2. RABELAIS

Another exponent of the age was François Rabelais, whose birth is placed anywhere from 1483 to 1495 by various authorities. Probably 1490 is a conservative assumption, for until 1530 it is impossible to determine his movements with definiteness as to dates. He seems to have belonged to a family of limited means, his father having probably been an apothecary. As a child he attended a monastic school and when about fifteen he became a Franciscan monk.

His devotion to the study of Greek was frowned upon by the Franciscans and years after he obtained permission to be transferred to a Benedictine abbey. Later still he became a secular priest. When a man of maturity, he entered the university at Montpellier to study medicine. In 1532 he lectured on anatomy at a hospital in Lyons.

Rabelais was of an inquiring mind, having a pronounced interest in scientific knowledge. The restrictions of monastic

life were wholly unsuited to him and he held in contempt the attitude toward the new learning which he encountered in monks devoted to the mediæval system—which lingered long, as would be expected, in monasteries. In 1534 he went to Rome and was released from obligation to return to the convent. The following year found him serving as physician to the Bishop of Paris.

The attitude of the Middle Ages toward religion had been one of awe and wonder. Proud kings and lords yielded in submission to the rule of the Church, actuated by respect and fear for an organization they did not understand but which seemed to be intimately connected with their future salvation. These feelings of awe and reverence gave way in course of time to question and doubt; ultimately, to a complete departure from established tenets. The late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries were marked by an abounding satire directed toward ecclesiastical matters. This was given tremendous impetus by the glaring abuses of the times. There was something so contradictory between the claims of the Church and the lives of its prelates that, under the stimulus supplied by the Revival of Learning, men could not help being impressed by it. To be sure, satire had been common in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, as for example, in the popular poem: *Reynard the Fox*. The *fabliaux*, little stories of the people, had ridiculed pretensions of both priests and laymen. The irresistible weapons of humor and satirical wit had been turned effectively upon antiquated customs, superstitions, and hypocrisy by Chaucer, Boccaccio, and, recently, by the great Erasmus. It still being dangerous openly to ridicule matters pertaining to governments and Church, safety often prompted to veiled meanings. Criticisms had taken the form of fables and *besties*, as the animal tales were called, the greatest being the story of *Reynard*.

Rabelais adopted a plan afterwards employed in a similar manner by Dean Swift: he related stories of a mighty giant, interweaving these with many details which could be read merely for the sake of the narrative or interpreted, as he expected they would be, as a burlesque on existing conditions. *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* were giants, as familiar

in their day as Gulliver is now. Rabelais made them the leading characters in his books.

The reason that the average reader today is unacquainted with Rabelais is, that, following the manner of his age, he incorporated so much that is coarse, vulgar and repulsive to modern ears that comparatively few are willing to wade through the objectionable to enjoy his brilliant thoughts and sparkling wit. Many of the early French tales possessed the same characteristics. Much of the conversation of the age would sound wholly reprehensible to modern ears. However, there is a difference between the employment of vulgar words and references merely because they swing along with the movement of the story and making them the object of the story itself, which Rabelais never does. The frankness of Old Testament writers, of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, never misleads anyone. It is accepted as characteristic of a time when every physical condition and bodily function was regarded as an appropriate subject for conversation. People today accept the creature requirements and conditions which our physical bodies place upon us and consider them as too trite for discussion, unless, to be sure, ill health requires the counsel of physicians. Dirt and filth, refuse heaps, barn yard litter and defunct cats, or other animals, in various states of decomposition are topics uncongenial to the modern reader and not likely to deepen his interest; yet these were all stock-in-trade for the one-time story teller, who brought the most noisome smells and revolting filth into narratives which he set before the most refined ears of the realm. Any perusal of Rabelais should take this into consideration, for it must be accepted, like the inconveniences of travel, endured for the pleasures and advantages afforded. In following the stages through which mankind has passed, no light is more welcome than that which is thrown upon social conditions and contemporary thought. It is safe to say that any writer who has addressed himself to a reasonably large number of readers has never produced what his contemporaries would be unwilling to receive. The very survival of a book requires it to be suited to those whom it addresses.

In the beginning, it is said, Rabelais wrote stories to

entertain patients in his hospital in Lyons. Finding them to be popular and greatly in demand, he continued to write, until five books were produced, although some question whether or not he personally completed the last. Concerning himself with a family of giants, he tells of Grandgousier, whose son was Gargantua. The son was so huge that a chapter is devoted to explaining how large his garments had to be cut to fit him. Gargantua in turn had a son named Pantagruel, whose travels led him into many lands. It would be possible to follow the narrative merely for the story; however, only an obtuse reader would fail to discern the satire underlying it. When Gargantua spends five years and three months perfecting himself in his ability to repeat the alphabet backwards, who can fail to see a satire on mediæval education? Similarly, when a monastery is constructed on a new plan, the insistent rule being that each shall do exactly as he pleases, we recall the restless Rabelais who had spent many years submitting to monastic rules that to him were extremely irksome. Sometimes the meaning is clear and plain—as, for example, the following:

“I must refer you to the great Chronicle of Pantagruel for the knowledge of that genealogy and antiquity of race by which Gargantua is come unto us. In it you may understand more at large how the giants were born in this world, and how from them by a direct line issued Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel. . . . Would to God every one had as certain knowledge of his genealogy since the time of the ark of Noah until this age. I think many are at this day emperors, kings, dukes, princes and popes on the earth, whose extraction is from some porters and pardon-peddlers; as on the contrary, many are now poor wandering beggars, wretched and miserable, who are descended of the blood and lineage of great kings and emperors, occasioned, as I conceive it, by the transport and revolution of kingdoms and empires.”

The description of the model monastery, with its freedom and assumption that men and women are sufficiently fine and virtuous to conduct themselves properly without hard and fast rules, is easily understood. Many there were, like Erasmus and François Rabelais, who felt the call to

leave the life of institutions and take their place in a world where great changes had come about, notwithstanding such refuges had offered a fortunate retreat in times filled with anarchy and chaos. The Abbey of *Theleme* places the transformed condition before us as nothing else could do.

Pantagruel becomes perplexed as to whether or not he should marry. To take counsel on the subject he journeys far into foreign realms. He passes the Isle of Odes; the Ringing Island; the Land of Satin, and Sandel-land; he comes to the Land of Lanterns. "Pursuing our voyage, we sailed three days without discovering anything; on the fourth, we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island, and indeed we heard a kind of confused and often-repeated noise, that seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling." What is this but an obscure allusion to the bells that governed monastic hours. A commentator says: "They are rung at matins, mass, noon, vespers, sermons and the salutation of the Mother Mary every day, on the eves or vigils of holydays, at processions and at stations. . . . Thus the bells are rung wherever there is a monastery, church, chapel, or hermitage, to awaken the people's devotion, summon them together, dismiss them and make them come again."

Lantern-land is the realm of learning. "In four days we came near the coast of Lantern-land. We then saw certain little hovering fires on the sea. For my part, I did not take them to be lanterns, but rather thought they were fishes, which lolled their flaming tongues on the surface of the sea. . . . But the skipper satisfied us that they were the lanterns of the watch, or more properly, lighthouses, set up in many places round the precinct of the place, to discover the land, for the safe piloting in of some outlandish lanterns. . . . When we came to the royal place we had audience of her highness the Queen of Lantern-land, being introduced by two lanterns of honor, that of Aristophanes and that of Cleanthes."

He and his companions are on their way to seek the Oracle of the Holy Bottle. A lantern chosen by them to be their guide leads them to Bottle-land, where all varieties of bottles are to be seen. "Our magnificent lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes and take a vine-branch in his left hand." On an arch before Bottle-land the lines stood forth:

"You, who presume to move this way,
Get a good lantern, lest you stray."

In a marvellous temple stood the Holy Bottle, symbolizing truth. On it were inscribed the lines:

"Bottle! whose mysterious deep
Does ten thousand secrets keep,
With attentive ear I wait:
Ease my mind and speak my fate."

The Oracle of the Bottle uttered one word: *Drink*. This might refer to wisdom, always linked to a fountain from which the thirsty drink. It, like the entire work, is capable of other interpretations.

There are always some disposed to read into productions greater riddles than the writers conceived. The writings of Rabelais offer a fertile field to such. The other extreme is the literalist who misses the sense in holding to the letter. Certainly without reading between the lines the content of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* would not be over-great in spite of the coarse fun pervading the narratives.

Of the character of Rabelais' work, Dowden says: "Below his laughter lay wisdom; below his orgy of grossness lay a noble ideality; below the extravagances of his imagination lay the equilibrium of a spirit sane and strong. The life that was in him was so abounding and exultant that it broke all dikes and dams; and laughter for him needed no justification, it was a part of this abounding life. After the mediæval asceticism and the intellectual bondage and scholasticism, life in Rabelais has its vast outbreak and explosion; he would be no fragment of humanity but a complete man. He would enjoy the world to the full. . . . Let us return—such is his teaching—to nature, honouring the

body, but giving higher honour to the intellect and to the moral feeling; let us take life seriously and therefore gaily; let us face death cheerfully, knowing that we do not wholly die; with light in the understanding and love in the heart, we can confound all dangers and defy all doubts.”¹

¹Dowden: *French Literature*, p. 89.

FROM RABELAIS

How Gargantua Was Taught Latine by a Sophister

The good man Grangousier having heard this discourse, was ravished with admiration, considering the high reach, and marvellous understanding of his sonne Gargantua, and said to his governesses, Philip king of Macedon knew the great wit of his sonne Alexander, by his skilful managing of a horse; for his horse Bucephalus was so fierce and unruly, that none durst adventure to ride him, after that he had given to his Riders such devillish falls, breaking the neck of this man, the other man's leg, braining one, and putting another out of his jawbone. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome, (which was a place appointed for the breaking and managing of great horses), he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded meerly from the feare he had of his own shadow, whereupon getting on his back, he run him against the Sun, so that the shadow fell behinde, and by that meanes tamed the horse, and brought him to his hand: whereby his father, knowing the divine judgment that was in him, caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece; after the same manner I tell you, that by this only discourse, which now I have here had before you with my sonne Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, and that if he be well taught, and have that education which is fitting, he will attain to a supreme degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost. Presently they appointed him a great Sophister-Doctor, called Master Tubal Holo-

phernes, who taught him his A B C so well, that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five yeares and three moneths. Then read he to him Donat, Facet, Theodoret, and Alanus *in parabolis*: About this he was thirteen yeares, six moneths, and two weeks; but you must remark, that in the mean time he did learn to write in Gottish characters, and that he wrote all his books, for the Art of printing was not then in use, and did ordinarily carry a great pen and inkhorne, weighing about seven thousand quintals (that is, 700,000 pound weight), the penner whereof was as big and as long, as the great pillars of Enay, and the horne was hanging to it in great iron chaines, it being of the wide-nesse of a tun of merchand ware. After that he read unto him the book *de modis significandi*, with the Commentaries of Hurtbise, of Fasquin, of Tropifeu, of Gualhaut, of Jhon Calf, of Billonio, of Berlinguandus, and a rabble of others, and herein he spent more than eighteen yeares and eleven monethes, and was so well versed in it, that to try masteries in School disputes with his condisciples, he would recite it by heart backwards and did sometimes prove on his fingers ends to his mother, *quod de modis significandi non erat scientia*. Then did he reade to him the compost, for knowing the age of the Moon, the seasons of the year, and tides of the sea, on which he spent sixteen yeares and two moneths, and that justly at the time that his said Præceptor died of the French Pox, which was in the yeare one thousand foure hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got an old coughing fellow to teach him, named Master Jobelia Bride, or muzled doul, who read unto him Hugotio, Flebard, Grecisme, the doctinal, the parts, the *quid est*, the *supplementum*, Marmotretus *De moribus in mensa servandis*, Seneca *de quatuor virtutibus cardinalibus*, Passavantus *cum commentar*: and *dormi securè* for the holydays, and some other of such like mealie stuffe, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we ever since baked in an Oven.

How Gargantua Was Put Under Other Schoolmasters

At the last his father perceived, that indeed he studied hard, and that although he spent all his time in it, did neverthesse profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby

foolish, simple, doted and blockish, whereof making a heavie regret to Don Philip of Marays, Viceroy or depute King of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learne nothing at all, then to be taught such like books, under such Schoolmasters, because their knowledge was nothing but brutishnesse, and their wisdoms but blunt foppish toys, serving only to bastardize good and noble spirits, and to corrupt all the flower of youth. That it is so, take, (said he), any young boy of this time, who hath only studied two yeares, if he have not a better judgement, a better discourse, and that expressed in better termes then your sonne, with a compleater carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me for ever hereafter a very clounch, and bacon-slicer of Brene. This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his, of Vilie-gouges, called Eudemon so neat, so trim, so handsom in his apparel, so spruce, with his haire in so good order, and so sweet and comely in his behaviour, that he had the resemblance of a little Angel more then of a humane creature. Then he said to Grangousier, Do you see this young boy? he is not as yet twelve yeares old; let us try, (if it please you), what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting Mateologians of old time, and the young lads that are now. The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the Page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the Vice-King his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, beautiful and ruddie lips, his eyes steadie, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty; standing up streight on his feet, began very gracefully to commend him; first for his vertue and good manners; secondly for his knowledge; thirdly for his nobility; fourthly for his bodily accomplishments; and, in the fifth place, most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all due observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him, that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favour at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service; all this was by him delivered with such proper

gestures, such distinct pronounciation, so pleasant a delivery, in such exquisite fine termes, and so good Latine, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, then a youth of this age: but all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like a Cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap, nor could they possibly draw one word from him, . . . whereat his father was so grievously vexed, that he would have killed Master Jobelin, but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by faire persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be payed his wages, that they should whittle him up soundly, like a Sophister with good drink, and then give him leave to go all the devils in hell: at least he should die as drunk as a Suitser. Master Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the Viceroy what School-master they should choose for him, and it was betwixt them resolved, that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should go altogether to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

“Comme un Anglais.”—Rabelais.

*How the Abbey of the Thelemites Was Built and
Endowed*

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money seven and twenty hundred thousand, eight hundred and one and a thirty of those golden rams of Berry, which have a sheep stamped on the one side, and a flowered cross on the other; and for every year until the whole work were completed, he allotted threescore nine thousand crowns of the sun, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the custom. For the foundation and maintenance thereof for ever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, exempted from all homage, fealty, service, or burden whatsoever, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and of this, by letters patent passed a very good grant. The architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion, that in every one of the six

corners there was built a great round tower of threescore feet in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east, there was another called Calær,—the next following Anatole,—the next Mesembrine,—the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Every tower was distant from the other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was everywhere six storeys high, reckoning the cellars under ground for one. The second was arched after the fashion of a basket-handle, the rest were ceiled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fretwork, in the form of the foot of a lamp, and covered above with fine slates, with an indorsement of lead, carrying the antique figures of little puppets, and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and gilt, together with the gutters, which jetting without the walls from betwixt the cross-bars in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azure, reached to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit-pipes, which carried all away into the river from under the house.

The same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnavet, Chambourg, or Chantilly; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two and thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsome closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a pair of winding, such as we now call lanthorn stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark red marble, spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, which is a kind of yellowishly-streaked marble upon various colours, and part of serpentine marble, with light spots on a dark green ground, each of those steps being two and twenty feet in length, and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, as we now term it, landing-place. In every resting-place were two fair antique arches where the light came in: and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and the re-ascending above the

roofs of the house ending conically in a pavilion. By that vize or winding, they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere, were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages.

In the midst there was a wonderful scali^{er} or winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch, six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness, that six men at arms with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair spacious galleries, all covered over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate, as we said there was on the river-side. Upon that gate was written in great antique letters that which followeth:

THE INSCRIPTION SET UPON THE GREAT GATE OF THELEME

Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,
Externally devoted apes, base snites,
Puft-up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,
Or Ostrogots, fore-runners of baboons: . . .

Here enter not attorneys, barristers,
Nor bridle-champing law-practitioners;
Clerks, commissaries, scribes, nor pharisees;
Wilful disturbers of the people's ease:
Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,
Of honest men, like dogs ev'n unto death,
Your salary is at the gibbet-foot:
Go drink there; for we do not here fly out
On these excessive courses, which may draw
A waiting on your courts by suits in law.

Law-suits, debates, and wrangling
Hence are exil'd, and jangling.

Here we are very
Frolic and merry,
And free from all entangling,
Law-suits, debates, and wrangling. . . .

Here enter you, and welcome from our hearts,
 All noble sparks, endow'd with gallant parts.
 This is the glorious place which bravely shall
 Afford wherewith to entertain you all.
 Were you a thousand, here you shall not want
 For any thing: for what you'll ask we'll grant.
 Stay here you, lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,
 Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,
 Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,
 And in a word, all worthy, gentle blades.

Blades of heroic breasts
 Shall taste here of the feasts,
 Both privily
 And civilly,
 Of the celestial guests,
 Blades of heroic breasts.

Here enter you, pure, honest, faithful, true,
 Expounders of the Scriptures old and new.
 Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but
 Make it to see the clearer, and who shut
 Its passages from hatred, avarice,
 Pride, factions, covenants, and all sort of vice.
 Come, settle here a charitable faith,
 Which neighbourly affection nourisheth.
 And whose light chaseth all corrupters hence,
 Of the blest word, from the aforesaid sense.

The Holy Sacred Word,
 May it always afford
 T'us all in common,
 Both man and woman,
 A spiritual shield and sword,
 The Holy Sacred Word.

3. MONTAIGNE

Time has accorded a secondary place to several ambitious writers of prose and verse who flourished during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Among the foremost of the French Renaissance was Michael de Montaigne, born in 1533—a century later than Villon and while Rabelais was writing his tales of giants to entertain his patients in the hospital of Lyons. He was favorably known to Henry II and Catherine de Medici, was present at Rouen

when Charles IX attained his majority, and for a while was attached to the court of Henry III. Nevertheless, while religious dissension waged around him, this country gentleman, who loved the Golden Mean, went on his way serenely and sceptically.

From the underworld of Villon and the boyhood of Rabelais, misplaced in a monastery, it is a relief to turn to Montaigne, whose studiously inclined father adapted his training to the life he was afterwards to lead. Until six years old he heard only Greek and Latin spoken. At this tender age he was sent to the college at Bordeaux, where some of the most celebrated teachers of the age were to be found. When thirteen, Michael had "passed through all the classes." When all is said and done, except for a proficiency in classical languages, it is doubtful if this education equalled that provided by a good preparatory school today. He was now ready for law, after which he served as justice in Bordeaux.

Being out of health, he visited Germany and Italy, stopping at the famous watering places to drink from the health-restoring springs. His linguistic aptitude enabled him to speak the language of each country in which he found himself, and his visit to Rome was clouded by the fact that such Frenchmen as he met insisted in addressing him in French rather than Italian.

During his sojourn in the Eternal City he was notified that he had been elected Mayor of Bordeaux and he reluctantly turned back to discharge his duties as a citizen, the more persuaded since a letter from the king urged him not to delay on forfeit of his favor. It is likely that the sweet serenity of Montaigne commended itself to him at a time when factional feeling in his kingdom often reached blood heat.

After a two years' term, he was re-elected, more to the satisfaction of his townsmen than himself, for he inclined to the quiet of his country home and the companionship of his books. Having discharged four years in this rather exacting post, he declined the king's invitation to return to the capital and retired, to spend the remainder of his life in meditation and study.

A marriage of convenience, as those alliances were called wherein practical adjustment replaced any demands of the heart, brought a sufficient income. A daughter was born of the union, who, like her mother, survived Montaigne. His affection for his father and for a friend who died early awakened the deepest emotions of his experience.

Little beyond this remains to be added concerning the man personally. He was not the bookworm that his boyhood might lead one to conclude; on the contrary, riding was throughout life his favorite diversion. A mild humor pervaded his mind leading him to see that nothing is so important as it frequently appears.

His style of writing marked an innovation: it was desultory, touching upon this subject and that, as the mood suggested. His essays contain his reflections and conclusions. The question that ever haunted him was: *What do I really know?* He who thus continually interrogates himself knows well that he knows nothing. Why then condemn others for what they believe? If none really know, what difference does it make even though men differ in their opinions? Such queries were oft recurring to Montaigne, who understood clearly that the problems of the universe transcend finite comprehension. However, with his sanity and clear vision, he saw that order must be preserved; hence he was willing to abide by the existing order, since, after all, what did it matter?

It is said that when the king told him he liked his book, Montaigne replied: "Then, sire, you must needs like me, for my book is but one disquisition upon myself and my opinions." Herein lies the fascination his essays have ever exerted—an intimate inclusion of the reader into the author's inmost circle, to hear his thoughts and share his conclusions.

From school days he was accustomed to write down ideas, which occurred to him as he read, upon the margins of his books. The expansion of these notes made up the first volume of essays, which, published in 1580, established his reputation. A second collection followed a few years later and the third was edited after his death by his wife

and a young friend whom he had styled his adopted daughter.

The age of Montaigne was in some ways one of disillusionment; the high hopes that had been felt for the Revival had not materialized. Instead, men were now killing each other for the glory of God. Life is said to be "a comedy to those who think—a tragedy to those who feel." Montaigne thought, and the humor of the whole situation was borne in upon him. He has been likened to Charles Lamb, yet Lamb lived in an age less hostile. He did not need to school himself to look upon existence calmly and with amused toleration.

Montaigne's message, if indeed he had one, was that it is dangerous to establish rules. Human nature admits of an infinite variety; all truth is relative. "Why should we pay such a compliment to opinions different from our own as to burn a heretic because he prefers the Pope of Geneva to the Pope of Rome? Let each of us ask himself, 'Que sais-je?' ('What do I really know?') and the answer will serve to temper our zeal."¹

Many were afterwards to adopt his convenient essay form which enables a writer to pass from theme to theme with no more of a connecting thread than humanity, with its countless aspects and varieties. Francis Bacon pursued the method of his predecessor and wrote on many subjects—on *friendship*, discussed by the Hebrew novelist, by Cicero and others before and since; on *education*, concerning which Montaigne had discoursed before him, but the English essayist not only lacked the humor of Montaigne but that happy faculty of taking his reader into his confidence and enjoying a personal, fireside chat.

¹Dowden: *French Literature*, p. 124.

ESSAYS BY MONTAIGNE

The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes

There is no subject so frivolous that does not merit a place in this rhapsody. According to our common rule of civility, it would be a notable affront to an equal, and much more to a superior, to fail of being at home, when he has

given you notice he will come to visit you. Nay, Queen Margaret of Navarre further adds, that it would be a rudeness in a gentleman to go out, as we so often do, to meet any that is coming to see him, let him be of what high condition soever; and that it is more respectful and more civil to stay at home to receive him, if only upon the account of missing him by the way, and that it is enough to receive him at the door, and to wait upon him. For my part, who as much as I can endeavor to reduce the ceremonies of my house, I very often forget both the one and the other of these vain offices. If, peradventure, some one may take offense at this, I can't help it; it is much better to offend him once than myself every day, for it would be a perpetual slavery. To what end do we avoid the servile attendance of courts, if we bring the same trouble home to our own private houses? It is also a common rule in all assemblies, that those of less quality are to be first upon the place, by reason that it is more due to the better sort to make others wait and expect them.

Nevertheless, at the interview betwixt Pope Clement and King Francis at Marseilles, the king, after he had taken order for the necessary preparations for his reception and entertainment, withdrew out of the town, and gave the pope two or three days respite for his entry, and to repose and refresh himself, before he came to him. And in like manner, at the assignation of the pope and the emperor at Bologna the emperor gave the pope opportunity to come thither first, and came himself after; for which the reason given was this, that at all the interviews of such princes, the greater ought to be first at the appointed place, especially before the other in whose territories the interview is appointed to be, intimating thereby a kind of deference to the other, it appearing proper for the less to seek out and to apply themselves to the greater, and not the greater to them.

Not every country only, but every city, and every society, has its particular forms of civility. There was care enough to this taken in my education, and I have lived in good company enough to know the formalities of our own nation, and am able to give lessons in it. I love to follow

them, but not to be so servilely tied to their observation that my whole life should be enslaved to ceremonies, of which there are some so troublesome that, provided a man omits them out of discretion, and not for want of breeding, it will be every whit as handsome. I have seen some people rude, by being over-civil and troublesome in their courtesy.

Still, these excesses excepted, the knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study. It is, like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the first sight, and in the very beginning of acquaintance; and, consequently, that which first opens the door and intromits us to instruct ourselves by the example of others, and to give examples ourselves, if we have any worth taking notice of and communicating.

*That Men Are Not to Judge of Our Happiness Till
After Death*

“Scilicet ultima semper

Exspectanda dies homini est; dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.”

(“We should all look forward to our last day: no one can be called happy till he is dead and buried.”)

The very children know the story of King Cræsus to this purpose, who being taken prisoner by Cyrus, and by him condemned to die, as he was going to execution cried out, “O Solon, Solon!” which being presently reported to Cyrus, and he sending to inquire of him what it meant, Cræsus gave him to understand that he now found the teaching Solon had formerly given him true to his cost, which was, “That men, however fortune may smile upon them, could never be said to be happy till they had been seen to pass over the last day of their lives,” by reason of the uncertainty and mutability of human things, which, upon very light and trivial occasions, are subject to be totally changed into a quite contrary condition. And so it was that Agesilaus made answer to one who was saying what a happy young man the King of Persia was, to come so young to so mighty a kingdom: “’Tis true,” said he, “but neither was

Priam unhappy at his years." In a short time, kings of Macedon, successors to that mighty Alexander, became joiners and scriveners at Rome; a tyrant of Sicily, a pedant at Corinth; a conqueror of one-half of the world and general of so many armies, a miserable suppliant to the rascally officers of a king of Egypt: so much did the prolongation of five or six months of life cost the great Pompey; and, in our fathers' days, Ludovico Sforza, the tenth Duke of Milan, whom all Italy had so long truckled under, was seen to die a wretched prisoner at Loches, but not till he had lived ten years in captivity, which was the worst part of his fortune. The fairest of all queens, widow to the greatest king in Europe, did she not come to die by the hand of an executioner? Unworthy and barbarous cruelty! And a thousand more examples there are of the same kind; for, it seems, that as storms and tempests have a malice against the proud and overtowering heights of our lofty buildings, there are also spirits above that are envious of the grandeurs here below.

"*Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit, et pulchros fasces, sævasque secures
Proculcare, ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur.*"

("So true it is, that some occult power upsets human affairs, the glittering fascces and the cruel axes spurns under foot, and seems to make sport of them.")

And it should seem, also, that Fortune sometimes lies in wait to surprise the last hour of our lives, to show the power she has, in a moment to overthrow what she was so many years in building, making us cry out with Laberius—

"*Nimirum hac die
Una plus vixi mihi, quam vivendum fuit.*"

("I have lived longer by this one day than I should have done.")

And, in this sense, this good advice of Solon may reasonably be taken; but he, being a philosopher (with which sort

of men the favors and disgraces of Fortune stand for nothing, either to the making a man happy or unhappy, and with whom grandeurs and powers are accidents of a quality almost indifferent) I am apt to think that he had some further aim, and that his meaning was, that the very felicity of life itself, which depends upon the tranquility and contentment of a well-descended spirit, and the resolution and assurance of a well-ordered soul, ought never to be attributed to any man till he has first been seen to play the last, and doubtless, the hardest act of his part. There may be disguise and dissimulation in all the rest: where these fine philosophical discourses are only put on, and where accident, not touching us to the quick, give us leisure to maintain the same gravity of aspect; but, in this last scene of death, there is no more counterfeiting: we must speak out plain, and discover what there is of pure and clean in the bottom of the pot.

*“Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur; et eripitur persona, manet res.”*

*(“Then at last truth issues from the heart; the
visor’s gone, the man remains.”)*

Wherefore, at this last, all the other actions of our life ought to be tried and sifted: “’tis the master-day, ’tis the day that is judge of all the rest, ’tis the day,” says one of the ancients, “that must be judge of all my foregoing years.” To death do I refer the assay of the fruit of all my studies: we shall then see whether my discourses came only from my mouth or from my heart. I have seen many by their death give a good or an ill reputation to their whole life. Scipio, the father-in-law of Pompey, in dying, well wiped away the ill opinion that till then every one had conceived of him. Epaminondas being asked which of the three he had in greatest esteem, Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself, “You must first see us die,” said he, “before that question can be resolved.” And, in truth, he would infinitely wrong that man who would weigh him without the honor and grandeur of his end.

God has ordered all things as it has best pleased Him; but I have, in my time, seen three of the most execrable

persons that ever I knew in all manner of abominable living, and the most infamous to boot, who all died a very regular death, and in all circumstances composed, even to perfection. There are brave and fortunate deaths: I have seen death cut the thread of the progress of a prodigious advancement, and in the height and flower of its increase, of a certain person, with so glorious an end that, in my opinion, his ambitious and generous designs had nothing in them so high and great as their interruption. He arrived, without completing his course, at the place to which his ambition aimed, with greater glory than he could either have hoped or desired, anticipating by his fall the name and power to which he aspired in perfecting his career. In the judgment I make of another man's life, I always observe how he carried himself at his death; and the principal concern I have for my own is that I may die well—that is, patiently and tranquilly.

Of the Custom of Wearing Clothes

Whatever I shall say upon this subject, I am of necessity to invade some of the bounds of custom, so careful has she been to shut up all the avenues. I was disputing with myself in this shivering season, whether the fashion of going naked in those nations lately discovered is imposed upon them by the hot temperature of the air, as we say of the Indians and Moors, or whether it be the original fashion of mankind. Men of understanding, forasmuch as all things under the sun, as the Holy Writ declares, are subject to the same laws, were wont in such considerations as these, where we are to distinguish the natural laws from those that have been imposed by man's invention, to have recourse to the general polity of the world, where there can be nothing counterfeit. Now all other creatures being sufficiently furnished with all things necessary for the support of their being, it is not to be imagined, that we only should be brought into the world in a defective and indigent condition, and in such a state as cannot subsist without external aid. Therefore it is, that I believe, that as plants, trees, and animals, and all things that have life, are seen to be by

nature sufficiently clothed and covered, to defend them from the injuries of weather,

“Proptereaque fere res omnes aut corio sunt,
Aut seta, aut conchis, aut callo, aut cortice tectæ.”

(“And that for this reason nearly all things are clothed with skin, or hair, or shells, or bark, or some such thing.”)

so were we: but as those who by artificial light put out that of the day, so we by borrowed forms and fashions have destroyed our own. And 'tis plain enough to be seen, that 'tis custom only which renders that impossible that otherwise is nothing so; for of those nations who have no manner of knowledge of clothing, some are situated under the same temperature that we are, and some in much colder climates. And besides, our most tender parts are always exposed to the air, as the eyes, mouth, nose, and ears; and our country laborers, like our ancestors in former times, go with their breasts and bellies open. Had we been born with a necessity upon us of wearing petticoats and breeches, there is no doubt but nature would have fortified those parts she intended should be exposed to the fury of the seasons, with a thicker skin, as she has done the finger-ends, and the soles of the feet. And why should this seem hard to believe? I observe much greater distance betwixt my habit and that of one of our country boors, than betwixt his and that of a man who has no other covering but his skin. How many men, especially in Turkey, go naked upon the account of devotion? Some one asked a beggar, whom he saw in his shirt in the depth of winter, as brisk and frolic as he who goes muffled up to the ears in furs, how he was able to endure to go so? “Why, sir,” he answered, “you go with your face bare: I am all face.” The Italians have a story of the Duke of Florence's fool, whom his master asking, how, being so thinly clad, he was able to support the cold, when he himself, warmly wrapped up as he was, was hardly able to do it? “Why,” replied the fool, “use my receipt to put on all your clothes you have at once, and you'll feel no more cold than I.” King Massinissa, to an extreme old age, could never be prevailed upon to go with his head

covered, how cold, stormy, or rainy soever the weather might be; which also is reported of the Emperor Severus. Herodotus tells us, that in the battles fought betwixt the Egyptians and the Persians, it was observed both by himself and by others, that of those who were left dead upon the field, the heads of the Egyptians were without comparison harder than those of the Persians, by reason that the last had gone with their heads always covered from their infancy, first with biggins, and then with turbans, and the others always shaved and bare. King Agesilaus continued to a decrepit age, to wear always the same clothes in winter that he did in summer. Cæsar, says Suetonius, marched always at the head of his army, for the most part on foot, with his head bare, whether it was rain or sunshine, and as much is said of Hannibal,

“Tum vertice nudo,
Excipere insanos imbres, cœlique ruinam.”

(“Bareheaded he marched in snow, exposed to
pouring rain and the utmost rigor of the weather.”)

A Venetian who has long lived in Pegu, and has lately returned thence, writes that the men and women of that kingdom, though they cover all their other parts go always barefoot and ride so, too; and Plato very earnestly advises for the health of the whole body, to give the head and the feet no other clothing, than what nature has bestowed. He whom the Poles have elected for their king, since ours came thence, who is, indeed, one of the greatest princes of this age, never wears any gloves, and in winter or whatever weather can come, never wears other cap abroad than that he wears at home. Whereas I cannot endure to go unbuttoned or untied; my neighboring laborers would think themselves in chains, if they were so braced. Varro is of opinion, that when it was ordained we should be bare in the presence of the gods and before the magistrate, it was so ordered rather upon the score of health, and to inure us to the injuries of the weather, than upon the account of reverence; and since we are now talking of cold, and Frenchmen use to wear variety of colors (not I myself,

for I seldom wear other than black or white, in imitation of my father), let us add another story out of Captain Martin du Bellay, who affirms, that in the march to Luxembourg, he saw so great frost, that the munition wine was cut with hatchets and wedges, and delivered out to the soldiers by weight and that they carried it away in baskets: and Ovid,

“Nudaque consistunt, formam servantia testæ,
Vina; nec hausta meri, sed data frusta, bibunt.”

(“The wine when out of the cask, retains the form of the cask; and is given out not in cups, but in bits.”)

At the mouth of the lake Mæotis, the frosts are so very sharp, that in the very same place where Mithridates' lieutenant had fought the enemy dry-foot and given them a notable defeat, the summer following he obtained over them a naval victory. The Romans fought at a very great disadvantage, in the engagement they had with the Carthaginians near Placentia, by reason, that they went to the charge with their blood fixed and their limbs numbed with cold; whereas Hannibal had caused great fires to be dispersed quite through his camp to warm his soldiers, and oil to be distributed amongst them, to the end that anointing themselves, they might render their nerves more supple and active, and fortify the pores against the violence of the air and freezing wind, which raged in that season.

The retreat the Greeks made from Babylon into their own country is famous for the difficulties and calamities they had to overcome; of which, this was one, that being encountered in the mountains of Armenia with a horrible storm of snow, they lost all knowledge of the country and of the ways, and being driven up, were a day and a night without eating or drinking; most of their cattle died, many of themselves starved to death, several struck blind with the driving hail and the glittering of the snow, many of them maimed in their fingers and toes, and many stiff and motionless with the extremity of the cold, who had yet their understanding entire.

Alexander saw a nation, where they bury their fruit-trees in winter, to protect them from being destroyed by the frost, and we also may see the same.

But, so far as clothes go, the King of Mexico changed four times a day his apparel, and never put it on again, employing that he left off in his continual liberalities and rewards; and neither pot, dish, nor other utensil of his kitchen or table was ever served twice.

OF THE INEQUALITY AMONGST US

Plutarch says somewhere that he does not find so great a difference betwixt beast and beast as he does betwixt man and man; which he says in reference to the internal qualities and perfections of the soul. And, in truth I find so vast a distance betwixt Epaminondas, according to my judgment of him, and some that I know, who are yet men of good sense, that I could willingly enhance upon Plutarch, and say that there is more difference betwixt such and such a man than there is betwixt such a man and such a beast:

“Hem! vir viro quid præstat!”

(“Ah! how much may one man surpass another!”)

and that there are as many and innumerable degrees of minds as there are cubits betwixt this and heaven. But as touching the estimate of men, 'tis strange that, ourselves excepted, no other creature is esteemed beyond its proper qualities; we commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot,

“Voluerem

*Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, et exsultat rauco victoria circo,”*

(“So we praise the swift horse, for whom many an applauding hand glows, and victory exults among the hoarse shouts of the circus.”)

and not for his rich caparison; a greyhound for his speed of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her gesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train,

a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year: all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a pig in a poke: if you cheapen a horse, you will see him stripped of his housing-cloths, you will see him naked and open to your eye; or if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to present them to princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important parts, that you may not so much consider the beauty of his color or the breadth of his crupper, as principally to examine his legs, eyes, and feet, which are the members of greatest use:

“Regibus hic mos est: ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Inspiciunt; ne, si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix:”

(“When kings and great folks buy horses, as 'tis the custom, in their housings, they take care to inspect very closely, lest a short head, a high crest, a broad haunch, and ample chest stand upon an old beaten hoof, to gull the buyer.”)

why, in giving your estimate of a man, do you prize him wrapped and muffled up in clothes? He then discovers nothing to you but such parts as are not in the least his own, and conceals those by which alone one may rightly judge of his value. 'Tis the price of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard: you would not peradventure bid a farthing for him, if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears; and, as one of the ancients very pleasantly said: “Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the height of his paten.” The pedestal is no part of the statue. Measure him without his stilts; let him lay aside his revenues and his titles, let him present himself in his shirt. Then examine if his body be sound and sprightly, active and disposed to perform its functions. What soul has he? Is she beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has fortune no hand in the affair? Can she, without winking, stand the lightning of swords? Is she indifferent

whether her life expire by the mouth or through the throat? Is she settled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences betwixt man and man. Is he

“Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna?”

(“The wise man, who has command over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright; who has the strength and courage to restrain his appetites and to contemn honors; who has his all within himself; a mind well turned and even balanced, like a smooth and perfect ball, which nothing external can stop in its course; whom fortune assails in vain.”)

such a man is five hundred cubits above kingdoms and duchies; he is an absolute monarch in and to himself.

“Sapiens, . . . Pol! ipse fingit fortunam sibi;”

(“The wise man is the master of his own fortune.”)

what remains for him to covet or desire?

“Nonne videmus,
Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi ut, quoi
Corpore sejunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur,
Jucundo sensu, cura semotu’ metuque?”

(“Do we not see that man’s nature asks no more than that, free from bodily pain, he may exercise his mind agreeably, exempt from fear and anxiety.”)

Compare with such a one the common rabble of mankind, stupid and mean-spirited, servile, instable, and continually floating with the tempest of various passions, that tosses and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater distance than betwixt heaven

and earth; and yet the blindness of common usage is such that we make little or no account of it; whereas, if we consider a peasant and a king, a nobleman and a vassal, a magistrate and a private man, a rich man and a poor, there appears a vast disparity, though they differ no more, as a man may say, than in their breeches. . . .

The Emperor Julian being one day applauded by his courtiers for his exact justice: "I should be proud of these praises," said he, "did they come from persons that durst condemn or disapprove the contrary, in case I should do it." All the real advantages of princes are common to them with men of meaner condition ('tis for the gods to mount winged horses and feed upon ambrosia): they have no other sleep, nor other appetite than we; the steel they arm themselves withal, is of no better temper than that we also use; their crowns neither defend them from the rain nor the sun.

Diocletian, who wore a crown so fortunate and revered, resigned it to retire to the felicity of a private life; and some time after, the necessity of public affairs requiring that he should reassume his charge, he made answer to those who came to court him to it: "You would not offer," said he, "to persuade me to this had you seen the fine order of the trees I have planted in my orchard, and the fair melons I have sown in my garden."

In Anacharsis' opinion, the happiest state of government would be where, all other things being equal, precedence should be measured out by the virtues, and repulses by the vices of men.

When King Pyrrhus prepared for his expedition into Italy, his wise counsellor Cyneas, to make him sensible of the vanity of his ambition: "Well, sir," said he, "to what end do you make all this mighty preparation?" "To make myself master of Italy," replied the king. "And what after that is done?" said Cyneas. "I will pass over into Gaul and Spain," said the other. "And what then?" "I will then go to subdue Africa; and lastly, when I have brought the whole world to my subjection, I will sit down and rest content at my own ease." "For God sake, sir," replied Cyneas, "tell me what hinders that you may not, if you

please, be now in the condition you speak of? Why do you not now at this instant, settle yourself in the state you seem to aim at, and spare all the labor and hazard you interpose?"

"Nimirum, quia non bene norat, quæ esset habendi Finis, et omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas."

("Truly because they do not know what is the proper limit of acquisition, and how far real pleasure extends.")

I will conclude with an old versicle, that I think very apt to the purpose. "Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam." ("Every man frames his own fortune.")

Of Sumptuary Laws

The way by which our laws attempt to regulate idle and vain expenses in meat and clothes, seems to be quite contrary to the end designed. The true way would be to beget in men a contempt of silks and gold, as vain, frivolous, and useless; whereas we augment to them the honors, and enhance the value of such things, which, sure, is a very improper way to create a disgust. For to enact that none but princes shall eat turbot, shall wear velvet or gold lace, and interdict these things to the people, what is it but to bring them into a greater esteem, and to set everyone more agog to eat and wear them? Let kings leave off these ensigns of grandeur; they have others enough besides; those excesses are more excusable in any other than a prince. We may learn by the example of several nations better ways of exterior distinction of quality (which, truly, I conceive to be very requisite in a state) enough, without fostering to this purpose such corruption and manifest inconvenience. 'Tis strange how suddenly and with how much ease custom in these indifferent things establishes itself and becomes authority. We had scarce worn cloth a year, in compliance with the court, for the mourning of Henry II, but that silks were already grown into such contempt with every one, that a man so clad was presently concluded a citizen: silks were divided betwixt the physicians and surgeons, and though all other people almost went in

the same habit, there was, notwithstanding, in one thing or other, sufficient distinction of the several conditions of men. How suddenly do greasy chamois and linen doublets become the fashion in our armies, whilst all neatness and richness of habit fall into contempt? Let kings but lead the dance and begin to leave off this expense, and in a month the business will be done throughout the kingdom, without edict or ordinance; we shall all follow. It should be rather proclaimed, on the contrary, that no one should wear scarlet or goldsmiths' work, but courtezans and tumblers.

Zeuleucus with the like invention, reclaimed the corrupted manners of the Locrians. His laws were, that no free woman should be allowed any more than one maid to follow her, unless she was drunk: nor was to stir out of the city by night, wear jewels of gold about her, or go in an embroidered robe, unless she was a professed and public prostitute: that bravos excepted, no man was to wear a gold ring, nor be seen in one of those effeminate robes woven in the city of Miletum. By which infamous exceptions, he discreetly diverted his citizens from superfluities and pernicious pleasures, and it was a project of great utility to attract men by honor and ambition to their duty and obedience.

Our kings can do what they please in such external reformatations; their own inclination stands in this case for a law: "*quicquid principes faciunt, præcipere videntur.*" ("What princes themselves do, they seem to enjoin to others.") Whatever is done at court passes for a rule through the rest of France. Let the courtiers fall out with these abominable breeches, that discover so much of those parts should be concealed; these great bellied doublets, that make us look like I know not what, and are so unfit to admit of arms; these long effeminate locks of hair; this foolish custom of kissing what we present to our equals, and our hands in saluting them, a ceremony in former times only due to princes. Let them not permit that a gentleman shall appear in place of respect without his sword, unbuttoned and untrussed, as though he came from the house of office; and that, contrary to the custom of our forefathers and the particular privilege of the nobles of this kingdom, we stand a

long time bare to them in what place soever, and the same to a hundred others, so many tiercelets and quartelets of kings we have not nowadays and also other like innovations and degenerate customs: they will see them all presently vanish and cried down. These are, 'tis true, but superficial errors; but they are of ill augury, and enough to inform us that the whole fabric is crazy and tottering, when we see the rough cast of our walls to cleave and split.

Plato in his *Laws* esteems nothing of more pestiferous consequence to his city than to give young men the liberty of introducing any change in their habits, gestures, dances, songs and exercises from one form to another; shifting from this to that, hunting after novelties, and applauding the inventors; by which means manners are corrupted and the old institutions come to be nauseated and despised. In all things, saving only in those that are evil, a change is to be feared; even the change of seasons, winds, viands, and humors. And no laws are in their true credit, but such to which God has given so long a continuance that no one knows their beginning, or that there ever was any other.

*Cotton's trans.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

THOMAS MORE

AMONG the outstanding figures of the English Renaissance, as we now look back upon it, was Sir Thomas More, born in London in 1478. His father was a barrister of renown and he was able to place his son in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury after he had completed his elementary education. Considerable influence was necessary to win this coveted opportunity for well-born English lads, the development and social training this residence insured being in high favor. Later Thomas More was sent to Oxford, where he studied Greek under Linacre, one of those first humanists to bring the spirit of the classical revival to England.

He was later removed from Oxford and set to studying law, presently becoming one of the ablest advocates in the realm. It was during the reign of Henry VII that More opposed the large subsidy asked for by the king upon the marriage of his daughter. This so angered Henry that he caused More's father to be imprisoned for a trivial offense and fined him heavily.

More manifested a strange mingling of the old and the new; to some extent he sympathized heart and soul with the new learning; in other ways he found himself unable to break with mediæval thought. Being of a deeply religious nature, he tried as a young man to find peace in ascetic practices, such as sleeping on the hard ground, wearing a hair shirt, and the like. Making the acquaintance of John Colt, he became a guest in his household and later married one of his daughters, attracted by her fine scholarship.

It so happened that not long after Henry VIII had ascended the throne, he was present in court one day when More argued a case against the crown and won it. Instead

of displaying the petty spirit of his father, he marked the skillful lawyer for his own service and many were the honors heaped upon More. He was made treasurer and, after Wolsey lost favor, was advanced to the Chancellorship—the first minister of the realm. Here as ever he held the welfare of the people closely at heart and left the position a poor man—unparalleled in the annals of the times.

The question of Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine was the all absorbing theme at this time. More did not believe that it was just and hence would not lend his aid to the king, who had already given him many indications of his favor. At his own request More was permitted to resign and go into retirement. When the king sent him a personal invitation to be present at his marriage with Anne Boleyn, More was conspicuous for his absence.

Thereafter numerous attempts were made to bring accusations against him. He was accused of taking bribes while in office, which was so absurd a charge that it had to be dropped. Finally, when all English subjects were required to take the oath of Supremacy, More refused and for this was ultimately executed.

His private life was exemplary. His daughters were among the most highly educated of the age. His friendship with Colet and Erasmus has elsewhere been commented upon.^x

His son-in-law wrote the biography of his distinguished father, today of first importance for the study of his life.

The writing of More which has given him a place with the great men of letters of his country is his *Utopia*—or *Nowhere*. The social conditions of the age were most depressing; the lot of the peasantry, deplorable. Feudalism had largely disappeared and small plots of cultivated land were giving way to the large enclosures for the pasturing of sheep. The poor people, crowded from their homes, had no choice but to trudge on foot to the capital in search of work, which was hard to get and wages were low. It was inevitable that, lacking necessary food, they stole to get it; and theft was punishable with death. Many another disheartening condition prompted More to write his story of *Utopia*—*Nowhere, Anywhere*. It was first of a series of

socialistic books to picture ideal conditions whereby the poor should share with the rich and men should enjoy together the good things of life.

To have written such a work openly, couched in the language of the people with its thinly veiled criticism of the *status quo* would have been to invite danger. Consequently it was written in Latin and given the title *Utopia*—a fanciful land. It tells how More and his friend, Peter, being at Antwerp, meet a weathered seaman who has sailed with Amerigo Vespucci to the newly discovered hemisphere. He tells them of an island—strangely like the British isle—where people live a community life; here crime is not punished with severity. In the first place, there is little cause for it; such miscreants as are found serve for the public good with the hope ever before them that when they are worthy of it, freedom will be again bestowed upon them. Money and jewels are the toys of childhood and when one reaches maturity he would be ashamed to be found with either, as men would be unwilling to be found playing with tops and marbles. Houses are all equally comfortable and to guard against envy of one another for their houses, the families exchange residences every few years. The cities are clean, the houses sanitary. None overwork because none underwork. All spend a few hours daily in manual labor, as the needs of life require. People eat at a common table, children profiting by the conversation of their elders.

One after another all the misfits and oppressions of existing conditions in England are touched upon in this half-concealed, half-revealing way, so that the reader comes to feel the needlessness, not only of such glaring inequalities as existed in the time of More, but likewise those that exist today.

Many of the wholesome changes that *Utopia* prophesied have already been realized, just as many of the wonders hinted in Bellamy's *Looking Backward* (such, for example, as the convenience of hearing at home concerts given in distant cities) have already become commonplace. Nevertheless, we still have some distance to travel before all More's ideals shall have been attained. Men in *Utopia* were "not to be wearied from early in the morning till

late in the evening with continual work like laboring and toiling beasts; for this is worse than the miserable wretched condition of bondmen." In view of the victories won by labor unions in modern times, More might easily feel, were he to consider these economic problems now, that humanity was on a fair way to the happy state he pictured at a time when its realization seemed remote indeed. Yet we must feel pangs of remorse as we reflect that even four hundred years later, in the twentieth century, some toil too long while others escape labor altogether.

The tragedy of More's death stands as one of the black stains upon the reign of Henry VIII. When mankind shifts from one social level to another a little more advanced, due to human blindness and lack of understanding, some lives are almost inevitably crushed out. It was impossible for Henry VIII to comprehend the reasons why More could not assent to his claims. With an admirable courage he stood by his honest convictions and his was but one more life sacrificed in the long, long struggle to win that freedom wherein the minority have a right to their own convictions. Recent developments have indicated that even in the most progressive countries this has not yet been entirely won.

FROM SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA

The island of Utopia containeth in breadth in the middle part of it (for there it is broadest) two hundred miles. Which breadth continueth through the most part on the land, saving that by little and little it cometh in, and waxeth narrower towards both the ends. . . .

Of these cities they that be nighest together be twenty-four miles asunder. Again there is none of them distant from the next above one day's journey afoot. . . .

Of the Cities, and Mainly of Amaurote.

As for their cities, whoso knoweth one of them, knoweth them all: they be all so like one to another, as farforth as the nature of the place permitteth. I will describe therefore to you one or other of them, for it skilleth not greatly which: but which rather than Amaurote? Of them all this is the worthiest and of most dignity. For the residue

acknowledge it for the head city, because there is the council house. Nor to me any of them all is better loved, as wherein I lived five whole years together. The city of Amaurote standeth upon the side of a low hill in fashion almost four square. . . . The streets be appointed and set forth very commodious and handsome, both for carriage, and also against the winds. The houses be of fair and gorgeous building, and on the street side they stand joined together in a long row through the whole street without any partition or separation. The streets be twenty feet broad. On the back side of the houses through the whole length of the street, lie large gardens inclosed round about with the back part of the streets. Every house hath two doors, one into the street, and a postern door on the back side into the garden. These doors be made with two leaves, never locked nor bolted, so easy to be opened, that they will follow the least drawing of a finger, and shut again alone. Whoso will, may go in, for there is nothing within the houses that is private, or any man's own. And every tenth year they change their houses by lot. They set great store by their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruit, herbs, and flowers, so pleasant, so well furnished and so finely kept, that I never saw thing more fruitful, nor better trimmed in any place. Their study and diligence herein cometh not only of pleasure, but also of a certain strife and contention that is between street and street, concerning the trimming, husbanding, and furnishing of their gardens: every man for his own part. And verily you shall not lightly find in all the city anything, that is more commodious, either for the profit of the citizens, or for pleasure. And therefore it may seem that the first founder of the city minded nothing so much as these gardens. For they say that King Utopus himself, even at the first beginning appointed and drew forth the platform of the city into this fashion and figure that it hath now, but the gallant garnishing, and the beautiful setting forth of it, whereunto he saw that one man's age would not suffice: that he left to his posterity. For their chronicles, which they keep written with all diligent circumspection, containing the history of 1760 years, even from the first conquest of the island, record and

witness that the houses in the beginning were very low, and like homely cottages or poor shepherd houses, made at all adventures of every rude piece of timber, that came first to hand, with mud walls and ridged roofs, thatched over with straw. But now the houses be curiously builded after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with three storeys one over another. The outsides of the walls be made either of hard flint, or of plaster, or else of brick, and the inner sides be well strengthened with timber work. The roofs be plain and flat, covered with a certain kind of plaster that is of no cost, and yet so tempered that no fire can hurt or perish it, and withstandeth the violence of the weather better than any lead. They keep the wind out of their windows with glass, for it is there much used, and sometimes also with fine linen cloth dipped in oil or amber, and that for two commodities. For by this means more light cometh in, and the wind is better kept out.

Of Sciences, Crafts, and Occupations

Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning. In this they be all instruct even from their youth: partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up as it were in playing, not only beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practicing it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, every one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his own proper craft. That is most commonly either clothworking in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science. For there is none other occupation that any number to speak of doth use there. For their garments, which throughout all the island be of one fashion (save that there is a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried) and this one continueth for evermore unchanged, seemly and comely to the eye, no let to the moving and wielding of the body, also fit both for winter and summer: as for these garments (I say) every family maketh their own. But of the other foresaid crafts every man learneth

one. And not only the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier craft: as to work wool and flax. The more laborsome sciences be committed to the men. For the most part every man is brought up in his father's craft. For most commonly they be naturally thereto bent and inclined. But if a man's mind stand to any other, he is by adoption put into a family of that occupation which he doth most fantasy. Whom not only his father, but also the magistrates do diligently look to, that he be put to a discreet and an honest householder. Yea, and if any person, when he hath learned one craft, be desirous to learn also another, he is likewise suffered and permitted.

When he hath learned both, he occupied whether he will: unless the city have more need of the one, than of the other. The chief and almost the only office of the sycophants is, to see and take heed that no man sit idle; but that every one apply his own craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from early in the morning, to late in the evening, with continual work, like laboring and toiling beasts.

For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen. Which nevertheless is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just hours, appoint and assign only six of these hours to work before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner: and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours and upon that they go to supper. About eight of the clock in the evening (counting one of the clock at the first hour after noon) they go to bed: eight hours they give to sleep. All the void time, that is between the hours of work, sleep and meat, that they be suffered to bestow, every man as he liketh best himself. Not to the intent that they should misspend this time in riot or slothfulness: but being then licensed from the labor of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solemn custom there, to have lectures daily early in the morning, where to be present they only be constrained that be namely

chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation (as it chanceth in many, whose minds rise not in the contemplation of any science liberal) he is not let, nor prohibited, but is also praised and commended, as profitable to the commonwealth. After supper they bestow one hour in play: in summer in their gardens: in winter in their common halls: where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music, or else in honest and wholesome communication. Diceplay, and such other foolish and pernicious games they know not. But they use two games not much unlike the chess. The one is the battle of numbers, wherein one number stealeth away another. The other is wherein vices fight with virtues, as it were in battle array, or a set field. In the which game is very properly showed, both the strife and discord that vices have among themselves, and again their unity and concord against virtue. And also what vices be repugnant to what virtues: with what power and strength they assail them openly: by what wiles and subtlety they assault them secretly: with what help and aid the virtues resist and overcome the puissance of the vices: by what craft they frustrate their purposes: and finally by what sleight or means the one getteth the victory. But here lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work, perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things hereof may ensue. But this is nothing so. For that small time is not only enough but also too much for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessity, or commodity of life. The which thing you also shall perceive, if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries liveth idle. First almost all women, which be the half of the whole number: or else if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this how great, and how idle a company is there of priests, and religious men, as they call them? Put thereto

all rich men, especially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen, and noblemen. Take into this number also their servants: I mean all that flock of stout bragging rush bucklers. Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the color of some disease or sickness. And truly you shall find them much fewer than you thought, by whose labor all these things are wrought, that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented. Now consider with yourself, of these few that do work, how few be occupied, in necessary works. For where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used, to serve only for riotous superfluity and dishonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in work, if they were divided into so few occupations as the necessary use of nature requireth; in so great plenty of things as then of necessity would ensue, doubtless the prices would be too little for the artificers to maintain their livings. But if all these, that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labor, than two of the workmen themselves do: if all these (I say) were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea and too much to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity, or for commodity, yea or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural. And this in Utopia the thing itself maketh manifest and plain. For there in all the city, with the whole country, or shire adjoining to it scarcely 500 persons of all the whole number of men and women, that be neither too old, nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labor. Among them be the sycophants (who though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labor) yet they exempt not themselves: to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke others to work. The same vacation from labor do they also enjoy, to whom the people persuaded by the commendation of the priests, and secret election of the sycophants, have given a perpetual license from labor to learning. But if any one of them

prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers. And contrariwise, often it chanceth that a handicraftsman doth so earnestly bestow his vacant and spare hours in learning, and through diligence so profiteth therein, that he is taken from his handy occupation, and promoted to the company of the learned. Out of this order of the learned be chosen ambassadors, priests, tranibores, and finally the prince himself. Whom they in their old tongue call Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus. The residue of the people being neither idle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easily judged in how few hours how much good work by them may be done and despatched, towards those things that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessary occupations they need not so much work, as other nations do. For first of all the building or repairing of houses asketh everywhere so many men's continual labor, because that the unthrifty heir suffereth the houses that his father builded in continuance of time to fall in decay. So that which he might have upholden with little cost, his successor is constrained to build it again anew, to his great charge. Yea many times also the house that stood one man in much money another is of so nice and so delicate a mind, that he setteth nothing by it. And it being neglected, and therefore shortly falling into ruin, he buildeth up another in another place with no less cost and charge. But among the Utopians, where all things be set in good order, and the commonwealth in a good stay, it very seldom chanceth, that they choose a new plot to build an house upon. And they do not only find speedy and quick remedies for present faults: but also prevent them that be like to fall. And by this means their houses continue and last very long with little labor and small reparations: insomuch that this kind of workmen sometimes have almost nothing to do. But that they be commanded to hew timber at home, and to square and trim up stones, to the intent that if any work chance, it may the speedier rise. Now, sir, in their apparel, mark (I pray you) how few workmen they need. First of all, whilst they be at work, they be covered

homely with leather or skins, that will last seven years. When they go forth they cast upon them a cloak, which hideth the other homely apparel. These cloaks throughout the whole island be all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. They therefore do not only spend much less woollen cloth than is spent in other countries, but also the same standeth them in much less cost. But linen cloth is made with less labor, and is therefore had more in use. But in linen cloth only whiteness, in woollen only cleanliness is regarded. As for the smallness or fineness of the thread, that is nothing passed for. And this is the cause wherefore in other places four or five cloth gowns of divers colors, and as many silk coats be not enough for one man. Yea and if he be of the delicate and nice sort ten be too few: whereas there one garment will serve a man most commonly two years. For why should he desire more? Seeing if he had them, he should not be the better wrapped or covered from cold, neither in his apparel any whit the comelier. Wherefore, seeing they be all exercised in profitable occupations, and that few artificers in the same crafts be sufficient, this is the cause that plenty of all things being among them, they do sometimes bring forth an innumerable company of people to amend the highways, if any be broken. Many times also, when they have no such work to be occupied about, an open proclamation is made, that they shall bestow fewer hours in work. For the magistrates do not exercise their citizens against their wills in unneedful labors. For why in the institution of that weal public, this end is only and chiefly pretended and minded, that what time may possibly be spared from the necessary occupations and affairs of the commonwealth, all that the citizens should withdraw from the bodily service to the free liberty of the mind, and garnishing of the same. For herein they suppose the felicity of this life to consist.

. . . *divers other matters cunningly reasoned,
and wittily discussed*

For it must needs be, that how far a thing is dissonant and disagreeing from the guise and trade of the hearers, so far shall it be out of their belief. Howbeit, a wise and in-

different esteemer of things will not greatly marvel perchance, seeing all their other laws and customs do so much differ from ours, if the use also of gold and silver among them be applied, rather to their own fashions than to ours. I mean in that they occupy no money themselves, but keep it for that chance, which as it may happen, so it may be that it shall never come to pass. In the meantime gold and silver, whereof money is made, they do so use, as none of them doth more esteem it, than the very nature of the thing deserveth. And then who doth not plainly see how far it is under iron: as without the which men can no better live than without fire and water. Whereas to gold and silver nature hath given no use, that we may not well lack: if that the folly of men had not set it in higher estimation for the rareness sake. But of the contrary part, nature as a most tender and loving mother, hath placed the best and most necessary things open abroad: as the air, the water and the earth itself. And hath removed and hid farthest from us vain and unprofitable things. Therefore if these metals among them should be fast locked up in some tower, it might be suspected, that the prince and the council (as the people is ever foolishly imagining) intended by some subtilty to deceive the commons, and to take profit of it to themselves. Furthermore if they should make thereof plate and such other finely and cunningly wrought stuff: if at any time they should have occasion to break it, and melt it again, therewith to pay their soldiers' wages, they see and perceive very well, that men would be loath to part from those things, that they once began to have pleasure and delight in. To remedy all this they have found out a means, which, as it is agreeable to all their other laws and customs, so it is from ours, where gold is so much set by and so diligently kept, very far discrepant and repugnant: and therefore incredible, but only to them that be wise. For whereas they eat and drink in earthen and glass vessels, which indeed be curiously and properly made, and yet be of very small value: of gold and silver they make commonly . . . and other vessels that serve for most vile uses, not only in their common halls, but in every man's private house. Furthermore of the same metals they make great chains, fetters,

and gyves wherein they tie their bondmen. Finally who-soever for any offense be infamed, by their ears hang rings of gold, upon their fingers they wear rings of gold, and about their necks chains of gold, and in conclusion their heads be tied about with gold. Thus by all means possible they procure to have gold and silver among them in reproach and infamy. And these metals, which other nations do as grievously and sorrowfully forego, as in a manner their own lives: if they should altogether at once be taken from the Utopians, no man there would think that he had lost the worth of one farthing. They gather also pearls by the sea-side, and diamonds and carbuncles upon certain rocks, and yet they seek not for them: but by chance finding them, they cut and polish them. And therewith they deck their young infants. Which like as in the first years of their childhood, they make much and be fond and proud of such ornaments, so when they be a little more grown in years and discretion, perceiving that none but children do wear such toys and trifles: they lay them away even of their own shamefacedness, without any bidding of their parents: even as our children, when they wax big, do cast away nuts, brooches, and puppets. Therefore these laws and customs, which be so far different from all other nations, how divers fantasies also and minds they do cause, did I never so plainly perceive, as in the ambassadors of the Anemolians.

These ambassadors came to Amaurote whiles I was there. And because they came to entreat of great and weighty matters, those three citizens apiece out of every city were come thither before them. But all the ambassadors of the next countries, which had been there before, and knew the fashions and manners of the Utopians, among whom they perceived no honor given to sumptuous apparel, silks to be contemned, gold also to be infamed and reproachful, were wont to come thither in very homely and simple array. But the Anemolians, because they dwell far thence and had very little acquaintance with them, hearing that they were all apparelled alike, and that very rudely and homely: thinking them not to have the things which they did not wear: being therefore more proud, than wise: determined in the gorgeousness of their apparel to repre-

sent very gods, and with the bright shining and glistening of their gay clothing to dazzle the eyes of the silly poor Utopians. So there came in three ambassadors with one hundred servants all apparelled in changeable colors: the most of them in silks: the ambassadors themselves (for at home in their own country they were noblemen) in cloth of gold, with great chains of gold, with gold hanging at their ears, with gold rings upon their fingers, with brooches and aglets of gold upon their caps, which glistened full of pearls and precious stones: to be short, trimmed and adorned with all those things, which among the Utopians were either the punishment of bondmen, or the reproach of infamed persons, or else trifles for young children to play withal. Therefore it would have done a man good at his heart to have seen how proudly they displayed their peacock's feathers, and how much they made of their painted sheaths, and how loftily they set forth and advanced themselves, when they compared their gallant apparel with the poor raiment of the Utopians. For all the people were swarmed forth into the streets. And on the other side it was no less pleasure to consider how much they were deceived, and how far they missed of their purpose, being contrariwise taken than they thought they should have been. For to the eyes of all the Utopians, except very few, which had been in other countries for some reasonable cause, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed shameful and reproachful. Insomuch that they most reverently saluted the vilest and most abject of them for lords: passing over the ambassadors themselves without any honor: judging them by their wearing of golden chains to be bondmen. Yea you should have seen children also, that had cast away their pearls and precious stones, when they saw the like sticking upon the ambassadors' caps, dig and push their mothers under the sides, saying thus to them, Look, mother, how great a lubber doth yet wear pearls and precious stones, as though he were a little child still. But the mother, yea, and that also in good earnest: peace, son, saith she: I think he be some of the ambassadors' fools. Some found fault at their golden chains, as to no use nor purpose, being so small and weak, that a bondman might easily break them, and again so wide and large,

that when it pleased him, he might cast them off, and run away at liberty whither he would. But when the ambassadors had been there a day or two and saw so great abundance of gold so lightly esteemed, yea in no less reproach, than it was with them in honor: and besides that more gold in the chains and gyves of one fugitive bondman, than all the costly ornaments of them three was worth: they began to abate their courage, and for very shame laid away all that gorgeous array, whereof they were so proud. And specially when they had talked familiarly with the Utopians, and had learned all their fashions and opinions.

For they marvel that any men be so foolish, as to have delight and pleasure in the doubtful glistening of a little trifling stone, which may behold any of the stars, or else the sun itself. Or that any man is so made, as to count himself the nobler for the smaller or finer thread of wool, which selfsame wool (be it now in never so fine a spun thread) a sheep did once wear: and yet was she all that time no other thing than a sheep. They marvel also that gold, which of the own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation, that man himself, by whom, yea and for the use of whom it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself. Insomuch that a lumpish blockheaded churl, and which hath no more wit than an ass, yea and as full of naughtiness as of folly, shall have nevertheless many wise and good men in subjection and bondage, only for this, because he hath a great heap of gold. Which if it should be taken from him by any fortune, or by some subtle wile and quibble of the law (which no less than fortune doth both raise up the low and pluck down the high), and be given to the most vile slave and abject drudge of all his household, then shortly after he shall go into the service of his servant, as an augmentation or overplus beside his money. But they much more marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men, in whose debt and danger they be not, do give almost divine honors, for none other consideration, but because they be rich: and yet knowing them to be such niggardly penny-fathers, that they be sure as long as they live, not the worth of one farthing of that heap of gold shall come to them.

ITALIAN LITERATURE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

1. CASTIGLIONE, A COURTIER

IT would probably be impossible today, were one to search the wide world over, to find anything corresponding to the old Italian courts of the Renaissance. We vaguely recall that art and letters were patronized by rulers of varying degrees of power: by despots and princes, by kings and popes. Yet rarely do we attempt to visualize those assemblages of the brilliant and gifted who gave lustre to every capital. The more gifted the men who enjoyed his patronage, the more certain it was that a ruler's fame would resound afar. Sculptors and painters reproduced his features by the secrets of their arts; writers dedicated their productions to him. Poets sang his praises and the discoveries of scientists added to his renown.

Universities accumulated books and manuscripts and we read of cities receiving legacies of libraries. However, the kings and princes ordinarily possessed the most abundant means for acquiring costly originals and laboriously hand-copied books, for they were able to employ the leading painters and sculptors, architects and medalists, whose achievements became their property.

As a result, around the courts, little and big, there gathered the wits, the learned, the accomplished of the times and, did one prince lose in the dangerous game of politics, those who had graced his court soon readjusted themselves to the venal atmosphere of another. These courts became the cultural centers of Italy and plays were presented, poems recited, songs sung, for the entertainment of those who composed them. Happily for us, therefore, a courtier who shared the life of princes, kings and popes thought it a matter of sufficient interest to leave us a picture of such a brilliant circle in a book whose charm is worthy his theme.

Count Baldesar Castiglione was born of noble parents near Mantua in 1478. He received the well-rounded education given to high-born sons of the times. This included not only knowledge of the classics and studies usual to the age, but also proper physical development—ability to ride well and engage in sports and out-of-door diversions. Training in gentle manners was required as a matter of course.

When eighteen, he entered the service of Lodovico Sforza of Milan. After the Moro's fall, he returned to Mantua, presently to become attached to the court of the Duke of Urbino. He lived at the papal court during the pontificate of Leo X; he visited Spain in the interest of Clement VII, being shown the honor due one of his talents while at the Spanish court. He was sent on a diplomatic mission to the English court, during the reign of Henry VII, and on embassies of lesser importance to various courts of Italy. As a result, there was possibly none in Europe better able than he to discuss court life and those qualities which might advantageously be cultivated by princes.

He seems to have regarded with tenderest emotions those years wherein he served the gentle Duke of Urbino; so, after Guidobaldo's early death, the thought came to him to set forth this duke's excellent qualities and to do honor to his court in a book that he named *Il Cortegiano—the Courtier*. Having written such a work, he allowed Vittoria Colonna to peruse the manuscript. With that abstraction and lack of practical forethought which was so characteristic of her, she failed to realize the danger arising when she permitted first one of her friends, then another, to copy such portions of the work as they desired. Finally, in Spain, Castiglione became aware of the fact that his unpublished work was already in the hands of various strangers and, taking alarm lest it should be printed by another, he immediately had it published. The following year he died.

Although he wrote poetry in Italian and Latin, it is by this volume that he is remembered today. Its simplicity and pleasing style endear it to all who know it.

The *Book of the Courtier* is dedicated to Alfonso

Ariosto, a friend of the author, who, he says, had often urged him to write it, setting forth what, in his opinion, were the ideal qualities for one who was to fill the rôle of courtier, who not only would live as an attaché of the courts of princes but be competent to serve them in diplomatic affairs.

"You ask me then to write what is to my thinking the form of Courtiership most befitting a gentleman who lives at the court of princes, by which he may have the ability and knowledge perfectly to serve them in every reasonable thing, winning from them favor, and praise from other men; in short, what manner of man he ought to be who may deserve to be called Courtier without flaw. . . . So now let us make a beginning of our subject, and if possible let us form such a Courtier that any prince worthy to be served by him, although but of small estate, might still be called a very great lord."

Instead of entering upon a wearisome discourse of virtues, he conceives of the pleasing notion of reproducing the literary circle which had once made up the court of the Duke of Urbino, allowing the various men and women whom he had known there to carry on an imaginary conversation, evening after evening, as to the different qualities which each regarded as indispensable to the courtier.

The Duke, being an invalid, retired each night at an early hour. Thereupon the members of the court would gather for conversation around the calm, kindly Duchess Elizabetta Gonzaga, his wife. Emilia Pia, the widowed friend of the Duchess, Guiliano, brother of Leo X, and son of Lorenzo de Medici, Romano the sculptor and Pietro Bembo the writer were of this company.

Lodovico of Canossa, being requested to open the discussion, suggested that it is well if the Courtier be of noble birth; yet, when pressed, he admitted that this is not absolutely imperative. He held valor and military skill to be of first importance. Further, the Courtier must needs be agile and athletic. Guiliano de Medici, himself fond of music, endowed the ideal Courtier with musical ability—which precipitated a debate as to whether or not such an accomplishment tends to effeminate men.

In such an age we are not surprised that it is maintained that the ideal Courtier must be an appreciative judge of painting and sculpture and this led to a discussion as to the relative merits of these sister arts by Romano.

So the friendly argument is carried along throughout the four Books, or Parts, as we might say today. The women are quick to take any speaker to task if they feel criticism of their sex to be at all unfair—for it presently developed that a wife for so perfect a gentleman as their Courtier became must be forthcoming also. One or two of the number persist in challenging statements made by others and fun and sallies of wit lend diversion to the whole.

Many of the qualities bestowed upon this ideal Courtier had been manifest in the Duke of Urbino and at his court courtesy had been accorded first place. The servants were required to be constant in their kindly attention to guests and unflinching in politeness. Patience and politeness borne of kindly spirit had been required quite as insistently of all those who joined this unique circle; for only a few courts of Italy in that day exemplified so fraternal a spirit, this being uniformly demonstrated by the Duke and Duchess themselves. Regrettably, intrigue, deceit and the mask of politeness too frequently covered jealousy, envy, selfishness and crime-plotting in sixteenth century Italy.

In his own life Castiglione possessed to a high degree many of the excellent qualities with which his Courtier was endowed in his book. Frankness was one of his chief virtues. So it came about, when he had been entrusted to propitiate Charles V in Spain for Clement VII, and been deceived into thinking that matters were adjusting themselves reasonably well, himself enjoying royal favor, the storm broke in Italy and Rome was sacked by the imperial army. This led to scathing criticism of Castiglione, he being accused of perfidy, and by some of having been a deliberate party to deceit. His death soon after has been largely attributed to his chagrin over the unhappy circumstance.

As a matter of fact, one who attempted to negotiate between two such crafty potentates as Clement VII and Charles V had no easy task before him. It mattered not

what the emperor promised; he did whatever best served his own ends.

One who would understand the social standards of the Renaissance and gain an insight into the ideals of cultivated circles will find no work more illuminating and instructive than this delightful *Book of the Courtier* written by the finest courtier of his age.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE COURTIER

By Count Baldesar Castiglione

To Messer Alfonso Ariosto

I have often considered not without wonder whence arises a fault, which, as it is universally found among old people, may be believed to be proper and natural to them. And this is, that they nearly all praise bygone times and censure the present, inveighing against our acts and ways and everything which they in their youth did not do; affirming too that every good custom and manner of living, every virtue, in short everything, is always going from bad to worse.

And verily it seems quite contrary to reason and worthy to be wondered at, that ripe age, which in other matters is wont to make men's judgment more perfect with long experience, should in this matter so corrupt it that they do not perceive that if the world were always growing worse, and if fathers were generally better than children, we should long since have reached that last grade of badness beyond which it is impossible to grow worse. And yet we see that not only in our days but in bygone times this failing has always been peculiar to old age, which is clearly gathered from the works of many ancient authors, and especially of the comic writers, who better than the others set forth the image of human life.

Now the cause of this wrong judgment among old people I for my part take to be, that the fleeting years despoil them of many good things, and among others in great part rob the blood of vital spirits; whence the complexion changes, and those organs become weak through which the soul exerts its powers. Thus in old age the sweet flowers of content-

ment fall from our hearts, like leaves from a tree in autumn, and in place of serene and sunny thoughts, comes cloudy and turbid sadness with its train of thousand ills. So that not the body only but the mind also is infirm; of bygone pleasures naught is left but a lingering memory and the image of that precious time of tender youth, in which (when it is with us) sky and earth and all things seem to us ever making merry and laughing before our eyes, and the sweet springtide of happiness seems to blossom in our thought, as in a delightful and lovely garden.

Therefore in the evening chill of life, when our sun begins to sink to its setting and steals away those pleasures, we should fare better if in losing them, we could lose the memory of them also, and as Themistocles said, find an art that shall teach us to forget. For so deceitful are our bodily senses, that they often cheat even the judgment of our minds. Thus it seems to me that old people are in like case with those who keep their eyes fixed upon the land as they leave port, and think their ship is standing still and the shore recedes, although it is the other way. For both the port and also time and its pleasures remain the same, and one after another we take flight in the ship of mortality upon that boisterous sea which absorbs and devours everything, and are never suffered to touch shore again, but always tossed by adverse winds we are wrecked upon some rock at last.

Since therefore the senile mind is an unfit subject for many pleasures, it cannot enjoy them; and just as to men in fever, when the palate is spoiled by corrupt vapors, all wines seem bitter, however precious and delicate they be,—so old men, because of their infirmity (which yet does not deprive them of appetite), find pleasures flat and cold and very different from those which they remember tasting of old, although the pleasures are intrinsically the same. Thus they feel themselves despoiled, and they lament and call the present times bad, not perceiving that the change lies in themselves and not in the times; and on the other hand they call to mind their bygone pleasures, and bring back the time when these were enjoyed and praise it as good, because it seems to carry with it a savor of what

they felt when it was present. For in truth our minds hold all things hateful that have been with us in our sorrows, and love those that have been with us in our joys.

This is why it is sometimes highest bliss for a lover to look at a window although closed, because he there had once the happiness to gaze upon the lady of his love; and in the same way to look at a ring, a letter, a garden or other place, or what you will, which seems to him a conscious witness of his joys. And on the contrary, a gorgeous and beautiful room will often be irksome to a man who has been prisoner or has suffered some other sorrow there. And I once knew some who would not drink from a cup like that from which in illness they had taken medicine. For just as to the one the window or ring or letter recalls the sweet memory that gives him such delight and seems part of his bygone joy,—so to the other, the room or cup brings his illness or imprisonment to mind. I believe that the same cause leads old people to praise bygone times and to censure the present.

Therefore as they speak of other things so do they also of courts, affirming those which they remember, to have been far more excellent and full of eminent men than those which we see today. And as soon as such discussions are started, they begin to extol with boundless praise the courtiers of Duke Filippo or Duke Borso; and they narrate the sayings of Niccolò Piccinino; and they remind us that there were no murders in those days (or very few at most), no brawls, no ambushes, no deceits, but a certain frank and kindly good will among all men, a loyal confidence; and that in the courts of that time such good behavior and decorum prevailed, that courtiers were all like monks, and woe to him who should have spoken insultingly to another, or so much as made a less than decorous gesture to a woman. And on the other hand they say everything is the reverse in these days, and that not only have courtiers lost their fraternal love and gentle mode of life, but that nothing prevails in courts but envy, malice, immorality and very dissolute living, with every sort of vice,—the women lascivious without shame, the men effeminate. They condemn our dress also as indecorous and too womanish.

In short, they censure an infinity of things, among which many indeed merit censure, for it cannot be denied that there are many bad and wicked men among us, or that this age of ours is much fuller of vice than that which they praise. Yet it seems to me that they ill discern the cause of this difference, and that they are foolish. For they would have the world contain all good and no evil, which is impossible; because, since evil is opposed to good and good to evil, it is almost necessary, by force of opposition and counterpoise as it were, that the one should sustain and fortify the other, and that if either wanes or waxes, so must the other also, since there is no contrary without its contrary.

Who does not know that there would be no justice in the world, if there were no wrongs? No courage, if there were no cowards? No continence, if there were no incontinence? No health, if there were no infirmity? No truth, if there were no lying? No good fortune, if there were no misfortunes? Thus, according to Plato, Socrates well says it is surprising that Æsop did not write a fable showing that as God had never been able to join pleasure and pain together. He joined them by their extremities, so that the beginning of the one should be the end of the other; for we see that no joy can give us pleasure, unless sorrow precedes it. Who can hold rest dear, unless he has first felt the hardship of fatigue? Who enjoys food, drink and sleep, unless he has first endured hunger, thirst and wakefulness? Hence I believe that sufferings and diseases were given man by nature not chiefly to make him subject to them (since it does not seem fitting that she who is mother of every good should give us such evils of her own determined purpose), but as nature created health, joy and other blessings,—diseases, sorrows and other ills followed after them as a consequence.

In like manner, the virtues having been bestowed upon the world by grace and gift of nature, at once by force of that same bounden opposition, the vices became their fellows by necessity; so that always as the one waxes or wanes, thus likewise must needs the other wax or wane.

So when our old men praise bygone courts for not con-

taining such vicious men as some that our courts contain, they do not perceive that their courts did not contain such virtuous men as some that ours contain; which is no marvel, for no evil is so bad as that which springs from the corrupted seed of good, and hence, as nature now puts forth far better wits than she did then, those who devote themselves to good, do far better than was formerly done, and likewise those who devote themselves to evil, do far worse. Therefore we must not on that account say that those who refrained from evil because they did not know how to do evil, deserved any praise for it; for although they did little harm, they did the worst they could. And that the wits of those times were generally inferior to those of our times, can be well enough perceived in all that we see of those times, both in letters and in pictures, statues, buildings, and every other thing.

These old men censure us also for many a thing that in itself is neither good nor evil, simply because they did not do it. And they say it is not seemly for young men to ride through the city on horse, still less in pumps, to wear fur linings or long skirts in winter, or to wear a cap before reaching at least the age of eighteen years, and the like; wherein they certainly are wrong, for besides being convenient and useful, these customs have been introduced by usage and meet universal favour, just as formerly it was to go about in gala dress with open breeches and polished pumps, and for greater elegance to carry a sparrow-hawk on the wrist all day without reason, to dance without touching the lady's hand, and to follow many other fashions that now would be as very clumsy as they then were highly prized. . . .

But I think these old men have now sufficient answer. So we will end this homily, perhaps already too diffuse but not wholly irrelevant to our subject; and as it is enough for us to have shown that the courts of our time were worthy of no less praise than those which old men praise so highly,—we will pursue the discussion about the Courtier, from which we may easily understand what rank the court of Urbino held among other courts, and of what quality were the Prince and Lady to whom such noble spirits did

service, and how fortunate they might hold themselves who lived in such companionship.

Now the following day having arrived, there were many and diverse discussions among the cavaliers and ladies of the court concerning the debate of the evening before; which in great part arose because my lord Prefect, eager to know what had been said, questioned nearly everyone about it, and (as is always wont to be the case) he received different answers; for some praised one thing and some another, and among many too there was disagreement as to the Count's real opinion, since everyone's memory did not quite fully retain the things that were said.

Thus the matter was discussed nearly all day; and as soon as night set in, my lord Prefect desired that food be served and took all the gentlemen away to supper. When they had done eating, he repaired to the room of my lady Duchess, who, on seeing such a numerous company and earlier than the custom was, said:

"Methinks, messer Federico, it is a heavy burden that is placed upon your shoulders, and great the expectation you must satisfy."

Then without waiting for messer Federico to reply, the Unico Aretino said:

"And what, forsooth, is this great burden? Who is so foolish that when he knows how to do a thing, does not do it in proper season?"

So, discoursing of this, everyone sat down in the usual place and order, with eager expectation for the debate appointed.

Then messer Federico turned to the Unico, and said:

"So, my lord Unico, you do not think that a laborious part and a great burden are imposed on me this evening, having to show in what way, manner and time the Courtier ought to employ his good accomplishments and practise those things that have been said to benefit him?"

"It seems to me no great matter," replied the Unico; "and I think it is quite enough to say that the Courtier should have good judgment, as the Count last evening rightly said he must; and this being so, I think that without other precepts he ought to be able to use what he knows

seasonably and in a well bred way. To try to reduce this to more exact rules would be too difficult and perhaps superfluous. For I know no man so stupid as to wish to fence when others are intent on dancing; or to go through the street dancing a morris-dance, however admirably he might know how; or in trying to comfort a mother whose child has died, to begin with pleasantries and witticism. Surely methinks no gentleman would do this, who was not altogether a fool."

Then messer Federico said:

"It seems to me, my lord Unico, that you run too much to extremes. For one may sometimes be silly in a way that is not so easily seen, and faults are not always of the same degree; and it may be that a man will refrain from public and too patent folly,—such as that would be of which you tell, to dance a morris-dance about the piazza,—and yet cannot refrain from praising himself out of season, from displaying a tiresome conceit, from occasionally saying something to cause laughter, which falls cold and wholly flat from being said inopportunately. And these faults are often covered by a kind of veil that does not suffer them to be seen by him who commits them, unless he searches for them with care; and although our eyes see little for many reasons, they most of all are clouded by conceit, since everyone likes to make a show in that wherein he believes himself proficient, whether his belief be true or false.

"Therefore it seems to me that the right course in this regard lies in a certain prudent and judicious choice, and in discerning the more or less which all things gain or lose by being done opportunely or out of season. And although the Courtier may possess good enough judgment to perceive these distinctions, yet I think it would surely be easier for him to attain what he is seeking, if we were to broaden his mind by a few precepts, and show him the way and as it were the foundations upon which he must build,—than if he were to follow generalities only.

"Last evening the Count spoke about Courtiership so fully and so beautifully, that he has aroused in me no little fear and doubt whether I shall be able to satisfy this noble

company so well in what I have to say, as he did in what it fell to him to say. Yet to make myself a sharer in his fame as far as I can, and to be sure of avoiding this one mistake at least, I shall contradict him in nothing.

“Accepting his opinions then, and among others his opinion as to the Courtier’s noble birth, capacities, bodily form and grace of feature,—I say that to win praise justly and good opinion from everyone and favor from the princes whom he serves, I deem it necessary for the Courtier to know how to dispose his whole life, and to make the most of his good qualities in intercourse with all men everywhere, without exciting envy thereby. And how difficult this in itself is, we may infer from the fewness of those who are seen to reach the goal; for by nature we all are more ready to censure mistakes than to praise things well done, and many men, from a kind of innate malignity and although they clearly see the good, seem to strive with every effort and pains to find either some hidden fault in us or at least some semblance of fault.

“Thus it is needful for our Courtier to be cautious in his every action, and always to mingle good sense with what he says or does. And let him not only take care that his separate parts and qualities are excellent, but let him order the tenor of his life in such fashion, that the whole may be in keeping with these parts and be seen to be always and in everything accordant with his own self and form one single body of all these good qualities; so that his every act may be the result and compound of all his faculties, as the Stoics say is the duty of him who is wise.

“Still, although in every action one faculty is always chief, yet all are so enlinked together, that they make for one end and may all further and serve every purpose. Hence he must know how to make the most of them, and by means of contrast and as it were foil to the one, he must make the other more clearly seen;—like good painters, who display and show forth the lights of projecting objects by the use of shadow, and likewise deepen the shadows of flat objects by means of light, and so assemble their divers colors that both the one and the other are better displayed by reason of that diversity, and the placing of figures in opposition

one to another aids them to perform that office which is the painter's aim.

"Thus gentleness is very admirable in a man of noble birth who is valiant and strong. And as his boldness seems greater when accompanied by modesty, so his modesty is enhanced and set off by his boldness. Hence to speak little, to do much, and not to boast of praiseworthy deeds but to conceal them tactfully,—enhances both these attributes in the case of one who knows how to employ this method with discretion; and so it is with all other good qualities.

"Therefore in what our Courtier does or says I would have him follow a few universal rules, which I think comprise briefly all that I have to say. And for the first and most important let him above all avoid affectation, as the Count rightly advised last evening. Next let him consider well what thing it is that he is doing or saying, the place where he is doing it, in whose presence, the cause that impels him, his age, his profession, the object he has in view, and the means that may conduce thereto; and so, with these precautions let him apply himself discreetly to whatever he has a mind to do or say."

After messer Federico had spoken thus, he seemed to pause a little. Whereupon my lord Morello da Ortona at once said:

"These rules of yours teach little, it seems to me; and for my part I know as much about it now, as I did before you propounded them. Still I remember having heard them several times before also from the friars to whom I made confession, and who called them 'the circumstances,' I think."

Then messer Federico laughed and said:

"If you remember rightly, the Count declared last evening that the Courtier's chief business should be that of arms, and spoke at length about the way in which he ought to practise it; therefore we will not repeat this. Yet among our rules we may also lay it down that when our Courtier finds himself in a skirmish or action or battle, or in other such affairs, he ought to arrange discreetly to withdraw from the crowd, and to perform those glorious and brave deeds that he has to do, with as little company as he can,

and in sight of all the noblest and most respected men in the army, and especially in the presence and (if it is possible) before the very eyes of his king or of the prince whom he serves; for in truth it is very proper to make the most of one's good deeds. And I think that just as it is wrong to seek false and unmerited renown, so it is wrong also to defraud oneself of the honor that is one's due, and not to seek that praise which alone is the true reward of worthy effort.

“And I remember having in my time known some men who were very stupid in this regard, although valiant, and who put their lives as much in danger to capture a flock of sheep, as to be the first to scale the walls of a beleaguered town; which our Courtier will not do if he bears in mind the motive that leads him into war, which should be honor only. And again if he happens to be playing at arms in public shows,—such as jousts, tourneys, stick-throwing, or any other bodily exercise,—mindful of the place and presence in which he is, he will contrive to be not less elegant and graceful than unerring with his weapons, and to feast the spectators' eyes with all those things which he thinks may give him an added grace. He will take care that his horse is bravely caparisoned, that his attire becomes him, that his mottoes are appropriate and his devices clever, so that they may attract the eyes of the bystanders as the loadstone attracts iron. He will never be among the last to show themselves, knowing that the crowd and especially women gaze much more attentively upon the first than upon the last; for their eyes and minds, which at the start are eager for novelty and observe and are impressed by every trifle, are afterwards not only sated by repetition but even grow weary. Thus there was an excellent actor of ancient times, who for this reason always wished to be the first to perform his part in the play.

“So too, even in speaking of arms, our Courtier will have regard to the profession of those with whom he converses, and will govern himself accordingly,—speaking in one way with men and in another way with women. And if he wishes to touch on something that is to his credit, he will do so covertly, as if by chance in passing, and with the

discreetness and caution that Count Lodovico expounded to us yesterday.

“Does it not seem to you now, my lord Morello, that our rules may teach something? Does it not seem to you that our friend, of whom I was telling you a few days since, quite forgot with whom and why he was speaking, when to entertain a lady he had never seen before, he began his talk by telling her that he had slain so many men, and that he was a terrible fellow and knew how to handle a sword with both hands? Nor did he leave her until he had tried to explain to her how certain blows of the battle-axe ought to be parried when one is armed and how when unarmed, and to show the different ways of grasping the handle; so that the poor soul was on the rack, and thought the hour seemed a thousand years before she could send him off, almost fearing that he would slay her like the others. Such are the mistakes committed by those who pay no regard to the ‘circumstances,’ of which you say you heard from the friars.

“Next I say that of bodily exercises there are some that are almost never practiced except in public,—such as jousts, tourneys, stick-throwing, and all the rest that have to do with arms. Hence when our Courtier has to take part in these, he must contrive to be so well equipped in point of horses, weapons and dress, that he lacks nothing. And if he does not feel himself provided with everything, let him on no account engage, for if he fails to do well, the excuse cannot be made that these things are not his business. Then he must carefully consider in whose presence he is seen and of what sort the company is, for it would not be seemly for a gentleman to honor a rustic festival with his presence, where the spectators and the company are of low degree.”

Then my lord Gaspar Pallavicino said:

“In our Lombard country we do not make these distinctions. On the contrary, there are many young gentlemen who dance all day with peasants in the sun on holidays, and play with them at throwing the bar, wrestling, running and leaping. And I do not think it amiss, for there the rivalry is not of birth, but of strength and agility, wherein villagers

are often quite a match for nobles; and this condescension seems to have in it a pleasant touch of generosity."

Messer Federico replied:

"This dancing of yours in the sun pleases me not in any way, nor do I see what gain there is in it. But in my opinion whoever cares to wrestle or run or leap with peasants, ought to do so as a matter of practice and out of courtesy as we say, not in rivalry with them. And a man ought to be almost sure of winning; else let him not engage, because it is too unseemly and shameful a thing, and beneath his dignity, to see a gentleman vanquished by a peasant, and especially at wrestling. Hence I think it is well to abstain, at least in the presence of many, for the gain of beating is very small and the loss of being beaten is very great.

"The game of tennis also is nearly always played in public, and is one of those sports to which a crowd lends much distinction. Therefore I would have our Courtier practice this, and all the others except the handling of arms, as something that is not his profession, and let him show that he does not seek or expect praise for it, nor let him seem to devote much care or time to it, although he may do it admirably. Nor let him be like some men who delight in music, and in speaking with anyone always begin to sing under their breath whenever there is a pause in the conversation. Others always go dancing as they pass through streets and churches. Others, when they meet a friend in the piazza or anywhere else, at once put themselves in posture as if for fencing or wrestling, according to their favorite humor."

Here messer Cesare Gonzaga said:

"A young cardinal we have in Rome does better than that; for out of pride in his fine bodily frame, he conducts into his garden all who come to visit him (even though he has never seen them before), and urgently presses them to strip to the doublet and try a turn with him at leaping."

Messer Federico laughed; then he went on:

"There are certain other exercises that can be practiced in public and in private, like dancing; and in this I think the Courtier ought to have a care, for when dancing in the presence of many and in a place full of people, it seems to

me that he should preserve a certain dignity, albeit tempered with a lithe and airy grace of movement; and although he may feel himself to be very nimble and a master of time and measure, let him not attempt those agilities of foot and double steps which we find very becoming in our friend Barletta, but which perhaps would be little suited to a gentleman. Yet in a room privately, as we are now, I think he may try both, and may dance morris-dances and brawls; but not in public unless he be masked, when it is not displeasing even though he be recognized by all.

* * * * *

“How ‘in passing’ ” replied messer Federico. “Perhaps you would have me tell the very words that you must use? Do you not think we have talked enough about this?”

“Enough I think,” replied my lord Gaspar. “Yet I should like to hear a few more details about the manner of intercourse with men and women; for the thing seems to me of great importance, seeing that most of our time at courts is given to it; and if it were always the same, it would soon become tedious.”

“I think,” replied messer Federico, “we have given the Courtier knowledge of so many things, that he can easily vary his conversation and adapt himself to the quality of the persons with whom he has to do, presupposing he has good sense and governs himself by it, and sometimes turns to grave matters and sometimes to festivals and games, according to the occasion.”

“And what games?” said my lord Gaspar.

Then messer Federico replied, laughing:

“Let us ask advice of Fra Serafino, who invents new ones every day.”

“Jesting apart,” answered my lord Gaspar, “do you think it would be a vice in the Courtier to play at cards and dice?”

“Not I,” said messer Federico, “unless he did so too constantly and neglected more important matters for them, or indeed unless he played for nothing else but to win money, and cheated the company, and showed such grief and vexation at losing as to argue himself a miser.”

“And what,” replied my lord Gaspar, “do you say of the game of chess?”

“It is certainly a pleasant and ingenious amusement,” said messer Federico. “But I think there is one defect in it. And that is, there is too much to know, so that whoever would excel in the game of chess must spend much time on it, methinks, and give it as much study as if he would learn some noble science or do anything else of importance you please; and yet in the end with all his pains he has learned nothing but a game. Therefore I think a very unusual thing is true of it, namely that mediocrity is more praiseworthy than excellence.”

My lord Gaspar replied:

“Many Spaniards excel in this and divers other games, yet without giving them much study or neglecting other things.”

“Believe me,” replied messer Federico, “they do give much study thereto, although covertly. But those other games you speak of, besides chess, are perhaps like many I have seen played (although of little moment), which serve only to make the vulgar marvel; wherefore methinks they deserve no other praise or reward than that which Alexander the Great gave the fellow who at a good distance impaled chick-peas on the point of a needle.

“But since it appears that fortune exerts immense power over men’s opinions as over many other things, we sometimes see that a gentleman, however well conditioned he may be and endowed with many graces, is unacceptable to a prince, and goes against the grain as we say; and this without any apparent reason, so that as soon as he comes into the prince’s presence and before he is known by the others, although he be keen and ready with retorts, and displays himself to advantage in gestures, manners, words, and all else that is becoming,—the prince will show small esteem for him, nay will soon put some affront upon him. And thus it will come about that the others will follow the prince’s lead, and everyone will regard the man as of little worth, nor will there be any to prize or esteem him, or laugh at his amusing talk or hold him in any respect; nay, all will begin to deride and persecute him. Nor will it be

enough for the poor man to make good retorts or take things as if said in jest, for the very pages will set upon him, so that even if he were the sturdiest man in the world, he must perforce remain foiled and ridiculed.

“And on the other hand, if the prince shows favor to a very dolt, who knows neither how to speak nor how to act,—his manners and ways (however silly and uncouth they be) will often be praised by everyone with exclamations and astonishment, and the whole court will seem to admire and respect him, and everyone will appear to laugh at his jests and at certain rustic and stupid jokes that ought to excite rather disgust than laughter: to such degree are men firm and fixed in the opinions that are engendered by the favor and disfavor of lords.

“Therefore I would have our Courtier set off his worth as best he can, with cleverness and skill, and whenever he has to go where he is strange and unknown, let him take care that good opinion of him precedes him, and see to it that men there shall know of his being highly rated in other places, among other lords, ladies and gentlemen; for that fame which seems to spring from many judgments, begets a kind of firm belief in a man’s worth, which, in minds thus disposed and prepared, is then easily maintained and increased by his conduct: moreover he escapes that annoyance which I feel when asked who I am and what my name is.”

“I do not see how this can help,” replied messer Bernardo Bibbiena; “for it has several times happened to me, and I think to many others, that having been led by the word of persons of judgment to imagine something to be of great excellence before I saw it,—on seeing it I found it paltry and was much disappointed of what I expected. And the reason was simply that I had put too much trust in report and formed in my mind so high an expectation, that although the real thing was great and excellent, yet when afterwards measured by the fact, it seemed paltry by comparison with what I had imagined. And I fear it may be so with our Courtier too. Therefore I do not see the advantage of raising such expectations and sending our fame before us; for the mind often imagines things that it is

impossible to fulfil, and thus we lose more than we gain.”

Here messer Federico said:

“The things that you and many others find inferior to their reputation, are for the most part of such sort that the eye can judge of them at a glance,—as if you had never been at Naples or Rome, and from hearing them so much talked of, you were to imagine something far beyond what they afterwards proved to be when seen; but such is not the case with men’s character, because that which is outwardly seen is the least part. Thus, on first hearing a gentleman speak, if you should not find in him that worth which you had previously imagined, you would not at once reverse your good opinion of him, as you would in those matters whereof the eye is instant judge, but you would wait from day to day to discover some other hidden virtue, still holding fast to the good impression you had received from so many lips; and later, if he were thus richly endowed (as I assume our Courtier to be), your confidence in his reputation would be hourly confirmed, because his acts would justify it, and you would be always imagining something more than you saw”*

*Opdycke’s trans.

2. CELLINI

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence in 1500. His father, Giovanni, was a musician, also a maker of musical instruments. It so happened that Giovanni and his wife were married eighteen years before they were blessed with children; for this reason perhaps, the father was doubly fond of his boys. *Benvenuto* means *Welcome*; being a promising child, Giovanni determined that he should follow his father’s profession. Benvenuto was given excellent instruction in music and became an accomplished flute-player. However, he lacked his father’s devotion to music and pursued his lessons merely to gratify his parent. For himself, he was attracted by the skill of a goldsmith in Florence and liked nothing better than to watch him at his work.

At last, when he was fifteen, Giovanni yielded to his son’s entreaties and apprenticed him to Antonia di Sandro.

Later Benvenuto went to Siena, Bologna, and Pisa, always finding his way to someone who could further initiate him into the arts of the goldsmith.

When nineteen he and a friend walked to Rome, slipping away secretly, for Cellini's father could ill bear to have him away. Later, when Rome was sacked in 1527 by the imperial troops, if we may believe Cellini, his was the shot that killed the great Bourbon. Clement VII owed much to him for personal safety.

We find him in Mantua, back in Florence and finally away in France in the employ of King Francis I for whom he served five years. Some of his masterpieces were wrought here. Finally, disgusted with court intrigue and the deceits and jealousies of the king's favorites, he returned to his native town in 1545.

Cellini was a hot-tempered fellow. He seems to have fitted particularly well with an age wherein it was not unusual to run a sword through an adversary before breakfast, this merely giving a relish to an otherwise dull day.

It is not always certain that we are safe in crediting him with all the adventures which are thickly sprinkled through his *Autobiography*, one of the most entertaining books of the sixteenth century. He claims to have revenged his brother's death by killing the murderer; to have wounded one man, slain another, until the bewildered reader sometimes loses track of which crime is making it prudent for him to disappear for the time.

However, such efficient work with the sword was merely his avocation. Cellini's profession was that of a medalist and sculptor in bronze and silver. He was also one of the most skillful goldsmiths of his generation, gems of his setting being worn by kings and nobles. He made dies for papal coins, medals for kings and popes, a famous salt cellar for Francis I, a fountain with a colossal figure of Mars at Fontainebleau and numerous other pieces.

One of his largest commissions was a series of candlesticks, each to represent life-size Greek divinities. An enormous amount of silver was required for each. Due to the many drains upon the monarch for the prosecution of his wars, he was unable to have this order completed.

The pope, Clement VII, commemorated the dawn of peace—a sufficiently rare occurrence to be worthy of note—by having a medal struck bearing his bust on one side, on the other, a figure of Peace burning weapons of warfare before the Temple of Janus.

Cellini's most celebrated group was his Perseus with the head of Medusa. This is still among the wonders of Renaissance metal craft.

The *Autobiography* of Cellini and the *Book of the Courtier* by Castiglione supplement one another. The latter takes us into the presence of rulers and their associates, where such culture as the age afforded surrounded them. The *Autobiography* is fully as interesting. Here we meet the craftsmen, the painters and sculptors—who were craftsmen also; we are given glimpses of royalty from the viewpoint of those who ministered unto it. Castiglione is the perfect gentleman, well poised, grave, discreet, refined. Cellini is loud in his own praise, boastful, naïve, keenly observing, self centered. Together, these volumes afford a remarkable insight into the social conditions of the sixteenth century, with many a ray of light regarding politics, religion and economics.

Cellini is fascinating in style and has been rendered into modern English, making it accessible to the general reader.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

Written by Himself

All men of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hand; but they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty. This duty occurs to my own mind, now that I am travelling beyond the term of fifty-eight years, and am in Florence, the city of my birth. Many untoward things can I remember, such as happen to all who live upon our earth; and from those adversities I am now more free than at any previous period of my career—nay, it seems to me that I enjoy greater content of soul and health of body

than ever I did in bygone years. I can also bring to mind some pleasant goods and some inestimable evils, which, when I turn my thoughts backward, strike terror in me, and astonishment that I should have reached this age of fifty-eight, wherein, thanks be to God, I am still travelling prosperously forward.

* * * * *

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No"; because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft. He had no distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal-seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honor of the family—if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that

honest master of mine took marvellous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labors. I did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induced me to pretend that I enjoyed the music, too.

* * * * *

The Cardinal de Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII, had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father. A certain pupil of my father's moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there, he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the meantime I used to go every day to take my music-lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However, I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerable.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where that fellow Piero, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified upon my return. To please my father, I

went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvellous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent me." To this Piero answered, and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honor and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father so angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage and cried out at him: "Well did I know that it was you, *you* who put obstacles in the way of my cherished wish; you are the man who had me ousted from my place at the palace, paying me back with that black ingratitude which is the usual recompense of great benefits. I got you promoted, and you have got me cashiered; I taught you to play with all the little art you have, and you are preventing my son from obeying me; but bear in mind these words of prophecy: not years or months, I say, but only a few weeks will pass before this dirty ingratitude of yours shall plunge you into ruin."

* * * * *

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms. Cecchino, being still quite a lad, was returning from his first lesson in the school of the stupendous Giovannino de Medici. In the day when he reached home, I happened to be absent; and he, being in want of proper clothes, sought out our sisters, who, unknown to my father, gave him a cloak and doublet of mine, both new and of good quality. I ought to say that, beside the aid I gave my father and my excellent and

honest sisters, I had bought those handsome clothes out of my own savings. When I found I had been cheated, and my clothes taken from me, and my brother from whom I should have recovered them was gone, I asked my father why he suffered so great a wrong to be done me, seeing that I was always ready to assist him. He replied that I was his good son, but that the other, whom he thought to have lost, had been found again; also that it was a duty, nay, a precept from God Himself, that he who hath should give to him who hath not; and that for his sake I ought to bear this injustice, for God would increase me in all good things. I, like a youth without experience, retorted on my poor afflicted parent; and taking the miserable remnants of my clothes and money, went toward a gate of the city. As I did not know which gate would start me on the road to Rome, I arrived at Lucca, and from Lucca reached Pisa.

When I came to Pisa (I was about sixteen years of age at that time), I stopped near the middle bridge, by what is called the Fish-stone, at the shop of a goldsmith, and began attentively to watch what the master was about. He asked me who I was, and what was my profession. I told him that I worked a little in the same trade as his own. This worthy man bade me to come into his shop, and at once gave me work to do, and spoke as follows: "Your good appearance makes me believe you are a decent honest youth." Then he told me out gold, silver, and gems; and when the first day's work was finished, he took me in the evening to his house, where he dwelt respectably with his handsome wife and children. Thinking of the grief which my good father might be feeling for me, I wrote him that I was sojourning with a very excellent and honest man, called Maestro Ulivieri della Chiostra, and was working with him at many things of beauty and importance. I bade him be of good cheer, for that I was bent on learning, and hoped by my acquirements to bring him back both profit and honor before long. My good father answered the letter at once in words like these: "My son, the love I bear you is so great, that if it were not for the honor of our family, which above all things I regard, I should immediately have set off for you; for indeed it seems like being without the

light of my eyes, when I do not see you daily, as I used to do. I will make it my business to complete the training of my household up to virtuous honesty; do you make it yours to acquire excellence in your art; and I only wish you to remember these four simple words, obey them, and never let them escape your memory:

*In whatever house you be,
Steal not, and live honestly."*

* * * * *

When I returned to Paris, the great favor shown me by the King made me a mark for all men's admiration. I received the silver and began my statue of Jupiter. Many journeymen were now in my employ; and the work went onward briskly day and night; so that, by the time I had finished the clay models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and had begun to get the silver statue forward, my workshop made already a grand show.

The King now came to Paris, and I went to pay him my respects. No sooner had his Majesty set eyes upon me than he called me cheerfully, and asked if I had something fine to exhibit at my lodging, for he would come to inspect it. I related all I had been doing; upon which he was seized with a strong desire to come. Accordingly, after his dinner, he set off with Madame d'Etampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and some other of his greatest nobles, among whom were the King of Navarre, his cousin, and the Queen, his sister; the Dauphin and Dauphiness also attended him; so that upon that day the very flower of the French court came to visit me. I had been some time at home, and was hard at work. When the King arrived at the door of the castle, and heard our hammers going, he bade his company keep silence. Everybody in my house was busily employed, so that the unexpected entrance of his majesty took me by surprise. The first thing he saw on coming into the great hall was myself with a huge plate of silver in my hand, which I was beating for the body of my Jupiter; one of my men was finishing the head, another the legs; and it is easy to imagine what a din we made between us. It happened that a little French lad was working at my side, who had

just been guilty of some trifling blunder. I gave the lad a kick, and, as my good luck would have it, caught him with my foot exactly in the fork between his legs, and sent him spinning several yards, so that he came stumbling up against the King precisely at the moment when his majesty arrived. The King was vastly amused, but I felt covered with confusion. He began to ask me what I was engaged upon, and told me to go on working; then he said that he would much rather have me not employ my strength on manual labor, but take as many men as I wanted, and make them do the rough work; he should like me to keep myself in health, in order that he might enjoy my services through many years to come. I replied to his Majesty that the moment I left off working I should fall ill; also that my art itself would suffer, and not attain the mark I aimed at for his majesty. Thinking that I spoke thus only to brag, and not because it was the truth, he made the Cardinal of Lorraine repeat what he had said; but I explained my reasons so fully and clearly, that the Cardinal perceived my drift; he then advised the King to let me labor as much or little as I liked.

Being very well satisfied with what he had seen, the King returned to his palace, after bestowing on me too many marks of favor to be here recorded. On the following day he sent for me at his dinner-hour. The Cardinal of Ferrara was there at meat with him. When I arrived, the King had reached his second course; he began at once to speak to me, saying, with a pleasant cheer, that having now so fine a basin and jug of my workmanship, he wanted an equally handsome salt-cellar to match them; and begged me to make a design, and to lose no time about it. I replied: "Your Majesty shall see a model of the sort even sooner than you have commanded; for while I was making the basin, I thought there ought to be a salt-cellar to match it; therefore I have already designed one, and if it is your pleasure, I will at once exhibit my conception." The King turned with a lively movement of surprise and pleasure to the lords in his company—they were the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara—exclaiming as he did so: "Upon my word, this is a man

to be loved and cherished by every one who knows him." Then he told me that he would very gladly see my model.

I set off, and returned in a few minutes; for I had only to cross the river, that is, the Seine. I carried with me the wax model which I had made in Rome at the Cardinal of Ferrara's request. When I appeared again before the King and uncovered my piece, he cried out in astonishment: "This is a hundred times more divine a thing than I had ever dreamed of. What a miracle of a man! He ought never to stop working." Then he turned to me with a beaming countenance, and told me that he greatly liked the piece, and wished me to execute it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara looked me in the face, and let me understand that he recognized the model as the same which I had made for him in Rome. I replied that I had already told him I should carry it out for one who was worthy of it. The Cardinal, remembering my words, and nettled by the revenge he thought that I was taking on him, remarked to the King: "Sire, this is an enormous undertaking; I am only afraid that we shall never see it finished. These able artists who have great conceptions in their brain are ready enough to put the same in execution without duly considering when they are to be accomplished. I therefore, if I gave commission for things of such magnitude, should like to know when I was likely to get them." The King replied that if a man was so scrupulous about it the termination of a work, he would never begin anything at all, these words he uttered with a certain look, which implied that such enterprises were not for folk of little spirit. I then began to say my say: "Princes who put heart and courage in their servants, as your Majesty does by deed and word, render undertakings of the greatest magnitude quite easy. Now that God has sent me so magnificent a patron, I hope to perform for him a multitude of great and splendid masterpieces." "I believe it," said the King, and rose from table. Then he called me into his chamber, and asked how much gold was wanted for the salt-cellar. "A thousand crowns," I answered. He called his treasurer at once, who was the Viscount of Orbec, and ordered him that very day

to disburse to me a thousand crowns of good weight and old gold.

When I left his Majesty, I went for the two notaries who had helped me in procuring silver for the Jupiter and many other things. Crossing the Seine, I then took a small hand-basket, which one of my cousins, a nun, had given me on my journey through Florence. It made for my good fortune that I took this basket and not a bag. So then, thinking I could do the business by daylight, for it was still early, and not caring to interrupt my workmen, and being indisposed to take a servant with me, I set off alone. When I reached the house of the treasurer I found that he had the money laid out before him, and was selecting the best pieces as the King had ordered. It seemed to me, however, that that thief of a treasurer was doing all he could to postpone the payment of the money; nor were the pieces counted out until three hours after nightfall.

I meanwhile was not wanting in despatch, for I sent word to several of my journeymen that they should come and attend me, since the matter was one of serious importance. When I found that they did not arrive, I asked the messenger if he had done my errand. The rascal of a groom whom I had sent replied that he had done so, but that they had answered they could not come; he, however, would gladly carry the money for me. I answered that I meant to carry the money myself. By this time the contract was drawn up and signed. On the money being counted, I put it all into my little basket, and then thrust my arm through the two handles. Since I did this with some difficulty, the gold was well shut in, and I carried it more conveniently than if the vehicle had been a bag. I was well armed with shirt and sleeves of mail, and having my sword and dagger at my side, made off along the street as quick as my two legs would carry me.

* * * * *

I shall now proceed with the narration of my life. I had on hand the following works already mentioned, namely, the silver Jupiter, the golden salt-cellar, the great silver vase, and the two bronze heads. I also began to cast the pedestal for Jupiter, which I wrought very richly in bronze,

covered with ornaments, among which was a bas-relief, representing the rape of Ganymede, and on the other side Leda and the Swan. On casting this piece it came out admirably. I also made another pedestal of the same sort for the statue of Juno, intending to begin that too, if the King gave me silver for the purpose. By working briskly I had put together the silver Jupiter and the golden salt-cellar; the vase was far advanced; the two bronze heads were finished, I had also made several little things for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and a small silver vase of rich workmanship, which I meant to present to Madame d'Etampes. Several Italian noblemen, to wit, Signor Piero Strozzi, the Count of Anguillara, the Count of Pitigliano, the Count of Mirandola, and many others, gave me employment also.

For my great King, as I have said, I had been working strenuously, and the third day after he returned to Paris. he came to my house, attended by a crowd of his chief nobles. He marvelled to find how many pieces I had advanced, and with what excellent results. His mistress, Madame d'Etampes, being with him, they began to talk of Fontainebleau. She told his Majesty he ought to commission me to execute something beautiful for the decoration of his favorite. He answered on the instant: "You say well, and here upon the spot I will make up my mind what I mean him to do." Then he turned to me, and asked me what I thought would be appropriate for that beautiful fountain. I suggested several ideas, and his Majesty expressed his own opinion. Afterwards he said that he was going to spend fifteen or twenty days at San Germano del Aia, a place twelve leagues distant from Paris; during his absence he wished me to make a model for that fair fountain of his in the richest style I could invent, seeing he delighted in that residence more than in anything else in his whole realm. Accordingly he commanded and besought me to do my utmost to produce something really beautiful; and I promised that I would so so.

When the King saw so many finished things before him, he exclaimed to Madame d'Etampes: "I never had an artist who pleased me more, nor one who deserved better to be well rewarded; we must contrive to keep him with

us. He spends freely, is a boon companion, and works hard; we must therefore take good thought for him. Only think, madam, all the times that he has come to me or that I have come to him, he has never once asked for anything; one can see that his heart is entirely devoted to his work. We ought to make a point of doing something for him quickly, else we run a risk of losing him." Madam d'Etampes answered: "I will be sure to remind you." Then they departed, and in addition to the things I had begun, I now took the model of the fountain in hand, at which I worked assiduously.*

*Symond's trans.

3. SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO*

I

ON DANTE ALIGHIERI

From heaven his spirit came, and robed in clay
 The realms of justice and of mercy trod,
 Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
 That he might make the truth as clear as day.
 For that pure star that brightened with his ray
 The undeserving nest where I was born,
 The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;
 None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.
 I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
 Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood,
 Who only to just men deny their wage.
 Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
 Against his exile coupled with his good
 I'd gladly change the world's best heritage!

II

ON DANTE ALIGHIERI

No tongue can tell of him what should be told,
 For on blind eyes his splendor shines too strong;
 'Twere easier to blame those who wrought him wrong,
 Than sound his least praise with a mouth of gold.
 He to explore the place of pain was bold,
 Then soared to God, to teach our souls by song;
 The gates heaven oped to bear his feet along,
 Against his just desire his country rolled.
 Thankless I call her, and to her own pain
 The nurse of fell mischance; for sign take this,
 That ever to the best she deals more scorn;
 Among a thousand proofs let one remain;
 Though ne'er was fortune more unjust than his,
 His equal or his better ne'er was born.

XIV

(First Reading)

To Vittoria Colonna

THE MODEL AND THE STATUE

When divine Art conceives a form and face,
 She bids the craftsman for his first essay
 To shape a simple model in mere clay:
 This is the earliest birth of Art's embrace.

From the live marble in the second place
 His mallet brings into the light of day
 A thing so beautiful that who can say
 When time shall conquer that immortal grace?
 Thus my own model I was born to be—
 The model of that nobler self, whereto
 Schooled by your pity, lady, I shall grow.
 Each overplus and each deficiency
 You will make good. What penance then is due
 For my fierce heat, chastened and taught by you?

XVII

THE ARTIST AND HIS WORK

How can that be, lady, which all men learn
 By long experience? Shapes that seem alive,
 Wrought in hard mountain marble, will survive
 Their maker, whom the years to dust return!
 Thus to effect cause yields. Art hath her turn,
 And triumphs over Nature. I, who strive
 With Sculpture, know this well; her wonders live
 In spite of time and death, those tyrants stern.
 So I can give long life to both of us
 In either way, by color or by stone,
 Making the semblance of thy face and mine.
 Centuries hence when both are buried, thus
 Thy beauty and my sadness shall be shown,
 And men shall say, 'For her 'twas wise to pine.'

XXXIII

(First Reading)

A PRAYER TO NATURE

Amor Redivivus

That thy great beauty on our earth may be
 Shrined in a lady softer and more kind,
 I call on nature to collect and bind
 All those delights the slow years steal from thee,
 And save them to restore the radiance
 Of thy bright face in some fair form designed
 By heaven; and may Love ever bear in mind
 To mold her heart of grace and courtesy.
 I call on nature too to keep my sighs,
 My scattered tears to take and recombine,
 And give to him who loves that fair again:

More happy he perchance shall move those eyes
 To mercy by the griefs wherewith I pine,
 Nor lose the kindness that from me is ta'en!

XLI

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

He who ordained, when first the world began,
 Time, that was not before creation's hour,
 Divided it, and gave the sun's high power
 To rule the one, the moon the other span:
 Thence fate and changeable chance and fortune's ban
 Did in one moment down on morals shower:
 To me they portioned darkness for a dower;
 Dark hath my lot been since I was a man.
 Myself am ever mine own counterfeit;
 And as deep night grows still more dim and dun,
 So still of more misdoing must I rue:
 Meanwhile this solace to my soul is sweet,
 That my black night doth make more clear the sun
 Which at your birth was given to wait on you.

LIX

LOVE IS A REFINER'S FIRE

It is with fire that blacksmiths iron subdue
 Unto fair form, the image of their thought:
 Nor without fire hath any artist wrought
 Gold to its utmost purity of hue.
 Nay, nor the unmatched phoenix lives anew,
 Unless she burn: if then I am distraught
 By fire, I may to better life be brought
 Like those whom death restores nor years undo.
 The fire, I speak, is my great cheer;
 Such power it hath to renovate and raise
 Me who was almost numbered with the dead;
 And since by nature fire doth find its sphere
 Soaring aloft, and I am all ablaze,
 Heavenward with it my flight must needs be sped.

LXI

After the Death of Vittoria Colonna

IRREPARABLE LOSS

When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
 Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
 Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
 It moves upon another's feet alone:

But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth fill
 With beauty by pure motions of its own;
 And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
 Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
 Now, for that every stroke excels the more
 The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
 Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies:
 Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
 If God, the great artificer, denies
 That aid which was unique on earth before.

LXV

To Giorgio Vasari

ON THE BRINK OF DEATH

Now hath my life across a stormy sea
 Like a frail bark reached that wide port where all
 Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
 Of good and evil for eternity.
 Now know I well how that fond phantasy
 Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
 Of earthly art, is vain; how criminal
 Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
 Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
 What are they when the double death is nigh?
 The one I know for sure, the other dread.
 Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
 My soul that turns to His great love on high,
 Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

*Symond's trans.

SUMMARY OF THE RENAISSANCE

HOWEVER convenient it may be to divide the progress of the world into accurately dated periods, every student knows that history is not made up of a series of abrupt changes, but of long processes of gradual development. Each period of history, while deriving its character from the ages that have preceded, lays the foundations of all the ages that are to follow. Thus it is impossible to fix an exact date when the Middle Ages began, after the fall of ancient civilization, or ended, with the dawn of the Renaissance. The supremacy of the Greeks was gradually superseded by that of the Romans; and they in turn were overwhelmed by Germanic invasions from the north, and by influences from the Orient. Europe became Christianized; the men of the Middle Ages were very different from their classical ancestors. Then, in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the period which we call Renaissance, "rebirth," a renewed and more intelligent interest in antiquity begins, which leads by gradual steps to the civilization of the twentieth century. It is a fascinating study to compare the culture of the past with that of our own day; to realize the point of view of men in other ages; and to see how most of our modern ideas on all subjects—political, social, ethical, literary, artistic—are inherited by a slow process of development from remote antiquity.

For centuries after the beginning of the Renaissance, the literature, the art, and the social usages of the preceding period were regarded as barbarous. "Gothic" was used as a term of reproach, and the only standards of taste were those derived from a study of ancient Greece and Rome. In this respect a decided change has come. We moderns pride ourselves on being able to appreciate the good features of all the different ages. The once

despised Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages is now assigned to the same position of supreme perfection that the ancient Greeks attained in sculpture, and the Renaissance Italians in painting. Likewise in literature, the period often called "Dark Ages" has a distinct and most interesting character of its own, and is not merely a period of transition from ancient to modern times. Investigation reveals the fact that, in spite of the tremendous changes that went on, ancient civilization never entirely died out. Through the conquests of her armies, Rome had impressed her culture and her language on most of the known world; the tribes which in turn conquered the Roman empire settled down in Italy, France and Spain; and today nearly all the inhabitants of these countries, together with many in Switzerland, Belgium, Austria and Roumania, to say nothing of millions in North and South America, speak languages descended through the modifications of centuries from Latin. Even English, through the coming of the Normans, combined Latin with its Teutonic elements. Moreover, there never was a time when the Latin literature was not studied, and when original works were not produced in Latin. The Greek language was, to be sure, practically forgotten in Western Europe; but Greek literature was known to a considerable extent through the Roman writers. Much concerning the mediæval period is still obscure to us; but the more we learn about it, the more we realize that the torch of civilization was never entirely extinguished.

With these facts in mind, we see that it would be incorrect to say that the Renaissance was a time when a former civilization, having ceased to live for centuries, came back to life. In the first place, an exact reproduction of a former state of society would be quite impossible. Strive as they might, the men of the Renaissance could not overcome the profound and permanent changes wrought in society during the Middle Ages; it was their highest ambition to be Greeks and Romans, and they based their efforts in this direction on an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of antiquity; but after all, they differed more widely from the ancients than they did from their immediate ancestors.

Yet the Renaissance accomplished great things, both by its eager pressing on to what was new, and by its indefatigable revival of the past. While human nature through the ages remains essentially the same, the elements that make up human life are arranged in an endless variety of combinations. The change from one age to another is to a great extent merely a readjustment of the old material. In fact, the most important difference between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is a change in the point of view.

The periods which we are considering may be distinguished from each other by their respective attitudes toward the literature of pagan Rome. There never was a time in the Middle Ages when the Latin writers were not read and admired; but the Church, as the power and influence of Christianity increased, assumed the exclusive right of interpreting literature in the interest of religion. That is to say, instead of condemning a writer like Virgil, whom the common people believed to have been a magician, and whom the more enlightened regarded as a supreme poet, the Church applied to his writings the same system of allegorical, symbolic and moral interpretation that was applied to the Scriptures. In the case of fundamentally pagan poets like Ovid, this system naturally involved a complete misconception of the essential character of ancient literature; nevertheless, it did keep literature alive. The mediæval Italians, however, were conscious of no break in their history. The Latin language was used by all who were sufficiently educated to read and write. The supremacy of Rome was maintained through the authority of the papacy, and the mediæval emperors, even though in some cases they never came to Italy at all, were regarded as continuing the ancient Roman empire. The "spell of Rome," as it has been called, was naturally the strongest in Italy. Hence Italy strove for centuries to reconcile with Christianity on the one hand and with the new Germanic and Celtic elements on the other what had survived of ancient culture. Literature began to be produced in the two languages spoken in France—French and Provençal—long before the Italians thought of writing in any language except Latin. Italian literature dates from the beginning

of the thirteenth century. For several centuries longer Latin continued to be a living language. But the first great step in the development of modern civilization—the first dawn of the Renaissance—was the beginning of the literary use of the modern languages; for with this came a new view of life.

While the men of the Middle Ages studied and admired the masterpieces of Latin literature, they read to a great extent for the purpose of deriving moral benefit rather than literary enjoyment. In education as in religion emphasis was laid on the future life; the actual, present life in this world was regarded as a preparation for Heaven. So in interpreting literature, the literal meaning of the words was secondary in importance, being merely a veil which hid the allegorical, or true meaning. These characteristics prevailed over all civilized Europe. Indeed, one striking thing about the Middle Ages is the uniformity of all countries. Even the most learned writers had no idea of criticism or of historical perspective; any statement was accepted as true, so that knowledge became a matter of tradition. Submission to intellectual and religious authority was absolute and unquestioning. Society was organized under the feudal system. It was a time of unbounded enthusiasm for ideals, of faith in the unseen. The Middle Ages culminate in the thirteenth century with St. Thomas Aquinas, the scholastic theologian, St. Francis of Assisi, the friend of the poor, St. Dominic, the preacher, and Dante, the poet of justice, love and righteousness.

The fundamental change from mediæval to modern times is, then, a change in the point of view. When men began to realize that human life is intensely interesting, and is worthy of attention for its own sake and not merely as a preparation for life hereafter in an unseen world, they had taken the first step toward intellectual freedom, and the Renaissance began. In its first stages, the movement is called Humanism, a name which indicates the development of humanity for its own sake. "Renaissance" does not properly mean, as is sometimes said, the revival of classic literature. The revival of Greek was, to be sure, a part of it; but the development of literature in the vari-

ous modern languages spoken in different parts of Europe was of infinitely greater moment than the perpetuation of Greek and Latin. Religious freedom comes later, with the Reformation. The feudal system gives way to strong nations like England and France, or to democratic communities like those of Italy; but political and social freedom, the goal of the contests of the revolutionary period, has not yet been completely achieved. With these facts in mind, we can see how gradual and how complicated have been the movements leading up to our modern age. Considered from this broad point of view, the Renaissance offers numberless opportunities for study that are not only enlightening, but of fascinating interest.

The best way to gain acquaintance with an epoch is to study its representative men. In the following pages the reader will find an account of many writers who are truly representative; a few general words here will perhaps help to show their relation to one another and to the ages in which they lived. For instance, the greatest writer of the Middle Ages was unquestionably Dante. He was, in fact, so supremely great that he often seems startlingly modern, and in a sense he belongs to the world and to all ages; yet his habits of mind and his methods of writing belong essentially to mediæval Italy. His education embraced practically everything that was known, and the power of his imagination was unlimited; his ideas on personal integrity, on the folly of war, and on the desirability of peace, are abreast of the best ideas of today. On the other hand, he was intellectually entirely submissive to authority and unquestioning in his faith; he believed that the world should be subject to the Pope in spiritual matters, and to the Emperor in secular affairs; he used literature and philosophy and science primarily for moral edification. His attitude on various questions is liable to be misunderstood unless we realize his mediæval point of view; and this is particularly true in regard to his idea of love.

Chivalric love arose from the social conditions of feudalism, and was systematized by the troubadours in Southern France. In being entirely unconnected with marriage, it was something akin to what we now call Platonic love

which in reality is not Platonic at all. The typical troubadours were professional poets, who supported themselves by singing love-songs to the feudal ladies of the time; the troubadours who were of noble birth adopted the style of the professionals, and all of them humbly adored married ladies who were above them in social rank. In Italy the feudal system with its social distinctions did not prevail. Having delayed in freeing themselves from Latin, the Italians, when they began to write in their own language, imitated the style of the troubadours, who had already attained a high degree of technical excellence. Within less than a century after its beginning, Italian poetry had reached, in Dante, its highest point. The attitude of the poet toward his lady was still that of the troubadours, but the lady was now adored for her noble and angelic character, for her beneficent influence, rather than for her social rank. If due weight is given to these facts, it becomes evident that Dante's love for Beatrice in no way resembled modern romantic affection, and that even when she was married to another there was no incongruity in her being the inspiration of a poet. In his youth Dante timidly adored the gentle Florentine maiden, whose influence gave him only virtuous thoughts. At this time he believed that love was the only subject suitable for Italian poetry—an opinion, by the way, which explains why philosophical and scientific subjects, when treated in Italian, were put in the form of love-poetry. Later in life, after a temporary unfaithfulness, he had a wonderful vision which led him to make Beatrice the central figure of the *Divine Comedy*. His attitude toward her remains the same; but his love for her—evidently much more than mere personal affection—has revealed to him the splendors and the mysteries of Paradise. This magnificent development of the ideas expressed first in the lyric poems of the troubadours is the culminating point of the Middle Ages.

Seventeen years before Dante's death Petrarch was born. He, too, was influenced by mediæval culture in general and by the troubadour idea of chivalric love in particular; but his point of view is radically different and far more modern. During the lifetime of Laura his sonnets con-

tinually complain of her coldness; after her death he is for a time heartbroken, but in the end he decides that love was only a hindrance, and he turns away from the memory of Laura to console himself with religion. What a contrast to the case of Dante, who felt that in adoring Beatrice he was actually devoting himself to his highest spiritual interests! However, both these men were something more than writers of superb love-poetry. While both were intensely patriotic, Petrarch conceived of Italy as an independent and united nation—a conception which has finally been realized after centuries of striving. Both were sincere churchmen, but with Petrarch religion no longer regulated all the affairs of life. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the most effectual way of making this earthly life interesting, beautiful and profitable, was to revive or to keep alive the culture of the past. He was the first and one of the greatest of modern scholars. Ransacking the libraries of Europe, he brought to light the forgotten works of many ancient writers, and paved the way for a revival of interest in the Greek language. Through his lifelong friend Boccaccio—known today chiefly as a writer of Italian prose and poetry—and through many followers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he performed incalculable services to scholarship and civilization. In studying the classics he emphasized the historic significance and the literary style of writers, rather than the moral lessons to be drawn from their words. Furthermore, it must be remembered that through his Italian lyrics, which he deemed of less value than his Latin epic *Africa* and his Latin prose works, he exercised a tremendous influence, far greater than that of Dante, on the style of innumerable later poets in Italy, France and England. His psychological analysis of the feelings of a lover seems closer to us, as well as being easier to imitate, than the mystical adoration of Dante for his Beatrice. For many years Petrarch was regarded by his contemporaries as the most striking personality and the most powerful intellectual force in Europe. He was the first of the great Humanists.

Many definitions of the Renaissance could be given, all

of which, though containing a part of the truth, would be incomplete. In Italy, as is evident from what has been said, it was no mere imitation and study of a remote past, indeed, no mere change in the work of writers, painters and builders, from one style to another; rather it was a slow evolution in the minds of several successive generations of men, accompanied with many different manifestations of the changing spirit. The Renaissance, properly speaking, came to an end when the evolution was completed, and development was temporarily arrested by classicism; but this did not occur until after many of the most striking personalities in the world's history had appeared, and many masterpieces of art had been produced. We must remember that Italy is classic soil, and that classic art was not an imported art as it was in France or England. The humanists did not reject any part of their inheritance: the national, popular, traditional foundation and subject-matter is as important an element in their work as the classic sense of form. Poets like Politian and Lorenzo the Magnificent were great scholars, but they also raised to the plane of the highest literary art the common love-songs of the people. Just so Botticelli and Leonardo drew inspiration for their pictures not only from their study of the principles of painting, but from the life around them. When the traditional and popular element ceased to be used, art was reduced to a series of formulas. The useful accomplishment of the Renaissance was the application of a sense of order and form which the Middle Ages lacked; but when form and order became the end and aim of literature and painting, a new revival was needed—and this came in the nineteenth century. Uniformity and conventionality were among the defects of the Middle Ages. When men's minds began to awaken, they turned to the infinite variety of nature and life; but, being Italians, the Humanists approached nature and life through a study of those classic writers and artists who had possessed a clear perception of nature. The result, in the arts as in society, was a more intelligent understanding of themselves than the mediævals had had, together with a most charming enthusiasm for beauty in all its forms. It was not until later, when the

classic rules were worshipped for their own sake, that barbarous mutilations of mediæval masterpieces were committed in the name of classicism. The men of the Renaissance were distinguished by broad-minded toleration and by great practical sense. It was an exciting period in which to live, when not only the ancient world, but the world about them, and new worlds beyond the seas, were being discovered through the spirit of eager inquiry that led men ever on and on. The new spirit developed in the communities of bankers and merchants that made up Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Classic art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though formally perfect, is cold and lifeless because it is a mere conscious imitation of the past. The art of the Renaissance, on the contrary, is full of vitality, because it is the complete expression of the life of the age.

From Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Renaissance spread to France. There the Middle Ages lacked the substratum of ancient civilization that was always a potent force in Italy, and moreover France was a centralized nation with strong national feeling. In France we find mediæval civilization in its most characteristic form. By the time of Francis I, while mediæval ideals had lost much of their power, the force of Humanism had scarcely been felt. Thus the Renaissance when already highly developed came almost without preparation and took possession of France. There were great French scholars in the sixteenth century, and poets like Marot, Ronsard and Villon, prose-writers like Rabelais and Montaigne, who had world-wide fame and influence. But the strict classical rules harmonized more perfectly with the French love of clearness and order than with the Italian artistic feeling; so that the seventeenth century, an age of dreary formalism in Italy, is the supreme period of French literature.

Germany and Spain felt the influence, and borrowed and copied much from the Italian Renaissance. England, too, was profoundly influenced, both through the French and by direct study of Italian models. Petrarch and Boccaccio, as well as the great writers of the following two centuries, and others who were not great but who reflected

life of their day, were familiar all over civilized Europe. If the Renaissance had not come when and where it did, it would certainly have come somewhere in some way. Such periods of readjustment mark the world's progress, and even this very cursory survey has perhaps made plain the necessity of the reawakening, for mankind cannot stand still.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

THE names of the characters and places which are important in the building of our social structure are of various languages, and not infrequently the same name has different forms in French, English, Italian, German and Spanish. Many of these have been anglicized but more of them have not been. The pronunciations given are, in general, those commonly accepted. This does not mean that there is no other correct way to pronounce the name. Certain sounds in French and German are all but impossible for those who do not speak the language to reproduce. The following key has been used.

ă as in art	ō as in no
ā as in hate	ō̄ as in not
â as in hat	ô as in for
â as in final	û as in rule
â as in air	Û as in cut
é as in her	ōō as in room
ē as in he	ōō as in boot
ě as in set	ou as in our
ī as in lie	oi as in boil
ÿ as in it	

The following sounds have no exact English equivalents: *ö*, *ü*. These are made by rounding the lips to pronounce *ō*, or *û* and, with the vocal organs in that position, pronouncing *ä*.

Words or syllables in French which terminate in **in** or **on** have no exact English counterparts. The **n** is not pronounced but nasalizes the preceding vowel giving almost the effect of a final **ng**.

The **g** is sometimes indicated in the pronunciation, but must not be fully enunciated.

Abbeville, äb'ê vil; Fr. pron. äb vël'
Abelard, äb'ê lård; Fr. pron. ä bā lār'
Abyssinia, äb'ÿ sîn'ÿ ä
Acelin, ä sê la'
Archeron, ä ke ron
Acre, ä'kêr
Adamus, äd'ä müs
Adna, äd'na
Adria, ä' dri ä
Adriatic, ä dri ät'ÿk
Aemilius, ê ml'ÿ üs
Aeschere, êsh'ê rê
Aesculapius, ês cû lāp'ÿ üs
Aesop, ê'sop
Agesilous, ä jês'ÿ lā'üs
Agnesina, än yā zê'nä

Aidanus, ä'dän us
Aix, äks
Alanus, ä'län'us
Alba, ä'l'bä
Alberighi, ä l bē rê' jē
Alberti, ä l bār'tē
Albigenses, ä l bÿ jën'sêz
Albin, ä'l'bin
Albrich, ä'l'brič
Alcuin, ä'l'kwÿn
Alencon, ä län sôn'
Alexis, ä lëk'sÿs
Alexius, ä lëk'sÿ üs
Alfonso, **Ariosto**, ä l fôn'sō, ä rê ôs'tō
Algezir, ä l ga zer
Alcazar, ä l kă' zär

Ali, ă'lī
Alighiere, ă lē gyă'rē
Alipian, ă lī'pī'an
Altinum, al'tē nŭm
Alva, ăl'vă
Alvar, ăl'var
Amadour, ă mă dōōr'
Amalfi, ă māl'fē
Amaurote, ă mō rōt'
Ameer, ă mēr'
Amerigo, ă mă rē'gō
Amidei, **Amida**, a mī'dă
Amiens, ă myăn'
Anacharsis, an ă kăr sis
Anatole, ăn a tōl'
Anchises, ăn kī'sēz
Andrea, ăn'drē ă
Angelo, ăn'jēl o
Angelico, ăn jēl'ī cō
Angevin, ăn' jē vīn
Angouleme, ăn gōō lām'
Anguillara, ăn gwīl lăr'a
Anjou, ăn zhōō'
Antonia, ăn tō'nyă
Antonines, an'tō nīnz
Anseis, ăn'să ēs
Apicius, ă pīsh'ī ūs
Apollyon, ă pōl'ī ōn
Aquileia, ak wī lē'ya
Aquinas, ă kwī'năs
Aquitaine, ak wī tăn'
Aquitania, ak wī tăn'ī ă
Aragon, ăr'a gōn
Archipiade, ăr'kī pī ad e
Arcite, ăr'sit
Aretino, ă ră tē'nō
Arezzo, ă rēt'sō
Argenteuil, ăr zhăn tuy'
Argo, ăr'go
Arian, ă rē ăn'
Ariosto, ă rē ôs'tō
Aristaeus, ăr īs tē'ūs
Arles, ărīz
Armada, ăr mă'dă
Armagnac, ăr mă nyăk'
Arnaut de Mareiul, ăr nō'dē mă ră ul'
Arno, ăr'no
Arrigo, ăr rē'gō
Arrengo, ă răn yō
Arteveld, ăr'te vēlt
Artois, ăr twă'
Assisi, ăs sē'zē
Astolat, ăs'tō lăt

Athanasius, ăth ă nă'st ūs
Athos, ăth'os
Attalia, ăt tăl'ī ă
Auerbach, ou'ēr bāk
Augsburg, ouks'bōōrk
Aurea, ô'rē a
Autun, ô tŭn'
Auvergne, ô vēr'n'
Auxerre, ô sâr'
Avignon, ă vē nyôn'

Bacchus, bāk'ūs
Balaguer, bă lă găr'
Baldach, bāl'dōk
Baldesar, bāl' dă sār
Baldwin, bāl'dwīn
Balsara, bāl să'ră
Baltic, bōl' tīk
Bandello, băn dēl'lō
Baraccan, bār ă'kan
Barbarossa, bār bār ôs'a
Barbe, bərb
Bardi, bār'dē
Barletta, bār lēt' ă
Barzane, bār tsă'nē
Basan, băz ăn'
Basel, bāl
Basque, băsk
Batavi, bă tă'vī
Baudwin, bōd' win
Bavilca, bă vīl'kă
Bayone, bă yon'
Bayreuth, bī roit'
Bearn, bă ăr
Beatrice, bē'ă trīs; *It.* bă ă trē'chē
Beaute, bō tă'
Beauvais, bō vă'
Becket, bēk' ēt
Bede, bēd
Bedevere, bēd'ē vēr
Behaine, bē ăn'
Belgae, bēl'jē
Belisarius, bēl'ī să'rī ūs
Bellamy, bēl'ă mī
Belmayre, bēl măr'
Belluno, bēl lōō'nō
Belvidere, bēl vē dēr'
Bembo, bēm'bō
Benedict, bēn'ē dīkt
Benvenuto, ben vā nŭ'tō
Beowulf, bă'ō wŭlf
Berengier, bă rēn jyă'
Berlinquandus, bēr līn kwăn'dŭs

Bermudez, bër mōō'thěth
 Bern, běrn
 Bernard, bër nār'
 Bernardino, bër nār dĩ'nō
 Bernardo, bër nār' dō
 Bernardone, bër nār dō'ně
 Berne, see Bern
 Bertha, ber' thā
 Bertran, bër' trā
 Berwick, běr'ík
 Besgon, bės gôn
 Besançon, bē zān sôn'
 Bianca, bĩ ān'ka
 Beaucaire } bō kār'
 Biaucaire }
 Bianchi, bē ān'kē
 Bibbiena, bēb bē ā'nā
 Billonio, bē lō nē' o
 Blamore, blā' mōr
 Bleoberis, blā ō běr'is
 Blois, blwā
 Boccaccio, bōk kā'chō
 Boccone, bōk kō'ně
 Bodleian, bōd lē'ān
 Boethius, bō ē'thĩ ũs
 Bohemia, bō hē'mĩ ā
 Bohemond, bō'hē mōnd
 Boiardo, bō yār'dō
 Bokhara, bō khā'rā
 Boleyn, bũl' ĩn
 Bologna, bō lon' ya
 Bolognese, bō lōn'yā sě
 Boniface, bōn'ĩ fās
 Bonnivet, bōn nĩ vā'
 Bordeaux, bōr dō'
 Borgia, bōr'jā
 Borghese, bōr gā zě
 Born, de, bōr
 Bors, bōrs
 Borso, bōr'sō
 Botticelli, bōt tĩ chě'l'ē
 Boucicaut, bōō sē kō'
 Bougar, bōō gār'
 Bouillon, bōō yān'
 Bourbon, bōōr bōn'
 Bourgeoisie, bōōr zhvā zē'
 Bourges, bōōrzh
 Bouvines, bō vēn'
 Brabant, brā'bānt
 Brahmin, brā'mĩn
 Bramante, brā mǎn'tě
 Brandenburg, brān'dēn bōōrg
 Brastias, brās tĩ ās

Bremen, brēm'ēn
 Brene, brēn
 Brescia, brā shā
 Bresing, brā sīng
 Bretigny, brě tēn yĩ'
 Breton, brě tōn'
 Bretonne, brě tōn'
 Britain, brĩt'ān
 Brittany, brĩt' ā nĩ
 Bruges, brōō'jěz
 Bruin, brōō ĩn'
 Bruno, brōō' nō
 Bucephalus, bũ sěf' ā lūs
 Buddha, bōōd' ā; bōōd' ā
 Bude, bũ đā'
 Bucar, bũ'cār
 Bulgaria, bũl gā' rĩ ā
 Bunyan, bũn' yān
 Buondelmonte, bwōn đēl mōn'tě
 Burgundy, běr'gũn dĩ
 Burgundian, běr gũn' dĩ ān
 Buridan, bũ rě dōn'
 Byzantium, bĩ zān' tĩ ũm

Cacciaguida, kā chē gwě'dā
 Cador, cǎ'dor
 Caedmon, kǎd'mōn
 Calais, kal'is, /r. kā lā'
 Calabria, ka lā'brĩ ā
 Calaer, ca lēr'
 Caledonian, kǎl ě dō'nĩ an
 Caleus, cǎ lǎ'ūs
 Calone, kǎ lō'ně
 Calvin, kǎl'vĩn
 Cambaluc, kam'ba lōōk
 Cambray, kam brā'
 Campaldino, kām pǎl dē' rō
 Campeador, kām pǎ ā thōr'
 Campinia, kām pĩ'nĩ ā
 Canossa, kǎ nōs'sā
 Canterbury, kǎn'těr běr rỹ
 Canton, can tōn'
 Capetian, ka pē'shǎn
 Carcassonne, kār kǎ son'
 Cardena, kār dā'na'
 Carducci, kār dōō'chē
 Carolinian, kār ō lĩn ĩ ān
 Carlion } kār'ĩ on
 Carle on }
 Carolingian, kar ō lĩn'jĩ ān
 Carolus, kār'ó lūs
 Carpentras, kār pong trās'
 Carrara, kār rǎ'rǎ

Carrion, kār rē ōn'
 Carthusian, kār thū'zhàn
 Casella, kà sèl'lá
 Caspian, kàs'pí án
 Cassiodorus, kàs'sí ō dō'rūs
 Catanei, cā tá' nā ē
 Castiglione, kās tēl yō'ne
 Castile, kās tēl'
 Cathari, ka thā'rī
 Cathay, kà thā'
 Cathedra, kà thē' drá
 Cavaillon, kà vā yōn'
 Cavalletti, kà vāl lēt'tī
 Cavour, kà vōōr'
 Caxton, kaks'tūn
 Cecchino, chā kē'nō
 Cecelia, sē sē'lī á
 Cellini, chel lē'nē
 Celt, sēlt
 Celtiberians, sēl tī bē'rī án
 Cenobite, sēn'ò hit
 Censaurius, sēn sau' rē ūs
 Certaldo, chēr tál' dō
 Cerberus, sér'bē rūs
 Ceres, sē'rēz
 Cesare, chā' sá rē
 Chabrias, ká'brī as
 Chalons, shā lōn'
 Chambourg, sham
 Champagne, shām pān'
 Champagnoise, shām pān wās'
 Champeaux, shong'pō'
 Chandos, chān'dōs
 Chanso, shān sō'
 Chanson, shān sōn'
 Chanticleer, chan'tī klēr
 Chantilly, shong tē yē'
 Charlemagne, chār'lē mān
 Charon, ká'rōn
 Chartres, shātr
 Chatelet, shāt'è lá
 Chaucer, chau'sér
 Chili, chí'lī
 Chimay, shē mā'
 Chinchitalis, chīn chīt ā līs
 Chioggia, kē od'jā
 Chios, kí'ōs
 Chiostro, kí ōs'tro
 Chopin, shō pang'
 Chrestien, krā tē āng'
 Cid, sīd
 Cimabue, chē mā bōō'ā
 Cistercian, sīs tēr'shūn

Citeaux, sē tō'
 Clairé, klā rá'
 Clairvaux, klār vō'
 Clarice, klār'is
 Clarrus, klār'us
 Claude, klaud, (Fr.) klōd
 Claudius, klaw' dī ūs
 Clement, klā mong'
 Cleomenes, klē om'ē nēz
 Clermont, klēr mōng'
 Clovis, klō'vīs
 Cluny, klū nē'
 Clymene, klīm'e nē
 Coeur de Lion, kēr dē lē ōn'
 Colchos, kōl'kōs
 Colet, kō lē'
 Coligny, kō lēn yē'
 Cologne, kō lōn'
 Colonna, kō lon'nā
 Colonnese, kō lōn nā'sē
 Comitatus, kóm'ī tā tūs
 Commibles, kōm mībl'
 Commedia, kōm mā dē' á
 Comnenian, kōm nē'nī an
 Comnenos, kōm nē' nōs
 Como, kō'mō
 Concordia, kon kōr'di a
 Conde, kōng'dā'
 Condottieri, kōn dōt tī ēr'ī
 Constance, kon'stānts
 Contado, kōn tādō
 Convenevole, kōn vā nā vō'lē
 Copernicus, kō pēr'nī kūs
 Coppo, kōp'pō
 Cordelier, kōr dā lē ā'
 Cordova, kōr'dō vā
 Correggio, kor red'jō
 Cortegiano, kor tā jā' no
 Cosimo, kō' sē mō
 Costanza, kōn stān'tsa
 Coucy, kōō sē'
 coup d'état, kōō dē tā'
 Courtray, kōōr trā'
 Crecy, krā sē'
 Cremona, krē mō'nā
 Crete, krēt
 Criere, krē ār'
 Criseyde, krēs'ī dā
 Croatia, krō ā'shī ā
 Croce, krō'chē
 Crypta, krīp'tā
 Ctesiphon, tēs'ī fōn
 Curia, kōō'ri a

Cuthbert, kũth'bert
 Cynewulf, kın'e wũlf
 Cyprus, sɪ'prus
 Cytherea, sɪth e rē'á

Dankrat, dānk'rāt
 Dante, dān'tā
 Danube, dān'ũb
 Daphni, dāf'nē
 d'Arc, dārk
 Darwin, dār'win
 Dauphin, (dó'fan) dō fān'
 Dauphiness, dō'fin ess
 D'Avalon, dāv ā lon'
 Da Vinci, dā vən'chē
 Decameron, dē kām'ēr ōn
 del Aia, del ā'yā
 della Robbia, dēl'lā rōb'byā
 della Torre, dēl'la tōr'rā
 del Sarto, dēl sār'tō
 Demetrius, dē mē'trĩ ũs
 Denmark, dēn'mārk
 de Poitiers, dē pwā tyā'
 Descorides, dās kō'rē dāz
 D'Este, dēs'tā
 Desiderius, dē sɪ dār'ĩ ũs
 d'Etampes, dā tōmp'
 Diaz, dē'āth
 Dietrich, dē'trɪk
 Dijon, dē zhōn'
 Dinadan, dē 'nā dān
 Dioreo, dē ō rā'ō
 Djami, jā'mē
 Dobest, dō bēst'
 Dobet, dō bēt'
 Doge, dōj
 Domenichi, dō men ē'kē
 Domfront, dōn frōn'
 Dominic, dōm'ĩ nɪk
 Dominican, dō mɪn' ɪ kən
 Domremy, dōm rā mē'
 Donat, dō'nat
 Donati, dō nā'tē
 Donatello, dōn ā tēl'lō
 Doris, dō'rɪs
 Dorigen, dōr'ɪ jen
 Dover, dō'vir
 Dowel, dō wel'
 Ducale, dōō ká'lē
 Duomo, dwō'mō
 Durendal, dū rēn dāl'
 Durham, dēr'am

Ebro, ē' bro
 Eckhart, ɛk'hart
 Ecgtheow, ɛk' thē o
 Ector, ek'tor
 Edda, ɛd'da
 Edessa, e des' sa
 Egglame, eg glām'
 Eidgenossen, ɪd'gā nō sen
 Elaine, ē lān'
 Eleanor, ā lā ān ōr'
 Elizabetha, ē lɪz ā bet'tā
 Elsa, ɛl'sā
 Eltham, ɛl'thām
 Elvira, ɛl vɪr'ā
 Ely, ē'lɪ
 Emmerick, ɛm'mēr ɪk
 Enay, ē'na
 Engelier, ān jāl yā'
 Enza, en'zā
 Eormanic, { ɛr mǎn'ɪk
 { é ōr man
 Epiphanius, ɛp ɪ phān'ɪ us
 Erasmus, ē rǎz'mūs
 Ercole, ɛr cōl'ē
 Erec, ɛr'ek
 Eremburge, ā rām bōōr' gā
 Esmeric, ɛs'mēr ɪk; Fr. ā mǎ rēk'
 Este, ɛs'tē
 Estrella, ɛs trēl' lā
 Essene, ɛs sēn'
 Etzel, ɛt'sēl
 Eude de Deuil, ɪd de dūē'
 Eudemon, ũ dē' mōn
 Eunoe, ũ nō'ē
 Euphues, ũ'fū ēz
 Eustace, { ũ'stās ē
 { u'stās
 Euxine, ũks'ɪn
 Eusebius, ũ sē'bɪ ũs
 Excalibur, ɛkz cāl'ɪbər

Fabillaux, fāb ɪ lō'
 Fabrizio, fā brētʒ'ɪ ō
 Fasquin, fās kān'
 Fatimite, fāt'ɪ mɪt
 Federico, fē dā rē'kō
 Federigo, fē da re go
 Ferrante, fār rān'tā
 Ferrara, fēr rā'rā
 Fiammetta, fē ā mēt'tā
 Ficino, fē chē'nō
 Fiesole, fē ā'sō lē
 Filippo, fē lēp' pō

Filomena, { fē lō mā'ná
 { fil ō mā nā
Filostrato, fē lō strā'tō
Finistare, fīn'is tār'
Finisterre, see **Finistare**
Firebaugh, fir'baw
Flandres, flāndr
Flebard, flā bār'
Florentia, flō rān'thē a
Flushing, flūsh'ing
Foix, fwā
Fontainebleau, fōn tān blō'
Fra, frā
Francesca, frān chēs'kā
Franconia, frang kō nī ā
Franks, frangk
Freiburg, frī'bōorg
Freidberg, frīd'bērg
Freising, frī'zing
Frisian, frē'zī ān
Froben, frō'bēn
Froissart, { froi'särt
 { fwā sār'
Froude, frōōd
Fulbert, fōōl bār'
Fulke, fōōlk

Galahad, gāl' ā hād
Galeazzo, gā lā at' sō
Galhantine, gāl ān tēn'
Galien, gāl' lī ēn
Galen, gāl' len
Galihud, gāl' i hōōd
Galihodin, gāl i hō'den
Galileo, gāl li lē'ō
Galis, gāl'is
Galisden, gāl'is dēn
Ganelon, gāl'nē lon
Ganges, /r. gōnzħ
Ganis, gā nē'
Ganymede, gān'ī mēd
Gargantua, gār gān twá'
Garin, gār'in
Gascon, gās' kon
Gascony, gās' kon y
Gaspar, gās'pār
Gaunt, gānt; gānt
Gawaine, gā'wān
Geat, yē'at
Genoa, jēn' ō a
Genoese, jēn ō ez'
Geoffrey, jēf' rī
Gepid, jēp' id

Gerard, jē rārd'
Gerbert, gār bēr'
Gerier, zhē rē ā'
Gerin, zhā rā'
Germani, jēr mā'ni
Gernat, gār' nāt
Gervais, jēr'vās
Geryon, jē'rī on
Geronimo, jē rō'nī mo
Gessler, ges'ler
geste, jēst
Ghent, gēnt
Gherardo, gā rā'dō
Ghibelline, gīb e līn
Ghirlandajo, gēr lān dā' yō
Giàn, jān
Giannucolo, jān nū' cō lō
Giacomo, jā'cō mō
Gil Blas, zhēl blās'
Giles, jilz
Giorgione, jōr jō' nē
Giotto, jōt'tō
Giovanni, jō vān' nī
Girault, jēr ōl'
Girolamo, jī'rō lā'mō
Giselher, jī'sēl er
Giuliano, jōō lē ā'nō
Gloucester, glōs' ter
Godfrey, gōd' frē
Goliardi, gō lē ār'di
Gonfalonier, gōn fāl on ēr'
Gonzaga, gōn zā'ga
Gottfried, gōt'frēt
Gower, gou er
Grande, grān' dē
Grangousier, gron goū zyā'
Graziadio, grā tsē ā'dē ō
Grecisme, grā sīs' mē
Gregois, grā gwā'
Granada, grā nā' da
Grenada, grē nā' dā
Grendel, grēn'dēl
Grenoble, grē nōbl'
Griselda, grē zēl' da
Gualhaut, gwāl o'
Gualtieri, gwāl tī ēr'ē
Guarnaro, gwār nā'rō
Guelderland, gwel'der lānd
Guelf, gwēlf
Guenever, gwēn'ē vēr
Guiccardini, gwē chār dē'ne
Guidobaldo, gwe dō bāl' dō
Guienne, gē ēn'

Guillame, gē yōm'
 Guinevere, gwīn' ē vēr
 Guinimer, gwīn' ī mēr
 Guiscard, gēs kār'
 Guise, gūēs
 Gulliver, gūl' ī yer
 Gunther, gōon'tēr
 Gutenberg, gōō't ēn bērg
 Guthlac, gūt'lāk

Haemus, hē'mus
 Hagen, hā'gēn
 Hagia, hā'gē ā
 Hainault, hā nō'
 Hainaut, see Hainault
 Halfdene, hālf' dān
 Halland, hāl lānd
 Haltilie, hāl te lē'
 Halze, hāl'tsā
 Hama, hā' mā
 Hamburg, ham'bōōrg
 Hanseatic, hān sē āt'īk
 Hapsburg, haps' bōōrg
 Harcourt, hār' kōrt; hār' kōōr'
 Harfleur, ār flēr'
 Harun-al-Rashid, hā roon' āl rash'īd
 Hastings, hās' tīngz
 Hauteville, hōt vėl'
 Haveloc, hāv'ē lōk
 Hegira { hēj ī'rā
 { hē jī'rā
 Hejaz, hēj āz'
 Helena, hēl'ē nā
 Heloisa, ā lo ēz' ā
 Heloise, ā lō ēz'
 Helvetian, hēl vē'shān
 Heraclea, hēr ā klē' ā
 Heraclius, hā rā klē'ūs
 Hengist, hēng'gīst
 Heorot, hē'ō rōt
 Hesperia, hēs pēr'ī ā
 Hilary, hīl'ā rī
 Hippocrates, hī pōk'rā tēz
 Hippolytus, hī pōl ī tūs
 Hohenstaufen, hō'ēn stou'fēn
 Holbein, hōl'bīn
 Holophernes, hōl ō fēr nēz
 Honorius, hō nō'rī ūs
 Horsa, hōr'sā
 Hospitalers, hōs'pī tāl ēr
 Hrethel, hrēth'el
 Hrethric, hrēth' rīk
 Hrothgar, hrōth'gār

Hrothmund, hrō'th mōōnt
 Hubert, hū'bért; hū'-ū bēr'
 Hugotis, hū gō'tīs
 Huguenot, hūge nōt; Fr. hū'gē nō'
 Humber, hūm'bēr
 Huno, hū'nō
 Huntington, hun'tīng dōn
 Huon, ōō ōn'
 Hurtbise, ōōrt bēs'
 Huss, hūs, G. hōōs
 Hussites, hūs its'
 Husterlow, hūs'tēr lō
 Huysmann, hōys mān
 Hygelac, hī'jē lak

Iberian, ī bē'rī ān
 Igerne, ī gēr'nē
 Il, īl
 Inglevere, īn glē vēr'
 Iphicrates, ī fhī'krā tēz
 Iphigenia, īf ē jēn ī'ā
 Ippolitius, īp pō lē tē'us
 Ippolito, īp pō lē'to
 Irene, ī rē'nē
 Isaurian, ī sau' re ān
 Ischia, īs kē ā
 Isegrim, ē' zē grīm
 Isengrin, ē'zēn grīn
 Isenland, īs'ēn land
 Iseult, ī sūlt'
 Islam, īs'lām
 Istria, īs'trē ā
 Ivo, ē'vo
 Ivon, ē vōn

Jacques, zhāk
 Jason, jā' son
 Jean, zhān
 Jeanne, zhānn
 Jervaulx, zhēr vlō'
 Jesuit, jēz'ū īt
 Joan, jōn
 Jobelin, jō'bē līn
 Joculator, jok'ū lā tōr
 Johann, yō'hān
 Jongleur, zhōn glūr'
 Journee, zhōōr nā'
 Juliana, jū lē ān' ā
 Jute, jōōt

Kaaba, kā'ā bā; kā'bā
 Kahrie, kā'rē
 Kay, kā

À Kempis, a kēm'pts
Khadija, kă dé'ja
Kiev, kē ēf'
Kisi, kē'sē
Kobiam, kō'bē ām
Konrad, kōn'rād
Koran, kō rān'; kō'ran
Kosinos, kō'sē nūs
Kossay, kōs sā'
Krekelburn, krā'kēl būrn
Kriemhild, krēm'hilt
Kriemhilda, krēm hīl'da
Kublai Khan, kōōb'li kân
Kurd, kōōrd

Laberius, la bē'rī ūs
Lac, lăk
Lamorak, lă'mō rāk
Lancelot, lăn'sē lōt
Landsknechte, lānts'knect
Langland, lăng' lănd
Languedoc, lăng gwē dōk'
Languedoil, lăng dō el'
Laon, lān
Latimer, lăt'ī mēr
Latini, lă tē'nī
Launcelot, lăwn'sē lōt
Launfal, lān fal
La Vita Nuova, la vē'tă nōō ō'vă
Leda, lē'dă
Legnano, lēn yă'nō
Layas, lă'ās
Leah, lē'ă
Legenda, lă jēn'dă
Leghorn, lēg hōrn
Leonard, lēn ard; *Fr.* lē ō năr'
Leonardo, lē ō năr'do
Leresy, lē rē sī'
Le Sage, le săzh'
Lesbos, lēz'bos
Leulingham, loi'ling ham
Levant, lē vănt'
Levantina, lă văn tē'nă
L'Hopital, lō pē tăl'
Librarii, lē bră'rē ē
Lidi, lē'dē
Limousin, lē mōō zăn'
Linacre, līn'ă ker
Lionel, lī'ō nēl
Lippo Lippi, lē pō lē'pē
Lisa, lē'ză
Loches, lōsh
Lodi, lō'dē

Lodovico, lō dō vē'kō
Lohengrin, lō'ēn grīn
Loire, lwār
Lollard, lōl'ard
Lombard, lōm'bărd
Lorraine, lō rān'
Lorenzo, lō rēn'zō
Lorris, (del), lō ris'
Lothair, lō thār'
Louis, lōō'īs, *Fr.* lōō ē'
Louvre, lōōvr
Lubeck, lōō'bek
Luca, lōō'kă
Lucan, lōō'kăn
Lucca, lōōk' kă
Lucérne, lōō sern'
Lucian, lōō'shī ān
Lucifer, lōō'sī fēr
Lucretia, lōō krē' shă
Luigi, lōō ē'jē
Luxemburg, lūk' sēm bērg
Lyons, lī ōnz *Fr.* lē ōn'

Maccabee, mă'kă bē
Macedon, mă'sē dōn
Macrobius, mă krō'bī ūs
Maeotis, mă ō tīs
Maestro, mă ās'trō
Maffea, măf fă'ă
Magna Carta, măg nă kăr'tă
Magus, mă gūš
Magyar { măd'yăr
 măg yăr
Mahomet, mă hō'mēt
Mahound, mă hound'
Mainz, mīnts
Majordomus, māj ôr dō'mūs
Malamocco, măl ām āc'cō
Malatesta, mă lă tēs'tă
Malaucene, mă lō sēn'
Maleotogian, mă tă ō lō'jī an
Malory, mă' lō ry
Malta, maul'tă
Malvern, mōl' vērnn
Manfred, măn'frēd
Mantello, măn tēl'lō
Manji, măn'jī
Manny, măn'ny
Mantegna, măn tăn'yă
Mantua, măn'tū à
Marays, mă ră'
Marcarius, măr căr' Y ūs

- Marchese**, măr kă'sě
Marco, măr'kō
Marenes, mă rěn'
Margeurite { măr'gě rět
 { măr gũ rīt
Margrave, măr' gräv
Marie, mă rě'
Marino, mă rě'nō
Maris, mă'rīs
Marmotretus, măr mō trā'tūs
Marot, mă rō'
Marseilles, măr sālz', *Fr.* măr say'
Marsila, măr sī'lā
Martel, măr tel'
Martial, măr'tē āl
Martin du Bellay,
 măr tăn doobēl lā'
Martinello, măr tīn ēl lō
Marvern, see Malvern
Masaccio, mă sāt'chō
Massinissa, mās sē nēs'sā
Mattias, măt tē'ās
Mauris, mō rē
Maximilian { mǎx ī mī lī ōn
 { mǎx ī mī lī yōn
Mayence, mainz, mī ěns
Mecca, mēk'kă
Medea, mē dē'ă
Medicean, mēd ī sē'ăn;
 It. mē dē chē ān
Medici, mēd'ē chē
Medina, mēd ē'nă
Mediolanum, mēd ī ō lă'nūm
Medusa, mē dūs'sa
Meilochon, mī lō'kōn
Melchizedech, mēl kīz' é dēk
Menaut, mēn ō'
Mendemus, mēn'dă mōōs
Meran, mă rân'
Mercier, mēr syă'
Merlin, mer'līn
Merovaeus, mă rō vē'us
Mesembrine, mă sēm brēn'
Meun, mōōn
Michael, mī'kă ēl
Milan, mī lăn', mē lōn'
Milanese, mī lăn ēs'
Miletum, mē lă'tūm
Mimi, mē'mē
Minerva, mī nēr' vă
Minnesingers, mīn nă sīng'ēr
Mirande, mē ränd'
Mirandola, mē răn dō'lă
Mistra, mēs'tră
Mithridates, mīth rī dă'tēz
Mona, mō'nă
Mongol, mōn'gāl
Montaigne, *Fr.* mōn tăn'
Montaperti, mōn tă pēr'tī
Montcorbier, mōnt cōr bē ā'
Monte Cassino, mōn tē kās sē'nō
Montereau, mōnt rō'
Montferrat, mōn rē ră'
Montfort, mont'fort, *Fr.* mōn fōr'
Montpellier, mōn pēl lyă'
Mordred, mōr' drēd
Morea, mō rē'ă
Morello, mō ră'lō
Morat, mō ră'
Morgan le Fay, mōr găn lē fă'
Morgarten, mōr găr'tēn
Moro, mō'rō
Mortimer, mōr'tī mēr
Moslem, mōs'lēm
Mowat, mō'wăt
Murglais, mēr glă'
Najashi, nă jă'shī
Namyes, nām
Nantes, nants; *Fr.* pron. noăt
Naples, nă'plz
Narcissus, năr sīs'ūs
Narses, năr'sēz
Navarre, nă văr'
Nederland, nă'der lănd
Negus, nē'gūs
Neifile, nă fīl'
Neo platonism, nē ō plă'to nism
Neopolis, nă ō pō' līs
Neri, nă rē
Nibelungen, nē'be lōōng en
Nibelungenlied, nē'be lōōng ěn lēd
Nicaea, nī sē'ă
Niccolo, nēk'kō lō
Nicholas, nīk'ō lās
Ninias, nē'nē ās
Noailles, nō ā' ī
Norbonne, nōr bŭn'
Northgales, nōrth'găl ěs
Notre Dame, nō tr dăm'
Novara, nō vă'ră
Novgorod, nov'gō rōd
Noyon, nwă yōn'
Nucius, nŭn'sī us
Nuremberg, nŭ rem bērg

Odin, ǝ'dīn
 Odo, ǝ'dō
 Odoacer, ǝ dō ā'sēr
 Ogier, ǝ' jēr
 Oliver, ǝl'ī ver
 Omar, ǝ'mār
 Orbeo, ǝr bā'ǝ
 Orlando, Furioso,
 ǝr lān'dō fōǝ'rē ǝ'zō
 Orleans, ǝr lā ān'
 Orpheus, ǝr'fā ūs
 Orseolo, ǝr sā ǝ'lā
 Orsini, ǝr sē'nē
 Orso, ǝr'sō
 Ortrud, ǝr'trōǝd
 Ortwein, ǝrt'vīn
 Ospringe, ǝs prīnj'
 Ostrogoth, ǝs'trō gōth
 Oton, ǝ tōn'
 Ottoman, ǝt'tō man
 Otranto, ǝ trān'tō
 Otto, ǝt'tō
 Ovid, ǝ'vīd
 Oxford, ǝx'fōrd

 Pachomius, pā kō'mī ūs
 Padua, pād'ū a
 Palamon, pāl' ā mōn
 Palathia, pāl ā thē'ā
 Palatine, pāl'ā tīn
 Pallavicino, pāl lā vē chē'nō
 Panduff, pan duf
 Pantheon, pān'thē on
 Panage, pā nā'jē
 Pantocrator, pān tō krā'tōr
 Papeligosse, pā pē lī gōs'
 Papiol, pā pī ǝl'
 Parenzo, pā rēnt'sō
 par excellence, pār ǝk sē lans'
 Parma, pār'mā
 Parsefal, pār'sē fāl
 Parzival, pār't'sē fāl
 Passavantus, pās sā vān'tūs
 pater, pā'tēr
 Paterini, pāt ā rī'nī
 Paulicians, pā lish'ānz
 Pavia, pā'vē ā
 Payens, pāy ēn'
 Pazzi, pāt'sē
 Pegu, pā gōǝ'
 Pekin, pē'kīn
 Pelleas, pēl'ē ās
 Pellinore, pēl'ī nōr

Pendragon, pēn drāg' ǝn
 Pepin, pēp īn, *Fr.* pā pān'
 Perceval, pēr'sē vāl
 pergamena, pēr gā'mēn ā
 Pergamus, pēr'gā mūs
 Perseus { pēr'sūs
 per' sē us
 Peru, pē rōǝ'
 Perugino, pā rū jē'nō
 Pescaro, pēs kā'rō
 Petracco, pā trā'kō
 Petrarca, pē trār'kā
 Petrarch, pē'trārk
 Philippa, fī līp'ā
 Philippo, fī līp'po
 Phyllis, fīl īs
 Picard, pīk'ārd'
 Picardy, pīk'ār dī
 Piccinino, pē chē'nē ǝ
 Pia, pē'ā
 Picts, pīkts
 Piero, pē ā'ro
 Pierre, pē ār'
 Piers, pērs
 Pietro, pē ā'trō
 Piifero, pīf fā'rō
 Pina, pēn'yā
 Pinabel, pīn'ā bēl
 Pippin-Pepin, pēp'īn
 Pisa, pē'zā
 Pisani, pē sā'nī
 Pitigliano, pē tēl yē ān'ǝ
 Placentia, plā sēn'shī ā
 Placidia, plā sīd'ī ā
 Plutarch, plōǝ'tārk
 Podesta, pō dēs tā'
 Poitiers, pōā tyā'
 Poitou, pōā tōǝ'
 Politian, pō līsh'yan
 Polo, pō'lō
 Pompey, pōm'pī
 Ponocrates { pō nō'krā tēz
 pō nōk rā tā'
 Pontano, pōn tā' nō
 Porphyry, pōr'fī rī
 Poitevine, pōāt vān'
 Pontus, pōn'tūs
 Praeceptor, prē sēp'tōr
 Prague, prāg
 Prato, prātō
 Provence, prō vāns'
 Psyche, sī'kē
 Ptolemais, tōl ē mā'īs

Pulci, pōōl'chē
Punic, pū'nīk
Pursuivant, pēr'swī vānt
Puy-de Dôme, pwē dū dōm'
Pyramus, pīr'ā mūs
Pyrenees, pīr'ē nēz
Pyrhus, pīr'ūs

Quinisext, kwīn'ī sēkst
Quintilian, kwīn tīl'ī ān

Rabelais, rāb'e lā
Rachel, rā'chel
Raphael, rā'fā ēl
Rasse, rās'ēy or rās
Rousillon, rōō sē yōn'
Ravenna, rā ven'ā
Rehoboam, rē hō bō'am
Reggio, red'jō
Remigius, rā mī jī us'
Remus, rē'mūs
Renaissance, re nā sāns'
Reuchlin, roik'lin
Reynard, rā'nārd
Rheims, rēmz
Rialto, rē āl'tō
Rienzi, rē ēn'ze
Riom, ryōh'
Riviera, rē vē ā'rā
Riviere, rē vyar'
Robert de Sorbonne,
 rō hār' dē sōr bōn'
Rodrigo, rōd rē'gō
Roelof, roi'lōf
Roderigo, rod ā rē'go
Róland, rō'lānd; *F'r.* pron. ro lon'
Roman de la Rose,
 rō mon'de lā rōz
Romanesque, rō man ēsk'
Romaunt, rō mōn'
Romer, rō'mēr
Romola, rōm'ō lā
Roncevalles, rōn thes vāl'yes
Roncevaux, rōns vō'
Ronco, ron'ko
Ronsard, rōn sār'
Rosalind, rōz'ā līnd
Rostand, rō stān'
Rotherburg, rō' tēr bōōrg
Rouen, rōō an'
Roumania, rōō mā'ui ā
Rovere, rō vē'r'
Roye, roy

Runnemedede, rŭn'ī mēd

Sabatini, sā bā tē'nē
Sabina, sā bē'na
Sadducee, sād'du se
Saga, sā'ga
Saimpi, sām pi'
Saint Denis, sām dā nē'
Saladin, sāl' ā dīn
Salens, sa'lens
Salerno, sa lēr no
Salisbury, sōlz'ber ī
Saloniki, sā lō nē'kē
Saluzzo, sā lōōt'zo
Samson, sām'son
Sandro, sām'dro
Sanhedrin, sām'hē drīn
San Pedro, sām pā'dro
Santayana, sām tā yā'nā
Sarabaite, sār bā'it
Saracen, sār'rā sen
Saragosso, sār rā gōs' sō
Sassanid, sās'sān īd
Savona, sāv'ōna
Savonarola, sāv'ō nā rō'lā
Savoy, sāv'oy
Saxony, sāk'ō nŷ
Scandinavia, skān dī nā'vī a
Scheldt, shelt
Schilbung, shīl'bōōng
Schiller, shīl'lēr
Schmalkaldic, shmāl kāl'dīk
Schwyz, shvīts
Scipione, sī pī'ō'nē
Scop, skōp
Schoenhoven, shūn' hō ven
Scylding, skīld'ing
Seignobos, sē nyō bō'
Seine, sām
Seins, sām
Seleuca, sē lū'ka
Seljuk, sēl jōōk'
Selling, sāl'ing
Selva, sēl'va
Semitic, sē mī'tīk
Serbia, sēr'be a
Severus, sē vē'rūs
Sezilie, sā zī lē'
Sforza, sfōr'tsā
Sic et non, sīk ēt nōn'
Sicily, sī'sī lī
Siegelind, zeg'ā līnt
Siegfried, zēg' frēt

Siegmund, zēg'mōont
 Siena, sĭ ě'ná
 Sigismundo, sĭj ĩs mōn'dō
 Sigismund, zĭg'is mōont
 Signore, sēn yo'rē
 Signoria, sēn yō rē'a
 Simeon, sĭ'mē on
 Sin-gui, sĭn'gwe
 Sistine, sĭs'teen
 Skeaf, skāf
 Slav, slāv
 Sluys, slois
 Sophia, sō fe'á
 Sorel, sōr ěl'
 Sorgue, sōrg
 Sporades, spō rā'dēz
 de Stael, dā stā'ěl
 Stanze, stān'tsē
 Statius, stā' tĭ ũs
 Stecchi, stā'kē
 Stilicho, stĭlĕ'kō
 Stockholm, stōk'hōlm
 Strasburg } strās'bōorg
 Strassburg }
 Strozzi, strōt'si
 Stylites, sti lĭ'tēz
 Suabia, swā'bē á
 Suetonius, swē tō'nĭ ũs
 Suger, sū zhā'
 Suras, sōo'ras
 Sylvester, syl vēs'ter

Tachebrun, tā'kē brūn
 Tacitus, tas'itus
 Tampes, tāmp
 Tancred, tang'kred
 Tanez, tăn ā'
 Tartar, tār'tār
 Tatar, tā'tār
 Tasso, tās'sō
 Telramund, tēl'rā mōont
 Templar, tēm'plar
 Termouille, tēr mou yē'
 Tertullian, tēr tūl'yān
 Tarquin, tār'kwīn
 Tedbalt, tēd'bālt
 Tenedos, tēn'ē dōs
 tenso, tēn'sō
 Terence, tēr'ēns
 Tervagant, tēr'vā gant
 Teseide, tēs ēd'
 Tetzels, tet'sel
 Teutonic, tū tōn'ic

Thais, tāēs'
 Thales, thā'lēz
 Thebes, thēbz
 Theleme, tā lem'
 Thelemites, tā lēm'ite
 Theodolet, thē ō'dō let
 Theodoric, thē ōd'ō rĭk
 Theophilus, thē of'ĭ lus
 Theophrastus, thē ō fras'tus
 Thessaly, thes'á ĩ
 Thibery, tĭ bā rĭ'
 Thisbe, thĭz'bē
 Thor, thōr, tor
 Thoreau, thō'rō
 Tiber, tĭ'ber
 Tremēzen, trā'mā zēn
 Tiepolo, tyā' pō lō
 Tillet, tĭl lē'
 Temochain, tā mō shān'
 Tintoretto, tēn tō ret'tō
 Titian, tĭsh'an
 Tizona, tĭ zō'ná
 Tornabuoni, tōr nā bwō'ni
 Torcello, tor chel'lō
 Torelore, tōr lōr'
 Torriani, tō rĭ ān'ĭ
 Toulouse, tū lūs'
 Touraine, tōō rān'
 Tours, tōōr
 tout ensemble, tū tăn sāmbl'
 Trajan, trā'jān
 Trebisond, trē bē sōnd'
 Triers, trēr
 Tristan, trĭs'tan
 Tripoli, trĭp'ō ĩ
 Tristan, trĭs'tān
 Triton, trĭ'ton
 Troilus, trō'ĭ lus
 Tropsifen, trōp'sĭ fen
 Troubadour, trū' bā dūr
 Trouvere, trū vēr'
 Troy, troi
 Troyes, trwā
 Turpin, tēr'pĭn,
Fr. pron. tür pān'

Uberti, ōō bār'tĭ
 Udolpho, ū dōl'fō
 Ulfilas, ũl'fĭ lās
 Ulfus, ũl'fĭ ũs
 Ulveri, ōōl vā'rē
 Umbria, ōōm'brē á
 Unco, ōōn'kō

Underwalden, ōon tēr vāl'dēn**Ural**, ūr'āl**Urban**, ōor'bān**Urbine**, ōor bē'nā**Urbino**, ōor bē'nō**Uri**, ōō'rē**Ute**, ū'tē**Uther**, ū'ther**Utopia**, ū tō'pē ā**Utopus**, ōo tō'pūs**Utrecht**, { ū'trēkt
ū'trēkt**Va gui**, vā gwī**Vaire**, vār**Valiterra**, vāl'ī tār rā**Vanozza**, vā nōt'zā**Vassay**, vās sā'**Vaucluse**, vō clūz'**Vaucouleurs**, vō kōō lēr'**Valence**, vā lōns'**Valenciennes**, vā lōn syēn'**Valentine**, vāl'tēn tīn**Valla**, vāl'lā**Valois**, vāl wā'**Vandal**, vān'dāl**Varro**, vār'ō**Vecta**, vēk tā**Vedas**, vā'dās**Velazquez**, vē lās'kēth**Veroccio**, vā rō'kē ō**Venetia**, vē nē'sha**Ventoux**, von too**Verdun**, vēr dūn'**Veronese**, vā rō nā'sē**Verrue**, vē rū'**Vetralle**, vē trāl'**Ves pasian**, vēs pā'zhān**Vespucci**, vēs pōō'chē**Vettor**, vā'tōr**Via**, vē'ā**Viare**, vē ār'**Vicenzo**, ve chent' so**Victgilsus**, vīkt jīl sūs**Vienne**, vyen**Villie-gouges**, vē lē gōōzh'**Villeneuve**, vēl nēv'**Villon**, vē yōn'**Visconti**, vē kōn'tē**Visigoth**, vīz'ī gōth**Vitale**, vē tā'lē**Vogelweide**, fō'gēl wī dē**Volte**, vōlt**Vulcan**, vūl'kān**Waegmunding**, vāg mōōnd'ing**Wagner**, vāg'nēr**Waldenses**, vāl dēn'sāz**Wanderjahre**, vān'dēr yā rē**Wederas**, wēd'ēr ās**Wenceslaus**, wēn'ses lōs**Widsith**, wīd'sīth**Wiglaf**, wīg'lāf**Wildhaus**, vīld'hous**Winchester**, wīn'chēs tēr**Witan**, wī'tān**Wittenburg**, wīt'tēn boorg**Wolsey**, wool'zē**Wyclif**, } wīk'lf
Wycliffe, }**Xanten**, zān'tēn**Xanthippe**, { zān thīp'pē
zān tīp'pē**Ximena**, zē mā'nā**Ypres**, ēpr**Zadok**, zā'dōk**Zakkum**, zāk'kūm**Zara**, dzā rā**Zeleucus**, tsā lū'kūs**Zeno**, zē'nō**Zephyr**, zēf'ēr**Zurich**, tsū'rīk**Zwingli**, tsvīng'lē



